MAY, 1924 25 CENTS

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

PROPERTY OF
CASE LIBRARY

The Ku Klux Klan in Indiana and in Texas

By MAX BENTLEY

A Powerful Short Story by the Author of BULLDOG DRUMMOND

He took the world to her

Twenty-five years ago a boy left a little country town to find his fortune. He found it.

Two years ago, when radio was still a novelty, he took a receiving set back to the old home and set it up in his mother's room. That evening the world spoke to her.

She could not follow her boy away from home. But the best that the world has to give—in music, in lectures, in sermons—he took back to her.

The modern vacuum tube, used in radio transmission and reception and in so many other fields, is a product of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company. These Laboratories are constantly working to develop and broaden the service of radio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PROPERTY OF
CASE LIBRARY

"The place where I was born—

"Here it is—this little town on the river—I hardly expected that this map would show it."

On some RAND McNALLY Map or Globe, each man can place his finger and say, "Here I was born. At one time this little dot was my World."

How that boyhood World has grown! Now it embraces great cities, states, rivers—perhaps even oceans and continents—where once it included only streets and houses, or quiet country lanes and farms.

However broad or limited a man's experience, he has found one agency before him, providing a faithful picture of the paths he was to choose. In a highly specialized sense, RAND McNALLY & COMPANY are the makers of everybody's world.

A change in a road or a change in a national boundary—the shifting of a stream's channel or the opening of a new route of world trade—are developments which this organization is equally alert to note and record.

It is only by this eternal vigilance in matters small and great that the name RAND McNALLY has come to be a synonym for Maps.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

Map Headquarters

Dept. E-46

536 S. Clark Street, Chicago — 42 E. 22nd Street, New York

Branches: Philadelphia . . Washington . . Boston . . Buffalo . . Pittsburgh
Cleveland . . Detroit . . St. Louis . . San Francisco . . Los Angeles

Blame Yourself

If This Message Doesn't Bring You A Big Salary Increase

Take any ten average men who are in blind alley jobs at low pay. Analyze each case without prejudice. You'll find that every one of them is solely and entirely to blame for his poor earning power. Every one of them has had a golden opportunity. They either have failed to recognize it, or, recognizing it, lacked the courage to follow it up. But now comes your chance. If this page doesn't bring you a big increase in salary—quick—you have no one to blame but yourself. **By J. E. Greenslade**

LET'S be specific. What do you want in life? You want more money than you're getting. You want your own home, car, membership in a good club, you want to wear good clothes, educate your children and put away enough money to make you independent. If you are like other men, you want to be your own boss. You want to travel and meet the wide-awake people who are doing things.

All right. I'll tell you a quick, easy way to accomplish all this. If you don't take it you are the only loser. You are the only one who will have to face the accusing finger of the man you might have been. If you do take it you'll thank me the rest of your life for putting this information in your hands. For now it is possible for you to quickly enjoy bigger earnings, and have all the joys in life that your bigger self demands. If this was a guess I couldn't print it. I know it to be a certainty. It is proved by the cases of thousands of other men who have done exactly the same thing. Listen.

What It Brought These Men

For instance, Ellis Summer Cook, 20 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, left a $25 a week job and last year made $9,000! H. D. Miller, another Chicago boy, was making $100 a *month* as a stenographer in July, 1922. In September, 3 months later, he was making $100 a *week* as a salesman. W. P. Clenny of Kansas City, Mo., stepped from a $150 a month clerkship into a selling job at $500 a month. He is making $850 a month now. M. V. Stephens of Albany, Ky., was making $25 a week. He took up this training and now makes 5 times that much. J. H. Cash of Atlanta, Ga., exchanged his $75 a month job for one which pays him $500 a month. O. H. Malfroot of Boston, Mass., stepped into a $10,000 position as a SALES MANAGER—so thorough is this training. All these successes are due to this easy, fascinating and rapid way to master certain invincible secrets of selling. But why continue here when I can send you hundreds of similar stories of success?

The Secret Is Yours

What you want to know is how it's done. I'll tell you. Although none of these men had ever sold a thing in their lives, we took them without experience or training of any kind, and in a short period of time made Master Salesmen of them. Then our Employment Department helped them to select the right position and they were off with a boom to the success they had dreamed of.

The National Salesmen's Training Association can do exactly this for you. If this big organization of Master Salesmen and Sales Managers had raised the salaries of only a few men, then you might call it luck. But we've been doing it for sixteen years, day in and day out. Today we're so accustomed to the amazing increases in salary our members receive that we take them as a matter of course.

There is only one thing I ask of you in return for this offer. Don't let the idea of a big salary, the thought of traveling all around the country and meeting worth-while people, make you think that the job is beyond you. Keep an open, unprejudiced mind on this subject—at least until you have read the remarkable book that I want to send you without charge.

Read This Free Book

This book, "Modern Salesmanship," explains why thousands have quickly succeeded in the selling field—how it is easy to make big money once you are in possession of the Secrets of Selling and how you can quickly get these fundamental secrets. It will also explain the National Demonstration Method which shows you how to overcome nearly every sales problem you will meet in a lifetime in the selling field. This is the book I will send you, absolutely free. Read it—then decide for yourself.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 81-E **Chicago, Ill.**

National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. 81-E Chicago, Ill

I am willing to investigate the opportunity you offer without cost to myself. Please mail me Free Proof that I can become a Master Salesman and qualify for a good sales position. Also send your illustrated book, "Modern Salesmanship," and particulars of membership in your Association and its Free Employment service.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Age ..... Occupation .....

VOLUME LVII

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

NUMBER I

Contents For May, 1924

The Making of a Magazine - - - - - - - - - - *S. S. McClure* 7

The Ku Klux Klan in Texas - - - - - - - - - - *Max Bentley* 11

Solitude - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Mary Wickham Porcher* 21
A Poem

The Ku Klux Klan in Indiana - - - - - - - - *Max Bentley* 23

The Porterhouse Steak - - - - - - - - - - - - *"Sapper"* 35
Illustrated by Ralph P. Coleman

Theodore Roosevelt's Grandchildren - - - - - *Lauretta Fancher* 43
Part Two

The Rise and Fall of a Gambling God - - - - - - *Alice Ziska* 55
The Inside Story of Monte Carlo

Who Laughs Last - - - - - - - - - - - - *Douglas Z. Doty* 67
Illustrated by John R. Neill

The Menace and Promise of the Colorado River
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Neil McCullough Clark* 80

At the Villa Sabino - - - - - - - - - - - - *Edmund Snell* 89
Illustrated by Dudley G. Summers

Facts About the German Children - - - - - - *S. Miles Bouton* 99

The Little White Soul - - - - - - - - - - - *Dixie Willson* 107
Illustrated by J. Rumsey Micks

New Wonders of Aerial Photography - - - *Corley McDarment* 116

Two Arabian Knights - - - - - - - - - - *Donald McGibney* 121
Illustrated by Douglas Duer

If in Doubt, Don't - - - - - - - - - - - - *Paul Tomlinson* 154
Financial Article

Cover Design by Erick Berry

Published monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 19, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Application for entry as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Albany, New York, pending. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Canada. Copyright, 1924, by McClure Press, Inc., New York. Copyrighted at Stationers Hall, London, Eng. London Office: 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. All dramatic, moving picture and other reproduction rights reserved.

Subscription terms: In the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions, $3.00 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union, $3.50 per year.

McClure's assumes no responsibility for the loss of manuscripts submitted, but all due care will be taken to insure return of those with which postage is enclosed.

An order blank with the magazine is notice that your subscription has expired.

McCLURE PRESS, Inc., 76–88 Lafayette Street, New York

WILL IRWIN

BOOTH TARKINGTON

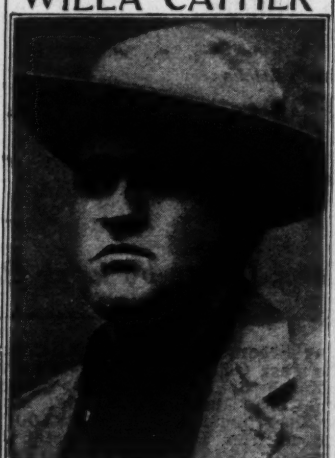
WM. A. WHITE

WILLA CATHER

© Paul Thompson

© P. & A.

MONTAGUE GLASS



REX BEACH

THEODORE DREISER

Some famous authors who made their first appearance in McClure's Magazine. These photographs were taken at about the time of their early contributions

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LVII MAY, 1924 No. 1

THE MAKING OF A MAGAZINE

BY

S. S. McCLURE

WHEN announcement was made in the press that I had again obtained possession of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, there appeared in a newspaper editorial the following: "Mr. McClure is back again to his first love and great success. A file of McCLURE'S during the period of the McClure ownership is a library of American and English literature of the period as well as a history of the time. The country is justified in anticipating great things in his magazine from now on." This quotation from the Watertown Daily News is typical of the kindly attitude of the press expressed in editorials and news articles all over the country. In reply I want to say something about my plans and intentions for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

No great editing is possible unless the only master is the public. The readers to an editor are like the audience to an orator or actor; they are the inspiration, the masters and employers. Any work of art must be valued in relation to its effect on human minds. The prime essential in a magazine as in any other form of art is charm. All other qualities are simply the elements that result in charm. However, there are other essentials for effective writing such as accuracy and clarity. But if the article or story does not possess charm, the other qualities fail to hold the reader.

104569
e.t.

The successful editor must be able first of all to recognize charm and secondly to secure a group of collaborators who possess the same ability and besides are able greatly to extend the intellectual range of the editor.

From the beginning McCLURE'S MAGAZINE was a product of many notable minds. The nucleus of the staff was John S. Phillips, Albert B. Brady and myself, who were not only college classmates, but eleven years before the founding of McCLURE'S had worked together on a college paper, in precisely the same relationship that we afterward occupied on McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. Immediately on founding the magazine, the group was increased by the addition of three people destined each in his field to achieve great distinction. First, Mr. Jaccacci, who gave to the magazine a beauty in art and typography that added to its popularity, and his assistant, Mr. Chapin, who afterward and for over a quarter of a century was art-manager of Scribner's. But the most important addition to the original staff was Miss Ida M. Tarbell, whose work began with the fourth issue of the magazine, and who remained with it for thirteen years.

Miss Tarbell's great contributions, The Life of Abraham Lincoln and The History of the Standard Oil Company, gave her a world-wide recognition

and fame probably equaled by no other writer of our times. She was a great living force in the magazine.

Another, whose name meant little at the time, but whose work was of capital importance, was Willa Sibert Cather, who was associate editor of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE from 1906 to 1912 and was a most distinguished contributor. Others who served on the editorial staff were Sewell Haggard, now editor of Everybody's Will Irwin and the late John M. Siddall, whose abilities were discovered by Miss Tarbell.

The great distinction of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE was in its staff-writers: Miss Tarbell, Ray Stannard Baker, Lincoln Steffens, George Kibbe Turner, Miss Willa Sibert Cather and Burton J. Hendrick. I can give a good idea of the policy of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE and the staff writers by quoting from an article written by William Archer for the Fortnightly Review of October, 1910:

"Of the many differences between America and England which do not altogether minister to our national self-complacency, none is more striking than the contrast between our sixpenny monthlies and the ten-cent or fifteen-cent magazines that crowd the American bookstalls. . . There is nothing quite like them in the literature of the world—no periodicals which combine such width of popular appeal with such seriousness of aim and thoroughness of workmanship. But the special character of the American cheap magazine as we now know it is mainly due to one man—Mr. S. S. McClure. He it was who invented and developed the particular type we are now studying. But besides being an editor of genius, he is a stanch and sincere idealist. When he determined to make his magazine a power in the land, he also determined that it should be a power for good; and he has nobly fulfilled that resolve.

"He has a keen instinct (though this he himself denies) for 'what the public wants'—what is the opportune subject on which people are ready to accept information and guidance. I have heard him declare that he is unconscious of ever giving a thought to public demand—but this merely shows that 'instinct' is the true word for his gift. He knows that it is neither good business nor good sense to try to force upon his readers topics which are either dead or not yet alive. Yet his view is far from being limited by the demands of the passing hour. He has his eye upon the topics of the future, no less than upon those of the present.

"While he is, as I have said, a stanch idealist, it is equally true that the new note he has introduced into periodical literature is the note of sedulous, unflinching realism. 'Thorough' is his motto, and the motto he imposes on all his staff. It is in facts, as distinct from opinions, that he deals—not dead and desiccated facts of the Gradgrind order, but live, illuminating, significant facts. You need not go to his magazine for views, paradoxes, partisan arguments, guesses at truth. The style of article which has made its fame, and which may fairly be called the invention of Mr. McClure, is a richly-documented, soberly-worded study in contemporary history, concentrating into ten or twelve pages matter which could much more easily be expanded into a book ten or twelve times as long.

"If 'thorough' is the first of his maxims, 'Under-statement rather than over-statement' is the second. He abhors exaggeration and sensationalism. His method is to present facts, skilfully marshalled, sternly compressed, and let them speak for themselves. And they have spoken for themselves, to no small enlightenment and to the lasting good of the American people. The historian of the future may determine how much of the 'uplift' that distinguished the Roosevelt administration was due to the influence of the McCLURE type of magazine. We cannot, at this distance of time, see things quite in proportion; but it seems to me certain that Mr. McClure both paved the way for President Roosevelt

and potently furthered the movements with which his name will always be identified."

Our unique writing staff produced such famous features as George Kibbe Turner's study of organized police-protected vice and crime in Chicago; Lincoln Steffens' brilliant investigations of municipal corruption, called The Shame of the Cities; articles on The Needs of Our Navy and Waste in the Navy-Yards, which led to two Congressional investigations; an article on Government by Commission in the City of Galveston, which had a powerful influence on American city politics; that masterly study of Turner's of the history and methods of Tammany Hall and the white slave traffic; Hendrick's superb reporting of the life insurance investigations; Miss Tarbell's Standard Oil series; articles on flying, the first authorized interview with the Wright brothers, articles on the submarine, the X-Ray, the first news of Marconi's discoveries. Thus the three fundamental inventions, the airplane, the submarine, and wireless telegraphy had their first authoritative presentation in McClure's.

I would like to speak of the first article the magazine published in the field of civic reform. It appeared in McClure's nearly thirty years ago—October 1895. It was entitled Closing the New York Saloons on Sunday and it was written by a man not very prominent at the time who was President of the Police Board of New York City. His name was Theodore Roosevelt.

The very nature of the staff work was such as to result in a comparatively small number of articles. This staff dealt mainly with the great economic and civic questions. The extraordinary quality of these articles may be judged by the fact that although they gave the magazine a commanding position in journalism and world-wide fame, the entire amount of all the work of this wonderful group of writers constituted only about five per cent of the material published by McClure's during those twenty years, 1893-1913. But the effect of their work upon the magazine was gigantic. It took McClure's out of the small circulation field and brought it from 120,000 at the end of its second year to over half a million within a few years, thus making it the forerunner of the large circulation magazines.

During these years, the magazine published stories and novels by writers some of whom were utterly unknown, and others of whom had just begun to get recognition. Among these young writers were Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Robert Louis Stevenson, Ian Maclaren, James M. Barrie, Anthony Hope, William Allen White, Frank Norris, Robert W. Chambers, O. Henry, Booth Tarkington, Jack London, George Madden Martin—author of Emmy Lou—Stewart Edward White, Edwin Lefevre, Theodore Dreiser, Willa Sibert Cather, George Barr McCutcheon, Myra Kelly, Rex Beach, Ernest Poole, Morgan Robertson, Richard Washburn Child, George Randolph Chester, Arthur Train, Montague Glass, Wallace Irwin, May Sinclair, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Perceval Gibbon, George Patullo, Joseph Conrad, Jeffrey Farnol and Kathleen Norris.

The magazine was justly famous for its fiction and has an honorable record for giving the new authors a hearing. In many cases their work has since become classic. To Miss Viola Roseboro' above all other members of the staff is due the magazine's preeminence in this field, and to-day Miss Roseboro' is associate editor of McClure's Magazine and stands at the door to welcome the young writer.

I go into the past history of the magazine because I cannot conceive of conducting a publication on any other policy than the policy of the McClure's I have described:

To deal with important social, economic and political questions, to present the new and great inventions and discoveries, to give the best in literature, and, above all, to achieve an unforget-

able charm and vitality—that must be the aim of the magazine.

I propose, as always, to foster the young writer. He usually presents youth's case, and there is nothing more wonderful than the up-growing youth. Oncoming youth brings into existence new homes, a new world. But the struggle to achieve a position, to have and to bring up children, is always the same. This constant renewal of life deals with civilization as the Spring deals with Winter, covering the dark earth with green grass, with roses and flowering shrubs. Youth's renewal of civilization is what we get in literature. And I'm interested in literature that is building up, not the sort that twists life and makes it a sick and unattractive thing. Contrary to some modern opinion, I believe we are the most fortunate people on the globe with our lands, our resources and our greater degree of opportunity than in any other nation. I know that in hundreds of thousands of American homes, scattered throughout the cities and farms, there exists today, as there has existed in years past, a hunger for the fine and wholesome in stories, for the constructive in feature articles—for beauty and knowledge that a magazine like the one I have in mind can give them.

With this issue of McCLURE'S, I have again become Editor and Owner of the magazine, which I founded in 1893 and which has been out of my hands for 12 years. I can see no reason why the magazine should not draw to itself the cooperation of such writers and artists as to achieve for itself a great life. My hopes are high. Already I am flooded with the good-will of my old public. Letters and editorials like the following are great incentives:

"As a constant reader of the old McCLURE'S for many years, when it was the real McCLURE'S—that is, when you owned and published it—I want to let you know that nothing I have read in a newspaper in a long time has given me so much pleasure as the announcement that you had again taken over the magazine. I hope you bring it back to its old-time interest and merit. . . . Don't take the trouble to write and thank me for writing you this note of encouragement I shall take it for granted that you are glad that your old readers are pleased to know that you are at the helm again."

And from the New York Evening World of March 7th:

"The Passing of McClure's Magazine back to its creator, Samuel S. McClure, is an event of more than casual interest. The establishment of the magazine really meant something to literature. In a day of ultra-conservatism in accepting the work of young and unknown writers, Mr. McClure had the vision and the courage to take chances, and thus some of the most brilliant of the novelists were given their first opportunity with the reading public. The American editor who discovered, introduced or encouraged such masters as Joseph Conrad, Booth Tarkington, Conan Doyle, Jack London and O. Henry is entitled to a place in the literary history of his times.

"The value of his services to literature may be illustrated particularly in the case of Tarkington. For ten years the latter vainly sought a place between the covers of the magazines. His manuscripts made their dreary rounds, one or two of them of books that ultimately gave him fame, and were returned. The editor who first saw the genius and the possibilities of Tarkington has done much to encourage merit and to enrich the literature of the present generation.

"The various histories of literature deal with the men and women who have contributed something worth while; perhaps they would be more interesting and just were they to tell the stories of editors and publishers of prescience and penetration who made it possible for them to continue to create."

A night ceremonial of the klan. Here the "naturalization of aliens" was conducted in a wooded retreat

THE KU KLUX KLAN IN TEXAS

By MAX BENTLEY

IT has been revealed that the Ku Klux Klan is a two-faced organization.

That is to say, two methods of operating the klan have been demonstrated. One is the method followed in the State of Indiana, fully described in this issue of McCLURE'S. The other is the method followed in states of the South in the first two and one-half years of the klan's real existence. Historically the organization is eight years old, but its active career may be dated from the late summer of 1920. The last year has been marked by a steady decline in membership.

The Indiana and Southern methods of operation are a true epitome of what the klan has been and is. Indiana and, specifically, Texas, give a fair picture of the whole, because in Indiana and Texas the two conceptions of Ku Klux doctrinism have been embraced and practiced respectively by nearly one million klansmen, which is approximately one-half the peak membership throughout the United States.

It is proposed in these articles to supply detailed facts bearing upon an objective and comparative study of the klan, especially scrutinizing its two methods of operation. The facts given on the Indiana situation were secured in Indiana from men of undoubted standing, including state officials, klan leaders, klansmen of the ranks, anti-klan leaders and mere non-klansmen—disinterested onlookers. The Texas situation is described from personal knowledge based on a three and one-half years contact

with, and study of, the invisible government movement. A newspaper man is in a position to learn facts; and during the two and one-half years of the klan's heyday in Southern Texas the writer was managing editor of the Houston Chronicle.

Any state invaded in the early days of the klan would serve as an illustration: Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas. The story is the same. Texas is selected here because the writer has the liveliest first-hand knowledge of what happened in Texas. If it seems, therefore, that an objective study is being compromised by a too-personal note, that is the explanation.

The writer would like to say here that as a native son of Texas he has been—so far as the shame of the klan in Texas is concerned—grievously tempted to take "the lesser way out." He has discovered in his own mind a disposition to be an unconscious apologist for the klan; to whitewash the facts under a coating of ingrained state pride.

It is submitted that an impulse of that character is wholly natural, but to follow it out is another matter. Truth is truth and only that; to seek truth and, finding it, to greet it as a stranger, is to convict onesself of unworthiness. After all, the klan in Texas is not Texas, but merely the klan. The simple truth is that through sheer inertia on the part of its state government a dangerous organization, highly invisible and arrogant to the core, was allowed to fasten itself, like some dreadful running sore, upon the breast of Texas.

Heroic treatment has been applied, but not by the government of the State. Among the doctors who have been treating the klan are most of the daily newspapers, led by the Houston Chronicle, and an increasing number of country papers; the state bar almost as a unit; all of the federal judges; nearly all of the district judges, conspicuously Judge C. W. Robinson of Houston; and 75 per cent of the citizenship as a whole, including many thousands of former klansmen and comprising overwhelmingly the better elements.

Therefore one may truthfully say that the criminal record of the klan in Texas in no way reflects the character of Texans as a whole and indicts them of no offense except inertia. It was due to inertia that they stood by and watched the klan ramify unbelievably without informing themselves of its real purposes. It was due to inertia that the klan, when it burst forth first as a corrective band of night-prowling marauders and then as a tightly-knit political organization of reckless and determined men, was able for two and one-half years to impose a minority will upon a bewildered and unwieldly and unorganized majority.

A consideration of the last year of the klan in Texas brings substantial comfort. If it has not been defeated, at least it has been curbed. A virtual end has been brought to violence on any considerable scale, while politically the klan in no way is the formidable machine it once was. It is still in politics. It proposes to seat a klansman in the Senate of the United States, to elect its man this year to the Governorship, to retain its strong power in the Legislature and to continue the ham-stringing process among the law-enforcing branches of state government by inducing into membership more district attorneys, sheriffs, constables, chiefs of police and policemen.

It is not proposed in this article to deal with the Texas klan as it stands today, in politics, except in a passing way. The writer proposes here simply to present the historical background of the klan by supplying detailed facts of its operation.

It came to Texas in the late Summer of 1920. The first klan was Sam Houston No. 1, of Houston. It was honestly named, and for a great Texan. The men who named it did not ponder the fact that Sam Houston's whole career revolved on a passionate love for a regular and visible form of govern-

ment. The irony of the name did not occur to them then, for they were of the best: a small band of earnest citizens who met by select invitation to form an organization that would, it was announced,

"Promote real patriotism toward our civil government;

"Work for honorable peace among men;

"Stand for protection for, and happiness in, the homes of our people;

"Inculcate love, real brotherhood, mirth and manhood among ourselves, and liberty, justice and fraternity among all mankind;

"Perform the sacred duty of protecting womanhood;

"Maintain forever the God-given supremacy of the white race in all things;

"Commemorate the holy and chivalric achievements of our fathers;

"Safeguard the sacred rights, exalted privileges and distinctive institutions of our civil government;

"Bless mankind, and keep eternally ablaze the sacred fire of a fervent devotion to a pure Americanism."

—Quoted from the imperial proclamation of the founder.

Who could find fault, per se, with principles such as those? Who could

The founder of the klan, William Joseph Simmons, shown at his desk in the Imperial Palace, at Atlanta, Georgia

object to an association of men, no matter how selfishly they restricted the membership to certain classes, that was recruited on the basis of "sterling character, cemented by noble purposes, and managed and governed by the consecrated intelligence of thoughtful brains?" —again quoting the founder.

The time was more than propitious. Houston had just entertained the United Confederate Veterans in their annual reunion and the spirit of the old Southland hovered over that essentially Southern city. Nathan Bedford Forrest was there —an own grandson of the first Ku Klux Klansman. In the veterans' parade the new klan had a section, and the huzzas of the people rent the skies, as the saying is, as the masked and robed figures majestically rode by on their hooded horses, following the fiery cross.

Houstonians thought it was the old klan come back, and how they cheered! They did not know that William Joseph Simmons and E. Y. Clarke, riding on their float ahead, were dreaming dreams of an empire of their own. They did not know that the robes used in the parade were made in a Jewish overall factory of Houston for $1.50 each, whereas they were later made in Atlanta by a subsidized Gentile Protestant firm at $6.50 each, net. They learned those things later.

Organization was launched quietly by Nathan Bedford Forrest immediately preceding the Confederate reunion. A group of picked men held a preliminary meeting and sent out mysteriously worded letters to other picked men. Then William Joseph Simmons put in appearance as a pre-reunion visitor, and soon was fraternizing with selected citizens. His first act was to invite the reporters to call; he told them he was reorganizing the old Ku Klux Klan into a patriotic, fraternal, ritualistic society. He did not explain that there was to be an All-Seeing Eye, or that the klan would replace the law in regulating the conduct of the people, or that to join it would be the only means of attaining an Americanism 100 per cent proof.

Simmons was a tall and impressive-looking man, weighing 190 or 200 pounds. He had fiery red curly hair and a reddish face deeply freckled. He dressed with a leaning to old-fashioned style. Upon his arrival the writer sent a reporter to interview the Colonel, and received this private memorandum on the interview:

"I got the idea that Simmons was a visionary; more than that, an idle dreamer. I can picture him as a professor at Lanier University, visioning himself as president of the college. This dream probably is responsible for the klan. He wanted to realize some way that dream of power.

"I do not believe that Simmons is a vicious man, from what I saw of him. I believe he is so lazy that he is willing to accept money from a vicious source rather than work for it. His history has shown that he never worked when he could sell a bit of insurance here, or do a bit of preaching there. As a college professor he specialized in history and must have become imbued with the spirit of the old South. He is living fifty-five years behind his time and would like to drag the South back to that period with him.

"While I talked to him for more than an hour, not much that he said remains in my mind. I know he did not mention Catholic encroachments or the Jews. He pictured the klan in the rosy light of an organization of true Americans whose motive was to teach and inspire Americanism as we came to know it during the war. He pictured the klan as being a bulwark of loyalty to the flag and nation."

Simmons is described fully here because his recent sell-out to the Evans faction for $146,000 cash indicates that, instead of his being an idle dreamer, he diagnosed rather cleverly the foibles of the human system as potential sources of revenue.

Recruiting went forward discriminately—only men of notable standing taken in. The initial roster represented

literally a glossary of Houston's *who's who*. The charter members were silk-stocking men from the banks, business houses and professions; and, although organized labor now dominates the Houston, Dallas and Fort Worth klans, there was no labor element in the beginning.

Why should any one have feared such a klan as that? On the contrary, it was agreed that a great potential power for good existed. An organization of that sort, minus the punitive and invisibility features, might have really done something, through the sheer weight of influence, to promote the well-being of the people in the troubled days of readjustment coming on the heels of the war.

The first night parade was held on a Saturday. The city was obligingly thrown into darkness to render impossible identification of the robed figures and to emphasize the wierd spell cast by the fiery cross. Traffic policemen drove the ordinary population off the street to make way for the new crusaders who were going to save the people in general from—well, from something although they hardly knew what.

There was dead quiet along the line of march. There was something about it that made the heart leap, and carried the thoughts of young Texans back to the days about which their fathers had told them, the days of *their* Ku Klux Klan. The thrill is gone now, the thing is old—it is common now for the crowd to hoot and jeer as the maskers go by—but it was tremendous then.

When the ides of March of 1921 rolled around, the klan in Texas was firmly established, unopposed, respected, and not feared. But very speedily fear and contempt developed among a considerable portion of the citizenship.

As stated, in the beginning the klan in Texas hand-picked its membership among superlatively good men. But there were the kleagles to be considered. The kleagles were membership salesmen working on commission. There may have been a system of blackballing in the

The first night parade in a large city of Texas

klan; if there ever was such a check, as time went on the kleagles brought in recruits so fast that there weren't enough investigating committees to go around. Young men and old men were herded into the klaverns in such numbers that the overworked cyclopses could not think up enough excuses for denying them.

Each "applicant for citizenship" was required to produce the "klectoken," or entrance fee, of ten dollars. With the king kleagle pushing the kleagles for results, with the grand goblin pushing the king kleagle, and with the Imperial office even in those pioneer days manifesting a lively and precise appreciation of the value of a dollar, things fairly hummed. Instead of expanding slowly and inexorably, as early klansman no doubt hoped it would expand, the klan tripled itself in a day. Instead of growing it just swelled and whatever useful niche it might have filled was lost in the early overwhelming rush of mere numbers.

The churches began to contribute personnel. Wherever it was possible—and it nearly always was—a minister of the gospel was made either exalted cyclops or chaplain. The klan did a bit of proselyting here and there by invading churches, mainly in outlying communities, and handing to an expectant and carefully-drilled minister gifts of money, always currency and usually trifling amounts.

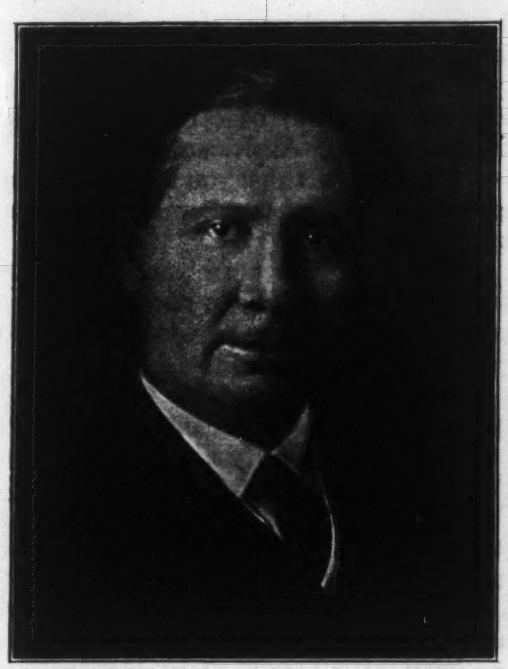
The kleagles, king kleagles and grand goblins were not administrative officers. They were promoters, or salesmen. The grand goblins worked pretty openly, and got a lot of pre-revelation glory, and, later on, bore the brunt of onslought, such as being pestered by the newspapers and being named defendants in damage suits against the klan. It is recalled that Grand Goblin Kimbro of Texas for the better part of a year kept himself in virtual exile dodging grand jury processes and citations of suits in which he was the defendant. The late Grand Goblin W. S. Coburn of California once said to a friend of the writer's, "I am tired of catching all the hell. Let the other fellows come out in the open and bare their breasts, too." Grand Goblin Kimbro was quoted as saying, "I want to be happy again. I want to be able to look my old friends in the face again and have them look in my face and not feel that there is a wall of secrecy between us."

Those two, Coburn and Kimbro, were, before their rebellion and banishment, the most fruitful producers in Mr. Clark's highly productive sales organization. For example, Texas' peak membership was nearly 200,000, and Grand Goblin Kimbro was responsible for nearly one-half the total number.

The real menace of invisible government developed in the Summer of 1921. Texas awoke suddenly to a tragic consciousness that super-government was enthroned and had obtained immunity from punishment or even investigation. It obtained that result through the simple stratagem of taking into membership district and county judges, justices of the peace, district and county attorneys, sheriffs and deputy sheriffs, constables and deputy constables, chiefs of police and policemen, mayors and marshals, newspaper editors and reporters.

It is not on record when the first whipping party took place, but the thing came to Houston with the tarring and feathering of a disreputable ignoramus lawyer. He was known to specialize in negro divorce cases. On occasion he would "drum up" business by fomenting discord in negro families. He was a nuisance and should have been barred from practice. The klan "took him out," tarred and feathered him, cut off his hair, and dropped him from an automobile in the downtown section in a state of frank semi-nudity.

The next incident was the abduction of a negro dentist who had been fined $1,000—the best the law had—for a statutory offense. The mob took him off a crowded thoroughfare one Sunday afternoon; and that act and its aftermath



© Harris and Ewing

The new Moses, Dr. Hiram W. Evans of Dallas, Texas, Imperial Wizard

of excitement almost plunged the city of Houston into a one-sided race war. There was talk that the negroes were threatening retaliation. Whites armed themselves. The klan suddenly emerged from anonymity and went on picket duty. An official of the klan appeared at the police station wearing a deputy sheriff's badge and arbitrarily took charge. It was found necessary to call in a brigadier general of the National Guard, and for a time the city was perilously close to martial law.

The negro's misdeeds were known and the community applauded the act—but violence was enthroned. Whippings became common. The story of Texas became the story of every State in which the klan then operated. Some of the newspapers tried to keep an account of these punitive acts. It was found impossible—they were coming too fast. The Houston Chronicle accounted for some sixty floggings in the South from February to August, 1921, but there were literally hundreds unreported, not merely to the newspapers, but to—and by—the authorities.

Then came the warnings. Thousands of unfortunates, *personae non gratae* with the klan, were warned—warned to pull up stakes and leave forthwith. Persons of known immorality were warned, persons of proven misdeeds, persons merely suspected of misdeeds; and, finally, persons who had committed no offenses whatever. Growing bolder, here and there the klan warned some hapless creature to leave "Because you are not a 100 per cent American," or "Because you have been criticizing the klan." A lot left. The sinister hint that "We see all, we know all, we warn but once," became terribly real.

The thing ramified in the expected direction. Informal warnings became the order of the day. Where the klan officially sent one warning over its seal thousands were sent by individuals to other individuals to satisfy personal grudges. They were always anonymous, although usually signed with klan symbols or initials to "make it stick." As in the first stage of the klan's evolution, too many people fell in with the klan at this stage. They fell in so enthusiastically and whole-heartedly that soon they were out-kluxing the klan itself.

Up to that time resistance had been passive. Men were watching it with growing fear, the Catholics and Jews were restive and resentful and a few negro newspapers were hysterically trying to work up race feeling; but nothing like organized resistance had been attempted. It was apparent that no effective step could be taken except under the leadership of the "eligibles," the men who, according to klan prescript, were entitled to enter and enjoy the blessings of a favored—if invisible—Americanism: American-born white Gentile Protestants.

And so it came about. Resistance crystallized as suddenly as the klan itself had come. For months Texas had been as a smouldering fire. The gangsters touched it off at the town of Tenaha when they kidnapped and tarred a delinquent but slow-witted young woman,

after stripping her to the waist. That act aroused public opinion and afforded a tangible starting place for the first concerted assault upon the Invisible Empire. District judges began to charge their juries to deal with masked violence. An editorial in the Houston Chronicle sharply clarified the issue. It is worth reproducing in full:

"ESPECIALLY FOR THE KU KLUX KLAN

"Boys, you'd better disband. You'd better have one more meeting and adjourn *sine die*. You'd better take off your sheets, your banners, your masks, your regalia, and make one fine bonfire.

"Without pausing to argue over the objects you have in mind, it is sufficient to say that your methods are hopelessly wrong. Every tradition of social progress is against them. They are opposed to every principle on which this government was founded. They are out of keeping with civilized life.

"There is no place in this country for the anonymous letter writer, no matter what his purpose. There is no room for the disguised moral purveyor.

"You seem to forget that the chief advantage of democracy is to let in the daylight, to prevent secret punishment, to insure a fair hearing for every person, to make impossible that kind of tyranny which can only flourish in the dark.

"The newspapers of last Sunday were disgraced with the account of four illegal and wholly ineffectual outrages.

"Without assuming that your organization was directly responsible for any or all of them, it was in large measure indirectly responsible.

"Your organization has made the thought of secretly organized violence fashionable.

"It matters not who can get into your organization, or who is kept out, any group of men can ape your disguise, your methods and your practices.

"Your platform, therefore, your ritual, your oath and even your membership have no control over the activities you have set on foot.

"Strictly American though your ideals may be, your way of carrying them out is absolutely un-American.

"The very fact that you assume to take over functions of the law indicates disrespect for law.

"The very fact that you keep your identity concealed is, in itself, a confession of doubt as to the wisdom of what you do.

"Putting these considerations aside, your methods are such that they can be appropriated by every scalawag and cutthroat with impunity.

"The very secrecy by which you think to shield yourselves becomes a sound alibi for every element of malcontent.

"If outrages occur for which you are not accountable, and they will, you have no way of clearing yourselves, except by throwing off your disguise and invoking that publicity you have sought to deny.

"Your role of masked violence, of purification by stealth, of reform by terrorism, is an impossible one. Your position is such that you must accept responsibility for every offense which smacks of disguised tyranny.

"You have done nothing so distinctly as to give the cue to every form of hate, malice, envy and temper. You have shown the man who 'wants to get even' how to gather half a dozen friends, put on your uniforms and hunt the victim in the night.

"Those of you who are disgusted with the havoc already created, and the number is doubtless large, will only make matters worse by merely 'getting out.'

"Under such circumstances the organization would be left in the hands of the least desirable element.

"The only safe and effectual remedy lies in straight-forward disbandment. If this remedy is not accepted and applied by those who have the power, it will be forced by the people. That is something thoughtful men would prefer to avoid.

"The Ku Klux Klan serves no useful purpose. On the other hand, it makes room for innumerable abuses. The community—meaning the whole nation—is against it, and the community will grow more resolutely against it as time goes on. Those who brought it into being, no matter what their intentions, would better bring about its dissolution before the storm breaks. That is the easiest and most sensible way in which to rid themselves and the community of what is rapidly becoming a bad situation."

The battle was on. Other large Texas newspapers flung themselves into combat. More district judges charged their juries on the klan. A few sheriffs here and there, a few mayors here and there, announced that no masked paraders need apply, that if people wanted to parade they might do so; only masks would not "go." A part of the answer to this ultimatum was written into history at Lorena, McLennan County, where the maskers paraded anyway; the sheriff was stabbed almost to death when he tried to stop them, and one man was killed and a number wounded in the general melee which followed. The American Legion in some places denounced the klan and in other places refused to do so. The Masonic fraternity officially outlawed it, the Grand Master of Masonry in Texas going from one end of the state to the other giving the lie to the kleagles who had recruited heavily among young Masons.

The era of night prowling and terrorism in general carried the klan to the beginning of the year, dumping on the doorway of 1922 an organization now turbulent within, fearing itself, on the verge of distintegration unless shrewd minds could turn the seething mass to account, re-weld it by giving it a new purpose and thus new unity, and make it a useful instrument—if only useful to itself.

That very thing came to pass through the launching of the klan into politics. In the klaverns the lodge talk, instead of being concerned with what to do with Bill Smith who had been heard to say he wish'd the klan would disband, dealt with how to put over the local klan ticket in the coming Democratic primary.

Like every other klan move, the new one came suddenly. Texas was not prepared. Texas did not immediately connect Earle B. Mayfield's announcement for United States Senator with the klan. It was not a matter of general knowledge that a great political rally at Dallas at which Mr. Mayfield was introduced as "The next Senator from Texas," was a klan rally.

It *was* a klan rally, and Mayfield was the klan candidate. It is conceded in Texas that he could not have been nominated except through a hopeless splitting of the anti-klan and non-klan vote. Failure to defeat Mayfield by solidifying those two elements afforded a clear-cut illustration of the inarticulate majority falling before the closely-organized minority. Through an alliance with the woman's vote, an alliance gained by its noisy espousal of "purification" principles, the klan triumphantly put over Mayfield, won smashing county victories, captured control of the lower house of the Legislature and completed the second year of its career in Texas greater in numbers than it ever had been.

The klan has shifted ground many times with the veering weathervane, but that lightning shift from fur to wool was the fastest on record. It not only prolonged its life, but, to a considerable extent, seriously checked the struggle against it at a time when that struggle seemed to be gaining momentum everywhere.

At the beginning of 1923 Texans began asking the question: "Has the klan returned to violence?" After several months of comparative quiet throughout the South the Mer Rouge (Louisiana) murders were brought to light, and Mrs. Audrey Harrison and J. V. Armand were taken from her house at Goose Creek, Texas, an oil town near Houston,

whipped, and the woman shorn of her hair.

The Mer Rouge murders were aired in an open hearing at Bastrop, Louisiana. It was fully established that the Ku Klux Klan ruled and terrorized Morehouse Parish; that J. K. Skipwith, Sr., was a real czar; that bands of men in white masks and black masks roved about the parish picking up, flogging and deporting hapless persons whose only offense had been to question that sort of thing. It was, moreover, established that Watt Daniel and T. F. Richards had been kidnapped by maskers not once but twice; that men identified as klansmen seized them the night of August 24, 1922; and that they never returned except as murdered and broken bodies dynamited from the depths of Lake LaFourche.

The testimony of witnesses before the Bastrop court threw a white light on klan methods in the parish. J. T. Norseworthy, a charter member of the parish klan, testified that "When the klan went out on raiding trips they wore the black masks, but when they met in the lodge rooms they wore the white masks."

Question by Attorney General Coco: What was the result of all this raiding?

Answer: It caused all kinds of trouble. The people were all torn up. It wasn't what we called invisible government, but it sure was a change in government.

Testimony of W. P. Norseworthy:

Q. Did you discuss anything about the klan?

A. Yes, we discussed about the disappearance of Daniel and Richards. He told me Daniel and Richards knew too much and had talked too much for their own good.

Q. You had planned to move to Texas?

A. Yes.

Q. Why?

A. Because conditions were so bad here that when a man left home in the morning he did not know if he would ever return. Things were mighty bad.

At Goose Creek the gangsters did not kill their victims, but the line between killing Mrs. Harrison and what they actually did to her was a perilously thin line.

She was taken out for no cause. It developed that she had separated herself from her husband; and it is noteworthy that the husband, upon learning of the attack, spiritedly defended his wife's character and denounced her abductors as "a gang of murdering cowards."

Mrs. Harrison was ill when the maskers invaded her home. Her two little daughters and two neighbor children were playing through the house. Armand had called with a basket of fruit and was sitting beside the bed. Five masked men burst into the room with revolvers leveled. The couple were pounced on. The sick woman was jerked from her bed and her head enveloped in a bath robe. She was barefooted and in her night garment. She begged for permission to dress, was refused, and despairingly snatched up one —only one—bedroom slipper.

The couple were borne off amid the shrieks of the children and the roar of revolvers as the gangsters shot off the tires of Armand's automobile. Mrs. Harrison returned an hour or so later, afoot, bleeding, barefooted and bareheaded, still clad in her night garment. She returned alone, without a guide. Her right side was a welter of blood. She had been thrown to the ground on a public highway and beaten so terribly with a flail that the right thigh bone was injured. Her hair had been hacked off close to her head with a pocket knife. Indistinctly she recalled that supreme humiliation—she was just emerging from a faint when she felt the tugging at her head—but there was no pain.

"I was beyond pain by that time," she said.

Armand was given twenty to thirty licks with the flail. Mrs. Harrison heard his screams and counted the strokes up to fifteen before she fainted. After the flogging the gangsters poured crude oil over his hair and into his streaming

wounds. Then they turned him loose to wander home in the night.

Six months elapsed before indictments were procured in the Goose Creek cases. The district attorney of Harris County, Texas, is a klansman. The facts upon which some twenty-five Goose Creek residents were subsequently arraigned and fined on their pleas of guilty to a long series of floggings and abductions were procured by a private prosecutor employed by citizens of Houston. It developed that for the preceding eighteen months Goose Creek had lived under a reign of terror with a record of one whipping a week, virtually none of them reported to the grand jury.

The Goose Creek outrage is thought to have marked the end of organized violence in Texas. The increasing weight of an awakened public opinion is manifested everywhere. Influential citizens formerly in the klan are out in the open against it—the dropping out of disillusioned, disgusted and alarmed klansmen of the better element is taking on the proportions of an expeditionary movement. The element remaining is turning its whole attention to capturing political control at the State House; and the Democratic primary this year will bring about the supreme and, it is thought, final test of the klan's power.

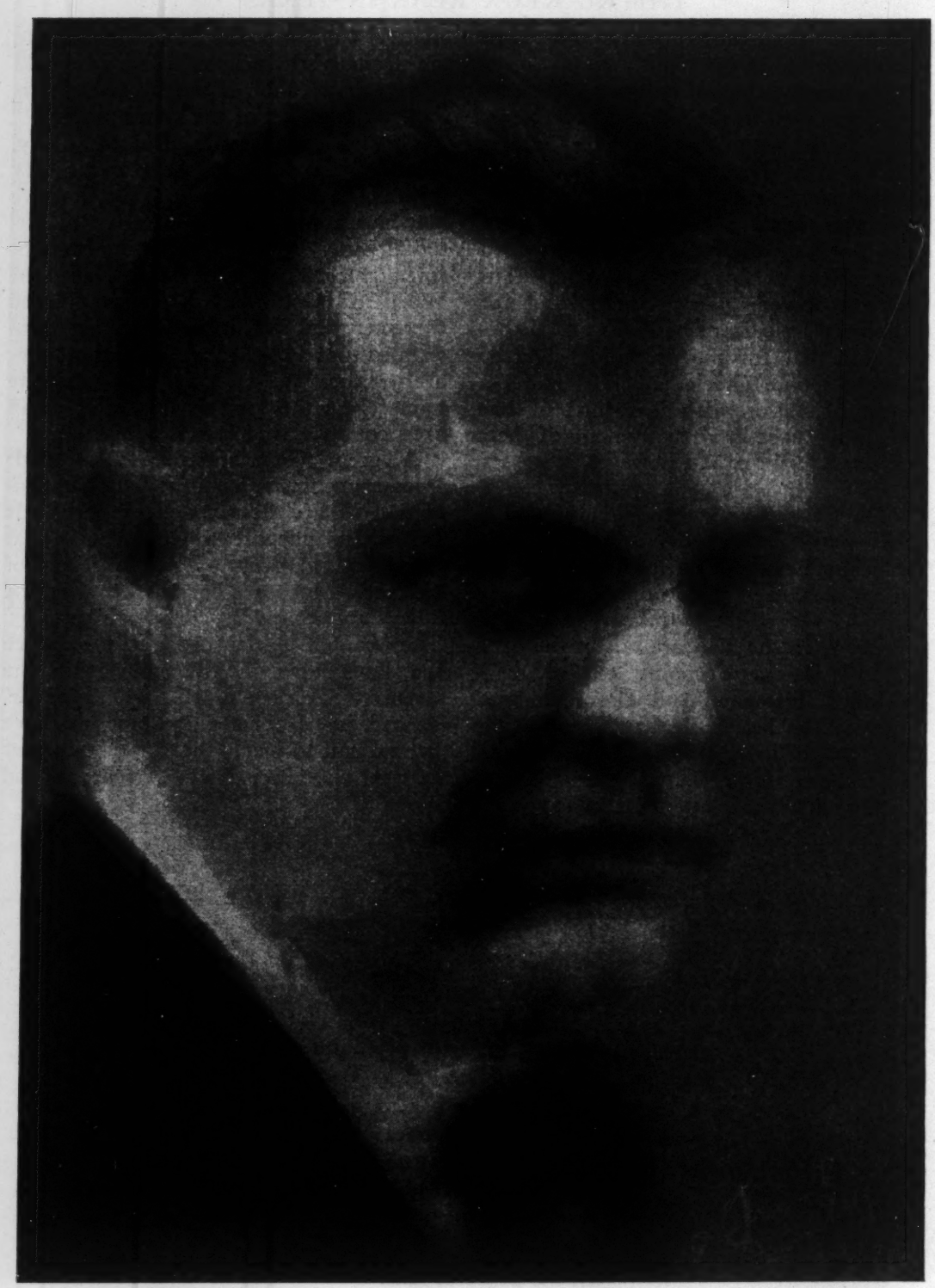
Thomas Paine said: "But some say, where is the king of America? My friends, he reigns above. But that we may not appear to be defective of external order, let the Charter be brought forth, placed on the divine law—the Word of God—and a crown placed thereon; and let it be solemnly proclaimed that as far as we believe in monarchy, the law is king. In absolute monarchies the king is law, and in all free countries the law is king."

A great Governor of Texas said: "Government was instituted for the protection of life, liberty and property. It fails in its purpose when it denies that protection to every citizen or class of citizens. Mobs are bands of murderers. They are cowardly, criminal outlaws. They cannot be depended on to enforce the laws through the courts of the country. A people who will condone, excuse, justify or applaud mob law have but to wait to glean oppression's harvest and eat the bitter fruits of remorse and despair."

SOLITUDE

By MARY WICKHAM PORCHER

Solitude:
In a silent wood
Near a deep black pool,
Whence thoughts profound
Arise and astound
My quiet mind.
As white birch trees
And darkened pines
Point to the evening sky,
A lonely star
Reflected lies
In the peaceful lake.
As the sunset dies,
The loons awake
With a thrilling laugh,
And the amber moon rides high.



D. C. Stephenson, Organizer and Guiding Genius of the Indiana Klan and an Outstanding Figure in Indiana Politics

THE KU KLUX KLAN IN INDIANA

By MAX BENTLEY

INDIANA'S "Ku Klux Klan" is the Hoosier's newest plaything and what fun he is having with it! He has already made his klan the balance of power in Indiana politics; on every side they are saying there that the Honorable Tom Taggart, Democratic boss of Indiana, and the Honorables Jim Watson and Jim Goodrich, Republican bosses, are jumping sideways.

Note the quotes. They belong. The Indiana "klansman" is unorthodox, and he has fallen out with his Imperial Wizard at Atlanta, Georgia. It is true that he attends meetings in a hall called a klavern, that when he meets a fellow "klansman" they are likely to exchange the mystic high sign and all that, and in the lodge room he still dons the now widely familiar flowing robe with its owlish eyeholes. But in all those other things which make a good and faithful klansman he is not of the established pattern; not at all the sort of klansman Atlanta would like him to be.

That is to say, he is not a terrorist with Hate as his motto. He does not whip negroes, stage tar parties, or write anonymous threats. He does not break down the machinery of regular law enforcement with informal extra-legal methods. On the contrary, the unbiased verdict in Indiana seems to be that he has been, all things considered, a real factor for the betterment of municipal rule. Most of the time he is pursuing the favorite avocation of all Hoosiers, which is, of course, politics; but he has found time to assist the regular officers in cleaning up some bad situations, and in some instances has gone in and cleaned a town himself. He has done that in a strictly legal fashion.

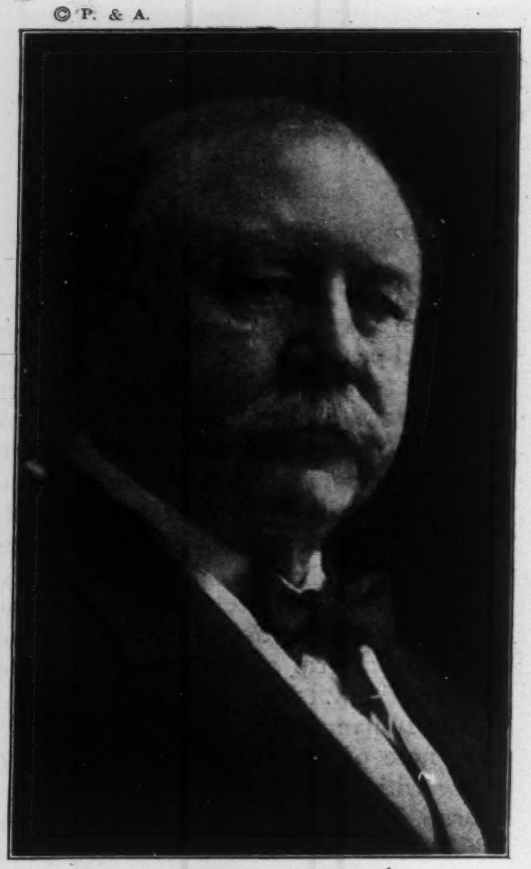
How can that be?

The story goes back to the Civil War. Indiana was not a seat of war, but it inherited some of the backwash of war. Being in the geographical center of the United States, it was a passing ground for restless spirits —soldiers and adventurers—headed for the West and a convenient meeting place for the floatsam which war breeds. The National Trails from east to west followed what is now Washington Street in Indianapolis. Horse thievery became rampant. As an aftermath of war the quiet and substantial citizenship found itself in the grip of lawlessness brought in from the outside.

The Indiana State Legislature of 1865 took note of that situation and enacted a law with teeth in it. It was called the Horse Thief Act (Laws of Indiana, 1863-69, Chap. XCV, page 196). The law authorized the formation of a volunteer constabulary patterned along military lines and having extraordinary powers. "Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana"—so the act ran—"that any number of persons, citizens of the State of Indiana, not less than ten, may and they are hereby authorized to form themselves into a company for the purpose of detecting and apprehending horse thieves and other felons, and for mutual protection and indemnity against the acts of such horse thieves and felons."

Further, that "said persons desirous of forming such company shall each subscribe articles of associations in which shall be set forth the name of such company, the residence of each member, the object of said association, and the number of years during which said company shall exist . . . A majority of the members shall have power to adopt a constitution and bylaws for their government,

© P. & A.



Samuel M. Ralston, United States Senator from Indiana

to designate and appoint such officers as they may deem proper, to designate any members of the association who, in the pursuit and arrest of horse thieves and other offenders against the criminal laws of the State, shall have all the power of constables."

Out of the act of December 21, 1865, sprang an organization known as the National Horse Thief Protective Association. The title was a misnomer; the National Horse Thief Protective Association was exclusively an Indiana organization. It must have served the purpose since, as time went on, the horse thief passed from the scene, the Association dwindled to a scattering of members here and there, and the constabulary feature became wholly inactive. Indiana forgot all about the National Horse Thief Protective Association.

But the law remained on the statute books.

The Ku Klux Klan enters the picture here. In September of 1921 the first Indiana klan was organized at Evansville. Five months later, under the high-power leadership of D. C. Stephenson of Evansville, it began to grow at a rate even exceeding the phenomenal growth of the klan in Southern states. Among his other coups Stephenson resurrected the Horse Thief Act and made it the law-enforcement arm of the Indiana klan.

On September 1, 1921, a few days before Klan No. 1 was organized at Evansville, the National Horse Thief Protective Association numbered a few hundred inactive members. At this writing it has 40,000 members of whom 25,000 are regularly qualified constables. The significant thing is that 22,000 of these men are members of the Ku Klux Klan. For example, in Marion County (Indianapolis) there are 3,000 constables and less than a dozen of them, it is said, are non-klansmen.

The situation was literally made to order for the ubiquitous Mr. Stephenson. Here was a law which, but for the fact that no Ku Klux Klan existed in 1865, might have been enacted by and for a klan itself. Amazing powers were given, including the right to inflict on unruly members "such penalties as may be necessary to enforce obedience . . . Said corporation shall have power to call to their aid the peace officers of this state," and the constables of said corporation were empowered to carry weapons "and in the absence of warrant hold in custody without warrant."

The act did, however, carry a safeguard against an indiscriminate abuse of powers. It was recited that the association could sue or be sued. The appointment of constables, while made by the respective companies, was subject to approval by the regular authorities. Constables' commissions are now issued by the county commissioners' courts through the county auditor, who places

every constable under bond. The list is first published and then kept on file for public inspection.

The visibility feature was not displeasing to the Indiana klan of 1921. It was not displeasing for the reason that the Indiana klan from the beginning has been a visible organization. When it started to clean out some particularly offensive law violators, it operated through its bonded and legally clothed constabulary.

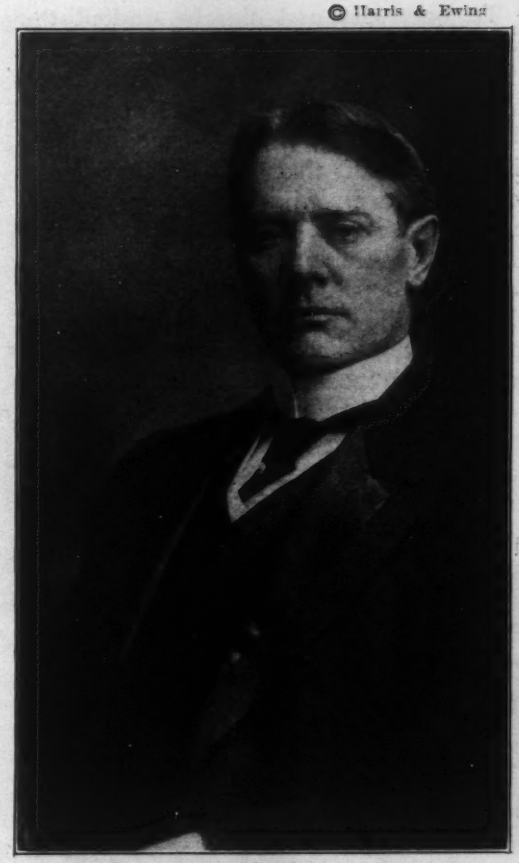
As a law-enforcement body the klan first showed its strength in Indianapolis. It is of course true that in every large city of the land bootlegging is more or less prevalent. The klan charged that in Indianapolis it was rampant—and set out to prove it. In a series of sensational raids some 125 persons were arrested on charges of operating dives and buying liquor, and wholesale convictions were secured. The raids were made or directed by the klan constabulary.

On a smaller scale these sorties were repeated in towns and villages throughout the state. The klan makes official claim that from June, 1922, to October, 1923, more than 3,000 liquor cases, in some form or other, were prosecuted in the Indiana courts largely through the instrumentality of the klan.

"This has resulted," said a prominent klansman, "in almost entirely breaking up a closely-woven web of bootlegging rings which were being operated in the State prior to the campaign launched by us. Gambling dives which were running in the manufacturing district of northwestern Indiana—the Calumet district—have been closed wholesale. This has been done through the city, county, state and federal authorities with assistance from us in the way of investigation and evidence, but in many cases the klan used the National Horse Thief Detective Association and its volunteer constabulary of property-owning and bonded citizens."

That is the klan side of the picture. An Indiana state official well known for his opposition to the klan said: "Fairness compels me to admit that the Ku Klux Klan in this State, rather than being akin to the terrorist and unlawful body of masked men who have prostituted justice in Southern communities, is an organization of reputable citizens who have been a power for good in Indiana law enforcement, either indirectly or by direct methods. Thus far the klan has not abused the undoubtedly great power it has obtained. I make this statement with the most positive reservation that the whole idea of a Ku Klux Klan is wrong and opposed to our best traditions, but I am bound to say that the organization has, thus far, rather more than merely behaved itself. As long as its membership includes the substantial elements of our citizenship, and as long as it continues to be wisely led, I don't believe we will have any trouble with the klan."

© Harris & Ewing



A Great Figure in American Politics, Albert J. Beveridge

To one who had closely studied the Ku Klux Klan from its real inception in 1920, who had watched the menace of invisible government spread unbelievably in other states, it seemed impossible of belief that a Ku Klux Klan could exist anywhere and not be an enemy to society. To appreciate that a definite difference of ideals and aims actually exists between the Atlanta-run klan and the Indiana klan, it is necessary to know something about Hoosier people and Hoosier thought.

Consider Indiana itself. As a State it reflects a true cross-section of American life. It lies in the center of the nation, geographically and in population.

©U&U

Tom Taggart, Democratic boss of Indiana

It is half-industrial and half-agricultural, half-urban and half-rural. Its citizenship is a half-and-half mingling of the old-time stalwart Anglo-Saxon stock, with its tendencies of deliberate thought and cautious speech, and the fast-moving pour-it-on-'em newcomer from the West and East with his modern notions and highpower methods.

The Hoosier of fiction and song is the composite result of this curious even mingling. He is not easily stirred, and his sense of humor, it sometimes appears, moves along rather elementary channels, but he is a solid and substantial person with only a mild vice, if it can be called a vice. There is something about Indiana that draws its sons, native and alien, to its bosom; and that thing is politics. Hoosier and politics are synonymous terms.

The Hoosier of all ages is enthusiastically living up to a certain wise man's definition of happiness. Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University said, the other day, as a reflection induced by the fact that he is ninety years old and feels privileged to give advice, that "what our young men need is to choose the work in life in which they can find joy." The young men of Indiana are doing that very thing and so are the old men. They have picked out one avocation as offering, above all others, the opportunity to be blissfully, riotously and spontaneously happy. They are playing politics. They are playing it morning, noon and night.

References are heard to "barometer" states, like Ohio and Nebraska and Maine—"As Maine goes in September, so goes the nation in November," runs the proverb, which like most other proverbs of the lately-coined variety, usually produces the exactly opposite result. Indiana is more than a barometer state. It is a pivotal state. It epitomizes what perfected politics really is. It is the home of the political machine.

Who can remember the day when Tom Taggart was not the Democratic boss of Indiana? Who can remember the day when Senator Jim Watson and

Governor Jim Goodrich were not co-bosses, or rival bosses, of Hoosier Republicanism? Foraker had his Ohio machine, Hiram Johnson has made California lie down and roll over, and Mark Hanna and Tom Reed and Boies Penrose were men of mighty deeds, but they had nothing on the Taggart and Watson-Goodrich machines for sheer greased perfection and a "low-down" on crowd psychology. Either the Taggart machine or the Watson-Goodrich machine has run things in Indiana since the present generation of Hoosiers came along. It's that way and there is no denying it. It just is.

Every Hoosier considers himself a Presidential possibility. Since Indiana has brought the art of politics to perfection and therefore is a coveted State in every sense of the word, there is no guarantee that the Indianian elected to the Governorship or Senate will not, at some psychological break in a national convention, be nominated for President of the United States. Or if not President at least Vice-President.

The Hoosier, it is said, devotes his day thus: three hours to business, one hour to amusement, one hour to the wife and children, five hours to eating and sleeping, two hours to reading books on political history and political economy and twelve hours to playing politics. Of course that may not be true. He is so inherently a human man of breadth and culture and sweet temper that perhaps the allotment to his family and his books is really insufficient. But it *is* true that the biggest thing in his life is politics, that the "machine" is his religion, and to deprive him of politics would be an act of downright cruelty—like steaming by the frantic signals of a stranded mariner.

It was that sort of situation into which the Ku Klux Klan was dropped in the Fall of 1921. Evansville Klan No. 1 was organized along strictly orthodox lines—anti-Catholicism, anti-Semitism and the like—but the well known Atlanta "principles" of hate and

James E. Watson, Republican boss of Indiana and supporter of Ed Jackson for Governor

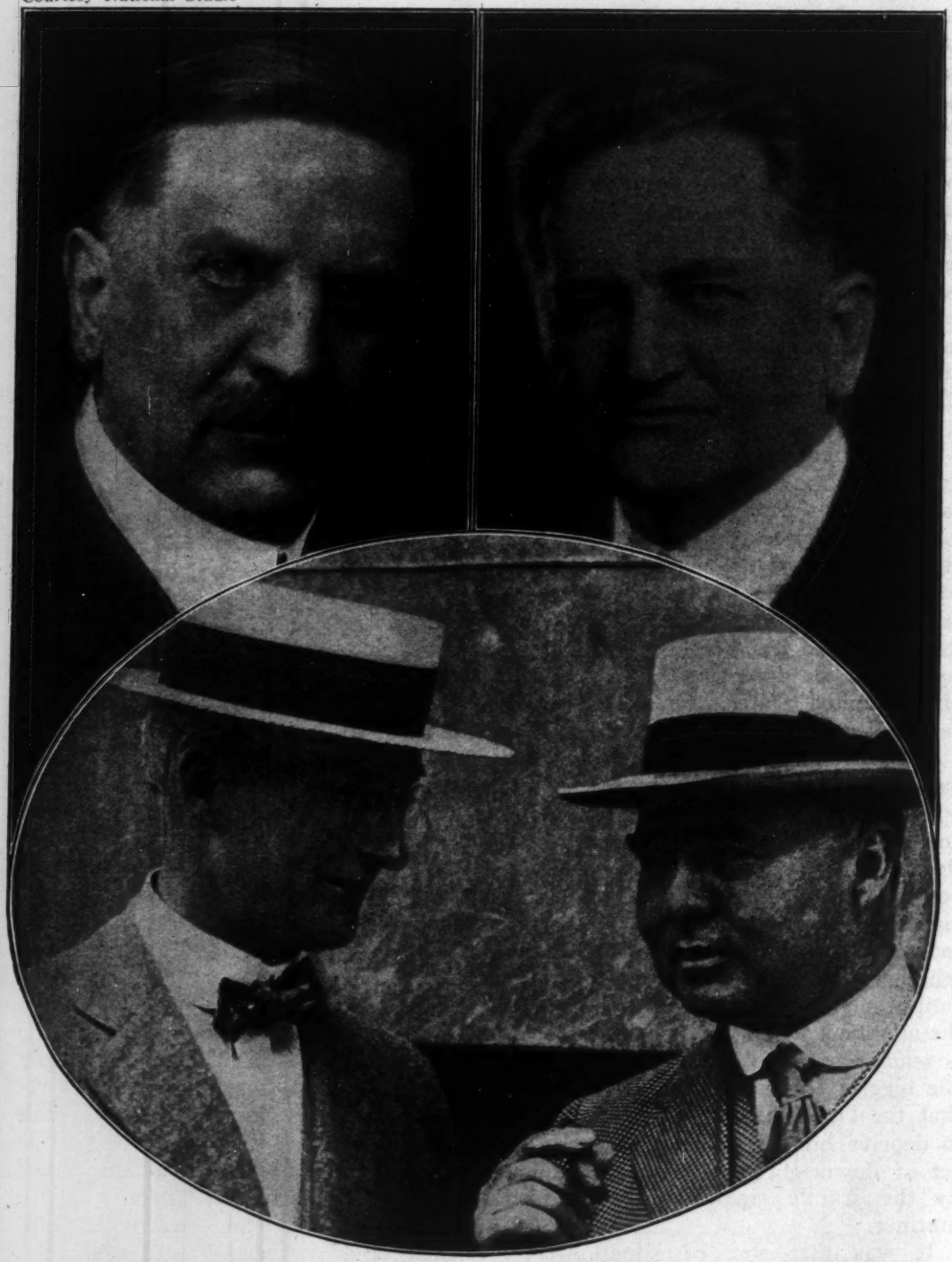
extra-legal government of the invisible stripe somehow left the Hoosier cold.

The Evansville klan took in the best elements of the citizenship, as the klan usually does in the beginning, but, organized, the thing appeared to fall flat for a while. The Hoosier hardly knew what to do with his new plaything now that he had it. He was too sweet tempered to cut off any one's ears, and to "start something" right off went against his machine training and natural trait of deliberation.

The inevitable happened. After straggling along from September, 1921, to February, 1922, without increasing the membership to an appreciable extent, Evansville No. 1 "fell out" with Atlanta over aims and methods.

"The Old Man of the Indiana Klan" comes into the picture here. D. C. Stephenson was an Evansville coal dealer and a natural-born organizer. Also, he had joined the klan. He went to Atlanta to look into affairs at the Imperial Palace. He returned with the information that imperial headquarters was being badly run, but could be reformed from within. He counseled

Courtesy National Studio



Above, at left, Dr. C. B. McCulloch of Indianapolis, in pre-primary forecasts the most favored candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination; at right, Ed Jackson, who has had the Klan backing and that of the regular Republican organization; in oval, at left, Jim Goodrich of the Watson-Goodrich machine, and at right, Edward C. Toner, another aspirant for the Republican nomination.

against a cleavage. Loyalty to the machine, he pointed out, belongs in the Hoosier's Koran, if not his Kloran. He proposed to clean up the machine.

Atlanta saw possibilities in Stephenson and sent him back to organize Indiana. He went to work with a vim. He applied business methods to klan organization. From February to May, 1922, he increased Evansville's membership from a few hundreds to nearly 5,000. A grateful klanton elected him exalted cyclops.

Some time in July of 1922, Stephenson removed to Indianapolis to open state offices for the klan. His promotions had been as meteoric as his success as a recruiting officer. Before he finally became disgusted and resigned his imperial offices he was instrumental in putting nearly 400,000 names on the rolls of Indiana klans. Atlanta made him a king kleagle. Then he was made the first Grand Dragon of his State and given a seat in the Imperial Kloncilium. He was going so good that Atlanta invited him to take over the klan's affairs in 21 States of the Middle West, comprising the heart of the country, and to assume control of the Department of Propagation.

Stephenson quickly became an outstanding figure in the national klan. As gathered from some of his friends in Indianapolis, he abolished the Department of Propagation and on its ruins erected a Department of Extension and Education, through which, it is said, he formulated some national doctrines for klans to espouse.

The judgment of outsiders is that Stephenson's break with Atlanta dated from that time. When interviewed he refused very pointedly to discuss his differences with Dr. Hiram W. Evans, the Imperial Wizard, beyond a brief acknowledgment that serious differences —and, it was adduced, irreparable differences—do exist and that he no longer has any connection with the Atlanta klan. But it was said by Indiana klansmen that the national doctrines laid down by Stephenson departed fundamentally from the basic structure of Ku Kluxism as interpreted in Atlanta. His doctrines were marked by an absence of hate principles; rather they took up sound economic questions, practical patriotism, and the like.

Throughout 1922 all was lovely, as the saying goes, between the Indiana and imperial klans. The membership grew rapidly in the latter part of 1922, and by July of 1923 a klanton had been organized in each of Indiana's ninety-two counties, with a state-wide membership of nearly 400,000. The Indiana klan became the most powerful in the country —stronger numerically and much better organized than that of either Texas or Georgia. Stephenson organized it along combined political and military lines. There was one klanton for each county, one province for each of Indiana's thirteen Congressional districts and one realm for the state as a whole. From a political point of view the exalted cyclops of a klanton had a status similar to that of a county chairman, the titan of a province would be the Congressman and district chairman in politics, and the Grand Dragon was the Governor. Along military lines each county was in charge of a colonel, each realm had a brigadier general, while over all sat G-1, "The Old Man" himself.

There seems to be no doubt of that. Wherever one may go in the progress of his study of the Indiana klan, the first and last thing he encounters—boldly in the foreground here, elusively in the background there, but always present—is the personality of Stephenson. Whatever trail one follows, klan or anti-klan, it either begins or ends at Stephenson and usually both. Around him are built the foundation, walls and roof of the organization he commands. Changing the metaphor, his hand is at the steering wheel and no less firmly now than at the beginning; and he steers adroitly.

"The Old Man" is a term common enough to have become generic. Every employee's boss is The Old Man, espe-

cially if the boss happens to be well liked. But G-1 deserves an explanation. It belongs to army vernacular and stands for the commander-in-chief. He "runs the works." Now, while others named Stephenson "The Old Man," G-1 was his name for himself.

He was a soldier. He enlisted April 6, 1917, as a private, saw the whole show, and came out a major. Using the army as his model when he sculptured the Indiana klan from plastic clay into flint, he naturally became G-1 thereof. They have still another title for him: "The man who took gold out of the Ku Klux Klan and put God in."

Every normal Indianian is willing—he is ready—to be President. The inferiority complex has no place in the Hoosier temperament. To that extent Stephenson is abnormal. Aside from his energy and dynamic salesmanship, the unique position he occupies in the Indiana klan is ascribed to self-disinterestedness. He is not after office. It was learned that in every klavern is a letter from Stephenson bearing a pledge that he will never be a candidate for any public office except in his own home town. The effect of that renunciation obviously has been immense.

In the late summer of 1922 the klan just naturally put itself into politics. It did not drift in—it jumped in with both feet with a loud splash, to the utter consternation of the old machines and the utter confusion of the situation generally. It is freely said in Indianapolis among opponents of the klan that G-1, "The Old Man," had a roster made of every adult male voter in the State, showing his normal political affiliation, religious preference, business connections, nationality and place of birth—altogether more than 500,000 names. Ask a klansman if this is so and he smiles broadly.

The biennial off-year campaign was on for the United States Senate and state offices. It was supposed that the lines were strictly party-drawn. Albert J. Beveridge was the Republican candidate for the Senate against ex-Governor Samuel M. Ralston. On the Republican side the candidates for the principal state offices were Ora J. Davies for State Treasurer, William G. Oliver for State Auditor, Ed Jackson for Secretary of State, David Meyers for judge of the Supreme Court, and Patrick Lynch for clerk of the Supreme Court. They had been nominated in the Republican state convention. They were opposed respectively by the following Democrats: George H. DeHority, Robert Bracken, Dan M. Link, Joseph Shea and Zach T. Dungan.

The people of Indiana as a whole did not understand the klan's new place in politics. Particularly they did not suspect its voting strength. While the two parties there are pretty evenly divided, the Republicans have mustered a normal average majority of 10,000 to 20,000 votes in an electorate of 1,000,000 votes. On the surface the 1922 Fall election looked like a straight party contest between the Taggart and Watson-Goodrich machines, with a Republican victory all along the line predicted. The klan, it was assumed, would figure only moderately in the result as a tightly cohesive and relatively small voting factor.

In one of the contests the public looked for an overwhelming Republican victory. For Senator the Republicans had nominated a great figure in American politics. It was considered certain that the highminded statesmanship of Albert J. Beveridge would carry the party to victory over a ticket led by even such a redoubtable and capable opponent as ex-Governor Ralston.

But Senator Beveridge was defeated. More than one million votes were polled, and he went down before a Democratic majority of 33,611 votes. When the smoke cleared away it was found that Davies, Jackson and Meyers, Republicans, had triumphed, but that Oliver and Lynch had been defeated. Lynch, a Roman Catholic, had been snowed under by Zach Dungan, the Democrat's ma-

jority being 45,979 votes. On the Democratic side another Roman Catholic, Joseph Shea, lost to his Republican opponent by 41,406 votes.

The returns clearly showed the klan to be startlingly powerful. If corroboration were needed, the bitterest contest in Marion County furnished it. While the Republican ticket generally went over by 10,000 votes, the Democratic candidate for county clerk, Albert H. Losche, defeated his Republican opponent by some 12,000 votes. Losche was known to have klan support. To win, he had to overturn a normal Republican majority of 12,000 votes in the county.

A prominent non-klansman was asked why Beveridge lost the klan vote.

"Pique," was his succinct answer. "Blame it on Henry Allen."

It was explained that during the Senatorial campaign Governor Allen of Kansas came into Indiana to speak for Senator Beveridge. He left a dark brown trail behind him. His speeches were mainly a denunciation of the klan, and they sizzled. This was unfortunate from the point of view of Republican political expediency. It was doubly unfortunate that Governor Allen's three speeches were made at Greencastle, Indianapolis and Richmond. It happened that the klan was extremely strong at each of those three places. They are all Republican strongholds in normal times, but when their combined vote was counted (Putnam, Marion and Wayne counties) it showed 62,828 for Ralston and 55,619 for Beveridge.

The finishing touch was put on this phase of the campaign by Governor Ralston. He made a speech at Terre Haute before St. Mary's-of-the-Woods, a Catholic girls' school of the highest standing. After praising the institution's educational achievements and cultural standard Governor Ralston remarked, in effect, that "highest education will fail if it does not carry the deep conviction that the science and genius of government were founded on the basis of religious liberty and separation of church and state." The klansman who quoted Governor Ralston's remarks did so from memory; this may not be verbatim.

The allusion to separation of church and state had a lightning effect on Ralston's candidacy. The klan had hundreds of thousands of dodgers printed carrying the excerpt, under the heading "Where Courage Counts," and was said to have put a dodger in the hand of every Protestant voter in Indiana, klan or non-klan. No one questions that the klan voted almost solidly for Ralston, and that this bloc vote was a pronounced factor in his victory.

Another political campaign is on, and the Hoosier is happy. From now until Fall the Indiana Ku Klux Klansman will have no time to devote to klan affairs other than political affairs. On May 6th the two old parties will nominate their candidates for Governor, along with delegates to the national convention. Following the primary the state convention will nominate choices for the lesser state offices. If the klan was a factor in the Fall election of 1922, it is doubly a factor now. The klan issue dominates the whole campaign. The answer that every Hoosier is anxiously seeking is to the question, "Will the klan be able to put over Ed Jackson and elect him this Fall?" The Democratic campaign has been completely overshadowed by "What will the klan do?"

There are fourteen candidates for the gubernatorial nomination of whom six are Republican and eight Democrat. They are: Republican, Ed Jackson of Indianapolis, Samuel Lewis Shank of Indianapolis, Edward C. Toner of Anderson, Ora D. Davis of Terre Haute (not the State Treasurer), Edgar D. Bush of Salem, and Elias W. Dulberger of Indianapolis. Democrat, Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch of Indianapolis, George R. Durgan of Lafayette, Dale J. Crittenberger of Anderson, Joseph M. Cravens of Madison, Charles S. Batt of Terre Haute, James K. Risk of Lafayette,

Frank A. Priest of Marion, and Olin R. Holt of Kokomo. All are avowedly or mildly anti-klan, or non-committal, except Judge Jackson. He is frankly the candidate of the klan besides having the endorsement of Goodrich, Stephenson, Watson, and Walb and in fact of the entire Republican organization.

On the Democratic side Dr. McCulloch is considered the favored candidate by reason of his endorsement by and support from Tom Taggart.

Judge Jackson has a political strength of his own. Before the Ku Klux Klan came to Indiana he had been elected prosecutor in Henry County, judge of the Circuit Court, and Secretary of State. As a boy he worked in a stave factory and sold newspapers, and as a struggling young lawyer hired out as a common laborer in a brickyard to earn the money with which to pay his desk rent. He was Secretary of State when the war opened. He resigned, volunteered as a private and emerged a major. After the war he was appointed to his old post in the State House, then was elected, and is still Indiana's Secretary of State.

Lew Shank is the picturesque Mayor of Indianapolis. His given name is Samuel Lewis but every one calls him Lew. The fact of his having been a vaudeville performer and auctioneer explains at once the hilarious note—the circus atmosphere—he puts into his campaigns for office.

The klan considers itself supremely on trial in the coming primary and election. Its leaders emphasize that thought very strongly. "When Jackson is elected Governor, the Big Idea will go over," they say.

What *is* the Big Idea?

"The Indiana Ku Klux Klan," said one of its leaders, "contemplates complete disbandment. This includes abandonment of the name itself, throwing away the robe, putting an end to mummery and incantation.

"We are not klansmen of the recognized stripe. We never have been. There have been no law violations in this State even remotely connected with the klan. There have been no acts of violence, no maskers roaming the countryside at night, no robed figures crowding up to the pulpit to hand over a few dollars. Our robes are kept in the lodge room in charge of a bonded custodian. We have never paraded except with the permission of the municipal authorities. We do not even attend funerals in regalia except upon the request of the family of the deceased. Dramatic appearances, mysticism and displays of any sort hold no appeal for the Indiana Ku Klux Klansman.

"We are opposed to the klan in those states where the slightest violence is countenanced. Long ago we lost respect for the policies of the imperial klan. That is proven by the fact that one-third of Indiana's ninety-two klans are no longer sending remittances to Atlanta, and by the fact that the Indianapolis klan, with 36,000 members, has never taken a charter. Our paid-up membership has declined from nearly 400,000 to less than 250,000. As a Ku Klux Klan we plan to disband."

But, he said, the personnel will remain, the organization will become an independent political unit, and, he added with a delighted smile, "Watch our smoke."

The klan's entry into Indiana politics adds a new and loud note to an already confused clamor. Rumors, recriminations and accusations fill the air. The old-time machines are in a state of pronounced uncertainty. Everybody watches everybody else. If Ed Jackson were to be seen, late some afternoon, standing in a reflective attitude at the southwest corner of Washington and Illinois streets at the moment that Lew Shank's tall form came through the revolving door of the Claypool Hotel, the news would spread like wildfire. The fact might be that Judge Jackson was waiting for his car, and Mayor Shank was leaving his campaign headquarters, but the incident would be reported forth-

with, with trimmings, to all parts of town.

It would be reported of course at the Jackson and Shank headquarters. Tom Taggart would hear about it, and so would Jim Goodrich. Jim Watson would get it by telegraph. A carrier would take the news to Ewing Emmison, Coolidge's manager, and Clarence Martin, Hiram Johnson's manager, although neither of these gentlemen is interested in the gubernatorial campaign except as every Hoosier is interested. "The Old Man" would get it from a dozen sources. It would come to him about like this:

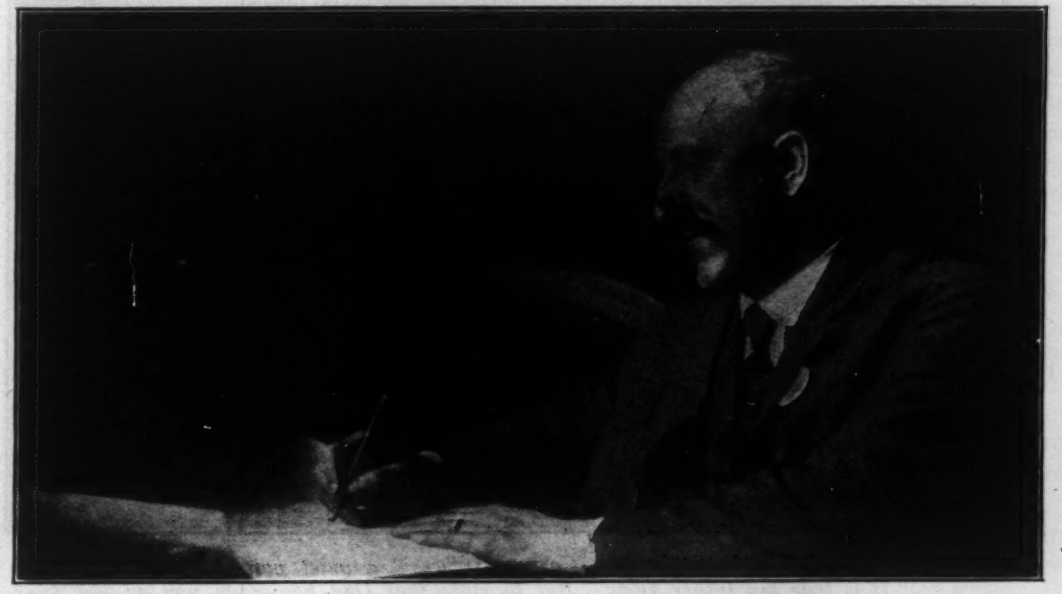
"The Judge was near the curb with the Evening News folded in his left hand. They stood there a coupla minutes—*and then they looked at each other.*"

To understand how so much commotion could be made of a trivial incident, one must learn to appreciate the fine distinction between the cross and the double-cross. As a distinguished Indiana politician explained it, "When you double-cross a friend you commit political suicide, but when you cross him you are only out-smarting him."

Every Hoosier politician just now is merrily engaged in attempting to out-smart his enemy. To be regular he must have an enemy, and to be a marked man among such a galaxy of luminaries he must out-smart that enemy.

With a double-header primary scheduled for the sixth of May, two State Conventions following it and a grand free-for-all election coming on in the Fall, the Hoosier of all beliefs, creeds and colors is conscious of a grand and glorious feeling somewhere within, which springs from nothing less than a happy conviction that "All's right with the world."

Stephenson is the outstanding man of the young generation. Already at thirty-three he has made an independent fortune by his business genius in improving methods in machinery. He gives his confidence fully and in turn inspires the most loyal cooperation. Stephenson is himself a descendant of many of the early settlers of the state. He knows the traditions of the pioneers that built and organized that section of the country. He sees Indiana's significance in relation to the rest of the United States. He believes that the quality of citizenship is a thing of basic importance to which we must look.



Lew Shank, the picturesque Mayor of Indianapolis

"That is unjust and unfair, Mr. Carruthers," said a quiet voice at his elbow. "It is true my father knew. But to state that Dad has made you an offer out of charity is belittling you and belittling us"

THE PORTERHOUSE STEAK

By "SAPPER"

Illustrated by Ralph Pallen Coleman

NO one would have noticed him particularly as he walked along Piccadilly. He had on a blue lounge suit: his collar was spotlessly white. And he walked with a curious slow deliberation which betokened the man in no hurry. In the midst of the hurrying, jostling crowd he was just an inconspicuous unit.

Had any one working in one of the offices high above the street taken the trouble to follow this particular unit's movements he would have come to the conclusion that he was one of the band of leisured idlers who have nothing better to do than to stroll along the streets when the spirit moves them and look at the shops. More than likely this hard-working spectator would have envied him, as he returned to his books and ledgers.

For this inconspicuous unit was undoubtedly a most pronounced shop-looker. Every twenty yards or so he would pause and, leaning a little forward on his stick, stare into a window. Tobacconists, hosiers, Cook's office—all came alike to him: his tastes were evidently catholic. But there was one thing which the watcher from his distant point of observation would have been unable to see: a little thing—and yet such a big one. This idle lounger had a strange method of examining the goods so temptingly displayed. His eyes were tight shut.

For ten or perhaps twenty seconds he would stand there while the midday traffic of London rolled unceasingly by: then, opening his eyes again, he would resume his stroll. Gray eyes they were—steady and indomitable, with a wonderful glint of humor behind them. His face was clean-shaven and good to look at, though to a doctor it might have seemed altogether too thin and fine drawn.

He passed the Piccadilly Hotel, and once more became apparently engrossed in a shop window. This time it was a jeweler's, but the man was quite unaware of the fact. All he was aware of was that the roar of the motor buses appeared to be coming from a great way off, and that everything seemed strangely unreal. There was a buzzing in his head, as if wheels were spinning around, and his knees felt weak. With an effort he pulled himself together: he'd never fainted in his life before and it wouldn't do to start now. Somehow or other he had to get as far as King Street, in Covent Garden.

He walked on, his head thrown back and a faint smile around his lips. As usual there was a block at Piccadilly Circus, and he paused for a moment by an open automobile. A girl was driving and by her side sat a man whose back seemed vaguely familiar. And it was just as he got abreast of the man that some one jostled him, and he stumbled and nearly fell. He lurched up against the side of the car, but recovered himself at once with a word of apology, only to see the man lean forward with a positive shout of joy.

"Bill Carruthers, by all that's holy! Bill—you old blighter, how are you? My sister Joyce."

The man on the pavement took off his hat, and the girl looked at him with a friendly smile.

"I've heard such a lot about you from Tom, Mr. Carruthers, that I feel I know you already."

But Tom Caldwell was speaking again.

"Lunch, Bill: you must. Look here, we must get on; we're blocking the traffic. Where are you going now?"

"To a place in King Street," answered the other.

"Hop in the back. We'll take you there. And then—lunch. I insist."

He opened the door and half forced the other man in, and the next moment the car was gliding toward Leicester Square. And again the sense of unreality came over Bill Carruthers. Subconsciously he realized that the girl drove with the sure touch of an expert, but his brain was foggy and dull at one moment and full of freakish fancies the next. Like fever dreams—only Carruthers had no fever.

"What number, old man?" Tom's voice roused him, and he sat up with a jerk. Of course: he'd come to King Street in Tom Caldwell's car. Really, this would never do: the luxury of wool-gathering would never do for him. He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and produced a slip of paper.

"430-D. It's a warehouse of sorts."

Joyce Caldwell drove slowly along and stopped before the door.

"Hurry up, old man," said Tom. "And then we'll go off and make an oyster or two wilt."

Brother and sister watched him cross the pavement and go through the swing doors.

"Dear old Bill. Fancy running into him like that." Tom lit a cigarette. "The last time I saw him was at the Divisional dinner three years ago."

"What is he doing now?" asked his sister.

"Heaven knows. Clever chap—probably making a fortune."

"For a man who is making a fortune," said the girl quietly, "his clothes are a bit shabby."

"What infernal rot!" cried her brother indignantly. "His clothes are perfectly all right. What's the matter with them? And anyway—even if they were threadbare—what's that got to do with it? Bill's one of the salt of the earth: apart altogether from the trifling fact that he saved my life." He looked at the girl with growing wrath. "If you don't want to lunch with us because his clothes aren't all you fancy, he and I will lunch alone."

She turned her head and looked at him. And it was only when a man saw Joyce Caldwell full face that he could realize her unique and wonderful charm. It lay in her expression rather than in any particular beauty of feature, and as she looked at her brother he understood, not for the first time, the cause of the relays of men who always surrounded her.

Just now that expression reminded him of a mother tolerantly reproving her young and foolish offspring.

"You were always a fool, Tom," she said calmly. "And lately I have noticed symptoms of your becoming a darn fool."

Then she leaned forward on the steering wheel, and stared down the street, while her brother made explosive noises in his throat.

"Well, anyway," he said at length, "will you lunch or will you not?"

"Of course I shall lunch," she answered. And then she added, with apparent irrelevance, "I think he's got the bravest eyes of any man I've ever met—and the proudest."

The swing door opened again, and Bill Carruthers came across the pavement.

"Finished, old man?" cried Tom.

"Quite," said the other, with a grave smile. "The interview was most decisive."

"Splendid. Then pop in again and we'll tackle this matter of lunch. Where shall we go?"

"The Milan Grill," said his sister quietly, and let in the clutch.

Tom raised his eyebrows. "I thought you loathed the bally place. The last time you went there you said you'd never seen so many gluttonous human beings in your life."

She swung the car into the Strand.

"Perhaps they will be better to-day. And by the way, Tom, don't order any cocktails before lunch."

"Not have a cocktail!" he gasped.

"When I've only just met Bill! But—why not?"

"Because they're not at all good for anybody in Lent," she answered. "Don't ask questions, old man: do what I say. We'll leave the car in Waterloo Place."

A few minutes later they entered the Milan Grill.

"Go and get a table, Tom," said the girl. "And hurry up about it. I'm most frightfully hungry. A nice corner one, where we can talk." She sat down as her brother departed and smiled at Carruthers. "I am so glad to meet you. Tom used almost to bore Dad and me with his panegyrics on a man we didn't know."

"A dreadful exaggerator is Tom," answered Carruthers.

"When a man saves another man's life a little exaggeration is allowable."

"It was nothing," said Carruthers simply. "Had the positions been reversed, he would have done the same for me."

He swayed suddenly in his chair and gripped the table in front of him. His eyes were closed and the buzzing in his head grew louder. Then it passed and he glanced quickly at the girl. But she had noticed nothing and he heaved a sigh of relief. To be asked if he was ill or anything like that would be more than he could stand. This utterly adorable girl—dear old Tom—it was out of the question that they should ever know. And though few people pray in the Milan Grill, yet a strange prayer went up at that moment:

"Dear God! Let me eat like a gentleman."

And the man who prayed was Bill Carruthers.

"I've got a table, old thing," came Tom's voice. "And I've ordered lunch."

"What have you ordered?" said his sister.

"A few oysters, a bird, some pêches melba and a bottle of bubbly."

"Well as far as I'm concerned, Tom, go and cancel it," remarked the girl. "I want a full-size porterhouse steak, with fried potatoes and all sorts of vegetables. And before that, to get on with at once, an omelette. You and Mr. Carruthers can please yourselves. I'm hungry."

"Hungry!" gasped Tom. "Why, great heavens, my dear woman, you must be up the pole. It takes three men to lift one of their porterhouse steaks."

"Splendid!" said the girl. "That's just what I feel like. What about you, Mr. Carruthers?"

"Well, really, I feel rather like it myself," answered Carruthers, forcing a smile.

"Then there you are, Tom," said his sister. "Two full-size porterhouse steaks and two omelettes. And you can have your oysters and your bird. And let us know as soon as the omelette is ready."

Slightly dazed, her brother retired again to the grill-room to countermand his original order, leaving the other two outside. Suddenly the girl gave an annoyed exclamation. She was peering into the inner recesses of one of those mysterious feminine bags, and then she looked up at her companion.

"How aggravating!" she cried. "I've left all my change at home. Could you give me some silver for a ten-shilling note?"

A dull red stained Carruthers' cheeks, and he fumbled in his pockets.

"I—er——" he began, but the girl had opened a new compartment, with an air of relief.

"It's all right," she said. "My mistake. It was here all the time."

She wasn't looking at him, and the red died slowly down leaving him whiter than ever. What an escape! What a merciful escape!

He made some humorous remark concerning the intricacies of these indispensable abominations, but it seemed to fall flat. At any rate she made no answer, only went on fumbling with her bag.

"You fool!" ran her thoughts. "You stupid fool. Didn't you know already

without that? Oh, won't that idiot Tom ever come?"

He did, at last, wearing a slightly aggrieved expression, and his sister rose at once to her feet.

"Come on," she cried, "I'm simply famishing!"

"Well, if you eat that steak, you'll have to hire a crane to lift you out of your chair," said Tom, waxing sarcastic. Events somehow were not turning out quite as he anticipated. No cocktail, no nice lunch, porterhouse steaks——And Joyce—what the dickens was the matter with her? She seemed so quiet, so different suddenly. Before Bill, too, of all people.

He dug a fork into an oyster with an air of peevishness; no accounting for girls. And then suddenly he happened to glance across that table at Bill, and the suspicion of a frown appeared on his face. He banished it instantly—he was loyal to the core was Tom. But Bill's coat sleeve had slipped back a little, revealing his shirt cuff. Well, apart from the fact that the shirt was flannel—after all, fellows did wear gray flannel shirts with single button cuffs presumably, or no one would make the beastly things—apart from that, it struck him that the cuff was not too clean.

He started in heavily on plays. His best friend couldn't call Tom a brilliant conversationalist, but he had one invaluable asset. What he lacked in quality, he made up in quantity. He burbled serenely on, and his audience could listen or not as they pleased. It made not the slightest difference to them or to Tom.

And on this occasion a vague feeling that all was not quite as it should be spurred him on to dizzy heights. He launched into a completely pointless story which had something to do with a girl and a mashie niblick and the pond hole at Worplesdon. In fact, the only merit in the story was that it was interminable. It lasted well into the porterhouse steak. And at the crucial moment, just as the *bonne bouche* was coming, Joyce interrupted him.

"Tell the waiter to give us some champagne, Tom."

Tom spluttered out like a motor running short of petrol.

"Good heavens, haven't you had any?"

"Not yet," said his sister calmly. "But I'd like some now, and so would Mr. Carruthers."

"My dear old Bill," cried Tom, "forgive me! I apologize; I abase myself."

He signed furiously to the waiter, and then looked quickly at Bill. The old boy looked different, somehow; more like his old self. Come to think of it, he hadn't looked too fit before lunch: bit washed out and cheap. Morning after the night before sort of business.

"How's the old porterhouse steak, people? Great heavens, old thing"—he gazed at his sister's plate—"you don't mean to say you've lowered it?"

"Very nearly all," she answered.

"Judging by your conversational efforts, you must have been pretty busy," said Tom brightly. "And old Bill's going strong still. Remember those bully stews in France, old man? Gad! How they used to go down. But then one really was hungry."

Bill smiled slightly.

"Extraordinary condition to have been in, wasn't it, Tom?"

"Good old days in some ways and all that," said his host profoundly. "But it seems to me I've been doing most of the talking. How's yourself, Bill? Haven't been working too hard, have you? Struck me you weren't looking too frightfully fit, don't you know? Doesn't do to overdo it, old man. Why don't you come down and spend a week-end with us? The governor would love to meet you."

Into the gray eyes there came a sudden glint of laughter. Courage had come back, and God alone knew that it had been only just in time. What sudden heaven-sent whim had caused that glorious girl to decide on a porterhouse steak was beside the point: perhaps it

was true that there was a Power who tried a man thus far and no farther. But he couldn't spend a week-end with them for the very good reason that he'd pawned his evening clothes two months ago.

"It's very good of you, Tom," he said gravely. "But I'm too busy at the moment. Later on, perhaps."

"Can't you manage one afternoon away from the office?" asked the girl. "It's such a glorious day, and we could run down there in the car. Then back after dinner."

Bill Carruthers almost laughed. Into his mind there flashed his recent interview with the man in King Street, and that gentleman's last remark:

"Get out my offith, before I kick you out. I've nothing for you."

Kick him out! The little swine—the miserable little swine. He glanced at the girl, and she was looking at him with a strange grave smile that made his heart miss a beat and then race for two or three. Take a pull, Bill Carruthers; this won't do. Penniless down-and-outers don't count in the social scheme. But she'd never know and Tom would never know—and, oh!—to forget for one day!

"I think I can manage that," he said quietly. "It's very good of you to suggest it, Miss Caldwell."

"Then let's go at once!" she cried. "Pay the bill, Tom. Mr. Carruthers and I will be in the car."

He sat beside her on the way down, with Tom in the back. She didn't speak much, and, leaning back in his corner, he studied her profile. Once, as if realizing his occupation, she turned and looked at him with the same grave little smile on her lips.

"I'm glad you could come, Mr. Carruthers," she said. "I don't think you can realize how much Tom means to Dad, and but for you——"

She left her sentence unfinished, and once more stared at the road in front. And the man by her side lay back in his seat breathing in the peace of the country in spring. He felt like a swimmer who had been battling in heavy seas and had come at last to calm water. Outside the breakers still seethed and roared; to-morrow he would have to start the weary fight all over again. But to-day was his—just one day of make-believe.

The car swung through two iron gates and up a long drive toward a big house screened by huge trees. Velvety lawns stretched down to a lake on which two stately swans sailed majestically. It was just a bit of old England—untouched, unspoiled. And there are not many left.

There was no house-party, for which fact Bill Carruthers heaved a sigh of relief. And all through the long lazy afternoon—by some kindly dispensation, warm as a day in July—the four of them sat and talked on the terrace overlooking the lake. Make-believe it might be—this courteous charming, grateful old man; Joyce—he called her that in his mind just because it *was* make-believe; dear old Tom—but how utterly wonderful! And the minutes flew and the shadows lengthened until a sudden chill little breeze warned them that it was still early spring. So they went indoors and Tom took him upstairs to wash.

"Ten minutes, old man," he said, as he left him. "And the governor is routing out the vintage port."

He shut the door to find Joyce beckoning to him.

"Come into Dad's study," she said. "I want to talk to you both."

A little surprised, he followed her into the room where his father was already standing in front of the fireplace.

"What's the mystery?" he inquired, lighting a cigarette.

"During the war," said his sister quietly, "you may remember that I drove an ambulance in Serbia. And there was one particular thing I saw a good deal of. That thing was starvation. There's no mistaking it."

The two men exchanged a surprised glance. What on earth was Joyce driving at?

"To-day, Tom, I saw it again." She

gave a little twisted smile, and turned her back on both of them. "Why do you suppose I told you not to have cocktails? Why do you think I ordered that awful porterhouse steak? Why, just because he was faint for food—starving. I don't believe he's tasted anything for days."

Tom's honest face slowly turned a deep magenta.

"Rot—bunkum," he stammered.

"My dear, surely you're mistaken," said her father mildly.

"I tell you I'm not mistaken," said the girl, with a little stamp of her foot. "I've seen it too often to be mistaken. I saw it when Tom spoke to him in Piccadilly; I saw it again when he left the car in King Street. Didn't you see the way he walked, Tom? But I wasn't quite sure how bad he was till you were ordering lunch. He nearly fainted outside in the lounge." She swung around, facing them. "Starving, Dad, starving! Without a copper in his pockets. Don't ask me how I know: I do. And he saved Tom's life. What are we going to do about it?"

"My dear," said her father helplessly, "I quite agree. What are we going to do about it?"

"Look here, Joyce," said her brother, "are you sure about this?"

"Absolutely," answered the girl.

"But you talked about his leaving the office and all that sort of thing."

"Because you've only got to look in his eyes for one second to realize that he's as proud as Lucifer. If he thought I'd guessed the condition he was in, he'd never have come for this run."

"Then it boils down to this: we've got to find him a job, and a good one," said Tom decisively. "And until we've done that he's got to stop on in this house. Good heavens!" he went on. "I can't believe it. Bill starving! Why didn't he let me know?"

"Just because of that pride of his, of course. Why did he say he couldn't get away for a week-end on account of work? Because he wasn't going to tell us that he had no clothes to wear. And if he thinks we are offering him a job out of charity, he'll throw it back in our faces."

"Merridew asked me to-day whether I had taken any steps to find a successor for him," interposed her father.

"By Jove, governor, the very thing!" cried Tom. "Don't you think so, Joyce?"

"Well, there's just one point, my dear boy. Does he know anything at all about land agent's work?"

"Does it matter, Dad?" Joyce slipped her hand through her father's arm. "Does anything matter except that the man who saved Tom's life out in France is penniless and starving? We're both rather fond of Tom, you know."

The old man smiled.

"I suppose we are. All right. I'll ask him if he'd care to take it on. Even if he doesn't know anything about it, he can learn. And he struck me as being exactly the type of man I'd like to have for the job."

"He's one of the best," said Tom simply.

"Do you mind, Dad, if you'd let me lead up to it?" said Joyce. "You can come in, you and Tom, at the last moment. But I think I can do the preliminary part better."

"My dear, I shall be only too delighted!" cried her father.

"And of course he'll stay here to-night, anyway. As it wasn't arranged, Tom can easily suggest lending him anything he wants. There's the gong. Now, don't forget: not a word, not a hint of what I've told you."

With a final warning glance at both men, she went out into the hall, as Bill Carruthers came down the stairs.

"Mr. Carruthers," she said, "would you mind frightfully if we didn't go back to town to-night? I find there are one or two things I must do here, and Tom can fix you up for the night."

"Of course I can, old boy," said Tom. "Anything you want."

Into Bill Carruthers' mind there

flashed a picture of his bed that night if they did go back to town—a seat on the Embankment. Truly Fate was being kind to him for this one day, even if it was make-believe.

"I am in your hands, Miss Caldwell," he said. And then his mouth twitched with an irresistible smile. "I don't think the business will suffer in my absence."

It was dangerous, he knew, but all through dinner he let his thoughts center on the girl who sat so gracefully facing her father. It comes quickly to a man sometimes, that blinding certainty that he has met the one woman who matters or will ever matter. And it had come to Bill Carruthers that day. What matter the sheer futility of it? Nothing and no one could take from him his dreams.

He hardly heard some remark she made to her father; he was watching a little tendril of hair that had escaped just by her ear. And when she turned to him he had to pull himself together with an effort.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured. "For the moment I was thinking of other things."

"I was wondering if you knew of any one, Mr. Carruthers, who could take the place of Mr. Merridew, Dad's estate agent?"

"Merridew is getting on in years," said her father, "and I've got to find a successor somewhere. Six hundred a year and a house."

Six hundred a year and a house! The words rang in Carruthers' brain. Six hundred a year and a house!

"Would the work be very difficult?" he heard himself saying.

"Nothing that a moderately intelligent man can't pick up in a year," said his host. "Of course, he must like an outdoor life and be a gentleman."

"Pity old Bill can't take it on himself," said Tom, cracking a nut. "He loves an outdoor life. Honestly, old man, with your tastes I don't know how you stick to the city."

And now temptation was hammering at him. Why not? A job, a country job, a house. And Joyce. To see her sometimes. To speak to her——

"It is hardly likely that such an idea would appeal to Carruthers," said the old man, but he looked at his guest a little questioningly. "Of course, if it should I need hardly say that there is no man living I would sooner have in the job than the very gallant gentleman who saved Tom's life."

He raised his glass with old-fashioned courtesy toward the man who sat so silently staring in front of him. So it wasn't a make-believe day, after all. He wouldn't have to start that awful, weary round again to-morrow. All he had to do was to accept, and put the past out of his mind forever. After all, he had done nothing to be ashamed of. It hadn't been his fault—these last few months of hell. So why not?

He glanced at the girl, and she was looking at him with a curious intentness. He looked at Tom, and he was lighting a cigarette. He knew the thing was his for the asking; he knew he could do the work. And still he hesitated.

"Accept, you fool!" rang a voice in his brain. "Accept at once and later on you can allude jokingly to the fact that it was a very fortunate offer for you. Don't give yourself away; don't humiliate yourself needlessly."

Came the answer, quiet and insistent: "You're taking a job under false pretenses. They think you a successful man. Would they have offered you this thing if they knew you'd even pawned your underclothes?"

And suddenly he hesitated no longer. He turned to his host, and when he spoke his voice was steady.

"You have made me a very wonderful offer, Mr. Caldwell—how wonderful it is you can have no idea. Unfortunately, your offer has been made without a full knowledge of the facts. When Tom and Miss Caldwell saw me in Piccadilly this morning I was on my way to answer an advertisement for a job as a night porter. When I got to the place I found that

(*continued on page* 144)

Copyright Underwood & Underwood

A charming study of Gracie Roosevelt — eldest child of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.— who loves to write stories about fairies and dragons and princesses

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S GRANDCHILDREN

Part II. Grace — Her Writings

By LAURETTA FANCHER

THIS is the second of a series of articles written for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE by the teacher, friend and governess of the four children of Theodore Roosevelt II.

In her first article, Miss Fancher described the amusing ways and sayings of T. R. III, now nine years old, of his sister, Gracie, twelve, and of his brothers, Sonny, eight, and Quentin, four. The present article she devotes almost exclusively to Gracie and her fascinating literary efforts.

A following article, to appear in McCLURE'S for June, will concern the tragically short life of Richard Derby, Jr., whose mother before her marriage was Ethel Roosevelt, and whose family lives near the Roosevelt home at Oyster Bay. Lovable little Richard spent two happy years in school with his Oyster Bay cousins under Miss Fancher's guidance.

IN telling about Grace, or Gracie, the eldest of the four children of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., I might easily make it sound like one of the fairy tales in which she delights. For I could say that there lives in our country to-day, a little girl who loves to write stories about fairies and dragons and princesses; and that the queer part of it is, that in some countries, she herself would be a princess, for her grandfather was ruler of our land. But Gracie would be greatly astonished if any one should call her a princess, and so I might name the story, "A Princess Who Does Not Know She Is A Princess."

But this little girl and her brothers and, indeed, the whole family are so unaffected, so democratic, that it does not seem fitting to connect with them any title belonging to an order that has passed. Besides, we in America think that it is a greater distinction to be the granddaughter of Theodore Roosevelt, than to be called a princess.

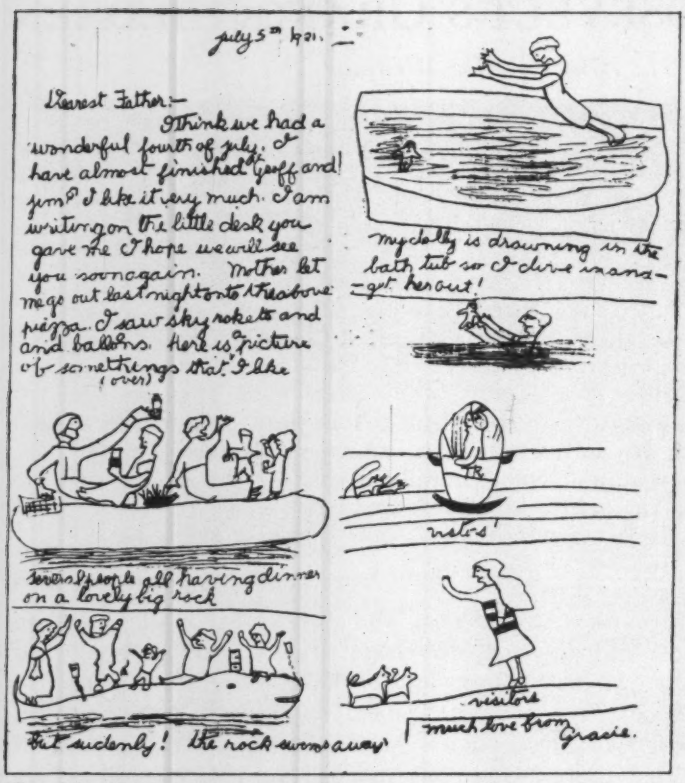
Perhaps it is because she is his granddaughter that Gracie has such a variety of gifts. She writes jokes, stories, poems and plays, and graphically illustrates them. Even her letters have life-like figures prancing on the margins or adorning the envelopes, while cartoons and full-page drawings flourish in note-books and on loose pieces of paper. Because I used to find these thrust into Gracie's school-books and asked her to show me more, I am able to share them.

When Gracie was nine, she wrote a book. It was a bulky affair, pinned together with three huge safety pins, and consisted of fairy tales, her favorite prose production. Her stories she reads to her small brothers, Teddy, Sonny and Quentin, who form an attentive audience. The following imaginative tale works up to a most satisfying climax.

THE FAIRY OF THE DRY GOODS BOX

"Once upon a time there was a fairy. She lived in a box of dry goods. One day she wanted to get married so she took out some wool. There were dry goods in the box. There were people in the goods. In the flannel there was a baby. In the lace there was a fine lady. In the silk there was a queen. In the ermine there was a king. In the satin there was a countess. In the velvet there was a count. In the serge there was a school girl. In the gauze a mosquito. In the cotton there was a soldier. And in the wool there was a boy. Well, she took a boy out of the wool and married him. That night she sang:

Copyright, 1924, Lauretta Fancher


July 5th 1901.
Dearest Father:-
I think we had a wonderful fourth of july. I have almost finished Geoff and Jim. I like it very much. I am writing on the little desk you gave me. I hope we will see you soon again. Mother let me go out last night into the above piazza. I saw sky rokets and and ballons. Here is a picture of some things that I like (over)
my dolly is drowning in the bath tub so I dive in and get her out!
meteors
seven people all having dinner on a lovely big rock
visitors
But suddenly! the rock sinks away
much love from Gracie.

Gracie's letters are generally profusely illustrated to the recipient's great delight

"'King Henry the eighth to six spouses was weded,
One died, one survived, 2 divorced, 2 beheaded.'"

"Up sprang the boy and in a towering rage he ran towards the Fairy and cried 'You fool! to sing in the middle of the night and wake me up! you silly fool!' The Fairy caught hold of him and put him in the wool and put the wool in its place. The next day the Fairy said 'I am divorced but I think I will marry some one else.' Then she got the king out of the Ermine and married him. That night she sang:

"'King Henry the eighth to six spouses was weded,
One died, one survived, 2 divorced, 2 beheaded.'

"Up sprang the king and came toward her, crimson with rage and cried, 'You vagabond! How dare you make fun of me! How dare you wake me up! Off with her head!' The Fairy quietly took him and put him in the ermine and put the ermine in its place. The next day the Fairy said I am divorced again yet I think I will marry some one else. So she took out the cotton and took a soldier out of it. And married him. That night she sang:

"'King Henry the eighth to six spouses was weded,
One died, one survived, 2 divorced, 2 beheaded.'

"The soldier turned around and sleepily said 'the king was wicked! but that won't happen to my little wife if I can help it. I will fight for her.' Then the fairy said: 'I have found the right husband for me!' and she turned around and went to sleep."

Not all the endings are happy. Occasionally Gracie writes a "traggedy." Sometimes the beautiful princess is not rescued and does not live happily ever after. But her verses are often humorous, because she writes them for the boys. This one she calls,

NONSENSE.

Did you ever see a bird
of a color most absurd?
Did you ever see a man
that lived in a frying pan?
Did you ever see a mouse
that lived in a purple house?
Did you ever see a rhyme
that was sillier than mine?

Once after Gracie had been ill, she went down to Atlantic City for a few weeks to grow strong. While she was away from the boys, she wrote to them and planned the good times they would have together when she was well. Their happiness as well as their manners and morals greatly concern her.

"Dear Teddy,

I am very sorry you and Sonny had a cold. I hope you are all better now. When I get home I am going to give

you one of my dolls. We will cut her hair and take off her dress and perhaps I will make her some pantys. Then we will fix a bed for her with brother dogy and your Teddy bear. What nice times we will have because my dollies will ask your animals to come to tea partys in my room and I hope that your dollies and animals will ask my dollies to your room to have tea partys. We will also ask Sonny's Teddy bear to our tea partys. When we get to oyster bay in the summer perhaps we will build a little dolls house for your animals and dollies. I will paint some paper and paste it to the walls of the dolls house and Signorina and I might make carpets for the floor and I might have some doll's furniture to give you. As soon as I am well and the doctor says I can get out of bed and go out I will put on my red coat and hat. I will go out and everybody will think I am red riding hood. Caesar is not here but when I get back to new york Caesar is going to be the wolf. A big kiss to Sonny, Signorina and you and a great deal of love from Gracie. 0 0 oooo

for for for

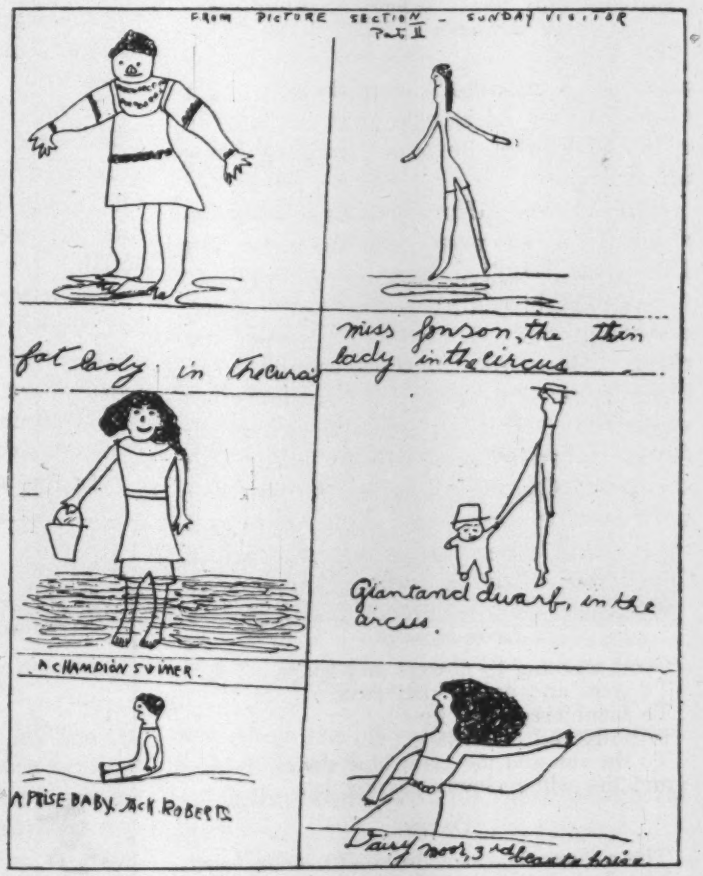
Sig. Sonny Teddy

The following letter to Sonny was written on Jan. 29, 1920:

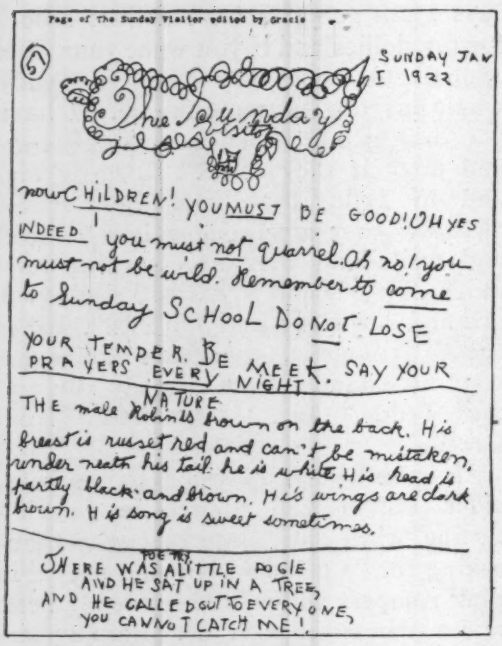
"Dear Sonny.

I wrote a letter to Teddy and told that when I got home I would ask his dogy to tea partys in my room with my dollies. I am going to ask your little family of animals to come too. My dollies will ask Teddy bear to come and visit them and sleep in their bed at night. My Teddy bear sends his love to your family of animals and so does raggedy ann. I have got a new doll named balsam pillow. as soon as I am home on rainy days I am going to have a little school for my dollies and if you want your little animals to come they can. if Teddy wants his dog to come it can. I have got some nice little books for Teddy bear and dogy if they come. Raggedy ann and my Teddy bear have begun school already. they are learning how to read and write and they are learning how much 2 + 2 is and 3 + 3 is 6 and 1 + 1 is 2 and 2 + 1 is 3 and 3 + 2 is 5. that is called arithmetic. here are kisses for your little family from raggedy ann and my Teddy bear. 0000000000 from Gracie."

In spite of her devotion to the boys, elder sisters will appreciate Gracie's feeling when she wrote to Santa Claus asking for "a celluloid boy doll dresed in pink rompers and a little toy teddy bear, and a twin sister with me. I am 8 years


FROM PICTURE SECTION - SUNDAY VISITOR
Part II
fat lady in the circus
miss Jonson, the thin lady in the circus
Giant and dwarf, in the circus.
A CHAMPION SWIMMER.
A PRIZE BABY. JACK ROBERTS
Dairy maid, 3rd beauty prize

Picture section of the "Sunday Visitor," a weekly magazine edited and illustrated by Gracie


Page of The Sunday Visitor edited by Gracie

5

SUNDAY JAN 1 1922

The Sunday Visitor

now CHILDREN! YOU MUST BE GOOD! OH YES INDEED you must not quarrel. Oh no! you must not be wild. Remember to come to Sunday SCHOOL DO NOT LOSE YOUR TEMPER. BE MEEK. SAY YOUR PRAYERS EVERY NIGHT.

NATURE

THE male Robin is brown on the back. His breast is sunset red and can't be mistaken, under neath his tail he is white. His head is partly black and brown. His wings are dark brown. His song is sweet sometimes.

POETRY

THERE WAS A LITTLE ROGIE
AND HE SAT UP IN A TREE,
AND HE CALLED OUT TO EVERY ONE,
YOU CANNOT CATCH ME!

The Moral, Nature Study and Poetry Departments of the "Sunday Visitor" for January 1, 1922

and four months," confiding to her Grandmother Alexander that she wanted a twin because she was "tired of being an example."

The literary gifts which have been bestowed on so many members of the Roosevelt family, have descended to Gracie in abundance. The early poetic efforts of both Archie and Quentin are referred to in the "Letters," while T. R. himself was a youthful producer of verse. So that it is perfectly natural for Gracie to write verses "very easily," as she says. Of the following, the first was written when she was eight years old, the second when she was ten. All of these writings are reproduced unchanged.

GOOD-MORNING.

Good morning to flowers and grass,
To trees and people that pass,
To bumblebees and flies
to birds and butterflies,
To the sun and the great blue sky,
and the white clouds passing by.

DAWN

The velvety blackness of night melts away,
The flush in the east sky announces the day,
The crickets cease chirping, the birds tweet and sing;
The wind in the trees makes the boughs sway and swing,
The sun climbs from bed to enlighten the day
And the children awake and chase slumber away.

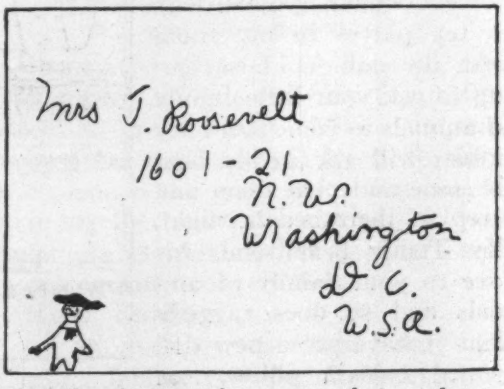
One of the most unusual of all Gracie's productions is a weekly magazine called "The Sunday Visitor." It is partly printed, partly written in pencil on large sheets of paper, held together by clips, and each number contains a Moral Department, Nature Study, poems, a continued story, a conundrum, cartoons, weather forecast and a pictorial section. "Dreaming Dudley" and "Unfortunate Maria" are some of the actors in the full-page "funnies," while the illustrated pages are done in true metropolitan fashion. Champion swimmers, prize babies, society matrons, famous beauties and brides—all are pictured and captioned by Gracie's pencil for the amusement of her brothers.

The Moral Department for one issue reads:

"Now Children! Sometimes you think you are very good, but you are very bad compared to other children! Oh Yes! Remember to let your elders pass before you. Never keep anybody waiting for you. Be meek and good."

The same department in another number of the magazine tells us, "Now children! when anybody scolds you, do not fidgit or wriggle. Take it like a soldier! Now remember you deserve it. So take it nicely and do not do it again."

The nature department tells us,


Mrs T. Roosevelt
1601-21
N.W.
Washington
D C.
U.S.A.

Lifelike figures adorn even the envelopes of Gracie's letters

"Now do not fidgit. You must l e a r n something. what is 4 times 16? It is 64. What is our air composed of? It is composed of oxygen, nightregen, carbon dyoxide, and steam. When was America discovered? in 1492. Who discovered it? Christopher Columbus. How do you spell Hallelujah? You spell it H-A-L-L-E-L-U-J-A-H. there."

The conundrum in the same issue is as follows: "What lives in a small little house in any shape that the house may be, but it cannot get out unless somebody opens its door and when it comes out is round. What is it? (find the answer in next Sunday visitor.)"

Naturally curiosity led me to search the next number, and there I found, "answer to last weeks riddle, paste."

The Moral Department here advises,

"Now children, do not eat candies on the sly. You will get sick. If you want to sit down sit elegently. Fold your hands. Sit up straight. Put your feet flat on the floor. Do not cross your legs. Then you're ladies and gentlemen."

The Nature Study gives this information:

"The snake belongs to the reptiles, the grey squirrel, the red squirrel, the cottontail rabbit, the hare, all belong to the order of rodents. So are all the members of the rat and mouse family, the beaver family, the porkupine family, the gopher family, the pika family and the sewel family. All belong to the Rodent or gnawers order. All these have teeth big cutting front teeth that gnaw, that is why they are all rather distantly related to each other."

Copyright by Walter Scott Shinn

A captivating picture of Gracie which was taken during her grandfather's lifetime

Under poems we find these delightful lines:

The pussy cat went out to sea,
Oh! it was very brave.
and pussy's cunning little boat
went underneath the wave.

But pussy cat sat on his tail
and used his whiskers for a float
and pussy cat sailed home again
without his little boat.

The editor of the Sunday Visitor never has to worry over circulation problems. Her magazine is always popular with its subscribers, who can scarcely wait for the next issue to continue a story or solve a riddle. The material is so nicely adjusted to the mental powers of the readers that we forget for the moment, that the editor is capable of more mature work. Every occasion, homecoming, birthday or holiday, is celebrated by the children. Sometimes they give a play, but Gracie's contribution is usually in the form of verse, which reveals an artistic sense as keen as her imagination is vivid.

In her study of mythology, Gracie was telling the story of Circe and her wicked enchantments.

"Do you like Circe?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes!" came the surprising reply. "I like her very much!"

"Then you think she was not wicked?"

"Yes," admitted Gracie, "she was wicked, but see!"—opening her book to a picture of Circe, a rather ordinary text-book illustration—"see! She is beautiful! I forget her wickedness when I see her beauty!"

This sense of beauty Gracie puts into her own work. Her descriptions are colorful, pictorial. The following Hallowe'en poem, written when Gracie was ten years old is especially rich in images.

GHOSTS AND WITCHES.

When the frogs croak in the pond;
When the whipoorwills' around;
When the moonlights' dim and gray;
When a dense mist blocks the way;
Do not go abroad that night;
Ghosts will cause your hurried flight.

When with clouds the sky is dark;
When the coyotes wail and bark;
When the lightning blinds the eye;
When the thunder rumbles by;
Then they dance, and curse and sing.
Thru the wood their laugh doth ring
Wild and mocking, and us mortals
Say 'It's cold!' and close the portals.

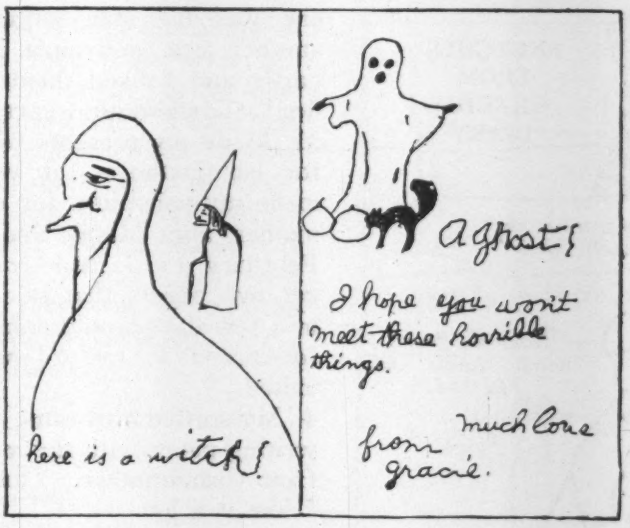
When the grass is wet with dew;
When the sky is clear and blue;
When the sun's rays warm the earth;
When the breezes rock with mirth;
When we're playing in the sun;
Ghosts and witches then are done;
To some shady nook they creep;
Soon they're wrapped in slumber deep.

Of course Gracie has kept a diary—a record of events during 1922—which tells the story of the third generation of Theodore Roosevelts, as seen through the eyes of the eldest member. It is written in pencil to March twenty-first, where we find the entry, "Hurrah! its Spring! Henceforth I will rite in ink to praise Spring!" The whole is illustrated with tiny vivid sketches. Gracie covered the book with a piece of green-and-gold brocade, and gave it to her mother for Christmas. It is one of Mrs. Roosevelt's greatest treasures. The style is strongly marked by Gracie's study of French and Italian, the verb often coming last. Her favorite word seems to be "excited," with varied spell-

A graphically illustrated moral lesson from the "Sunday Visitor" for January 29, 1922

ing! Occasionally there is the laconic entry, "Nothing," or "Nothing much."

Readers of the "Letters" will often be reminded of incidents recorded there, while reading Gracie's diary. Earning money, giving plays, riding horseback, planning for Christmas, all are suggestive of a family life deliberately fostered from one generation to the next. The bits quoted form about half of the book.



Two pages from one of Gracie's Hallowe'en letters

THE DIARY

"Washington, District of Columbia.

Sunday, January 1. Had Sunday School and went to church. Went to the Romanium legation in the afternoon. On the ceilings many gas ballons were staying for they were full of air.

Jan. 2. Got something in my eye. It stayed there for a while then went away.

4. Went to school. In the afternoon went riding. Found out where was a bad boy I know. In the evening a frenchman came to tea.

6. Finished my letters of Thanks of Christmas. At night I read French. Later I looked for the dipper. I saw Aldeberon, and Pliades and Orion.

7. Went riding in the morning for two hours. Mother came home at night. I made for her a paper of the 3 crusade and I cut her name in some silk. I am very glad Mother is coming home!

8. Sonny came to Sunday School in the morning with Teddy. Sonny was good Teddy was not. Wrote an exciting story about a bad king a good Fairy called the metal Fairy and a lot of bad men. I thought I discovered a secret closet on the stairs of 2 floor!

9. Commander Warren came to tea and invited us to Fort Mayer on Friday. On the stair I found a place where the wall is hollow!

11. Mother had a reception. I went down. There were Chinese, Japonese, Holladies, and Italians. Also Americans. For supper we went to Peter Paul in. We saw Peter Paul he was very nice. We had very good things. I liked them.

13. I crocheted and had a secret.

14. Began Easter presents. I painted a lot of cards with water colors. I helped Signorina fix all the clothes from the wash. I know how to darn a stocking well. We had a dolls party.

15. Had Sunday School. Went to church. I had Roast beef and icecream for lunch. After that I began tydying my room. I made my room look as neat and pretty as I could.

17. I made an Easter present for Grandmother A. It was a box, I painted the cover, and put a lot of cotton inside and on the cotton I put a small chicken. I painted a lot of Easter cards.

19. Went to school and read a poem about beautiful things.

22. had Sunday School and went to Sunday School. I wrote the Sunday visitors for the 8 and the 15 today. I was very hungry and ate a lot of ice cream.

24. I drew a picture of a lady with a broom. It was an ice cold night.

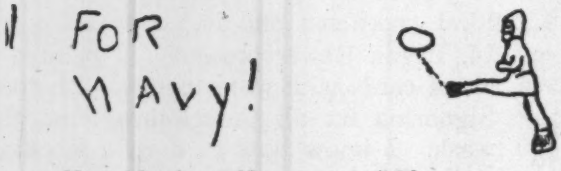
27. I had a touch of bronchitus. I went to bed and it began snowing and it snowed and snowed 4 feet deep. (3 quarters of a fathom).

29. I stayed in bed and I got new books.

SKETCHES FROM GRACIE'S DIARY

June 4. "We were in the Sunday School choir"

June 25. "read about Louis - XI. The bad!"



Nov. 25. Army-Navy game. "My a exciting game. Army won. Too bad!"

Nov. 11. "I have a cold. Too bad!"

Nov. 7. "I have an engaging time with a mosquito!"

one was the man without a country. another was pollyanna. I read them partly and I liked them very much indeed. Grandmother gave them to me.

31. Made my presents for Aunt Mamie for her birthday. it was coming. I made my valentines for mother, Grandmother, aunt Mamie and other people.

February 1. I made valentines and I got two papers that said a stuffed bird in a few days would come to me and be forwarded to me. I was happy and exited.

4. My stuffed bird came and some pretty writing paper with my intials on it came from Grandmother. I am very glad and I like it a lot.

5. We had Sunday School. the boys were good.

7. nothing much.

March 4. nothing. I made up a poem called the Seasons. It is pretty long.

13. I made up a poem, like this:

> Hark! I hear the old screech owl, twoohooing in the night.
> O, little creatures of the wood, run quickly out of sight.

15. Ash Wednesday. Its the beginning of lent I made a resolution not to eat sweet.

16. nothing. I made up a poem called Dawn.

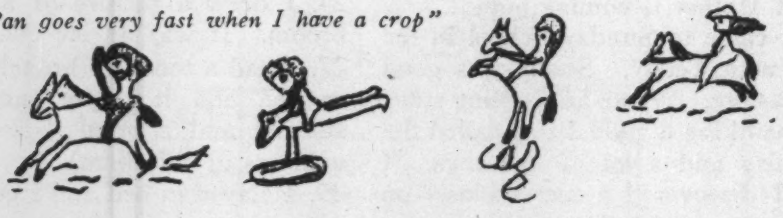
21. Hurrah! its Spring! We are making plans. Henceforth I will rite in ink to praise Spring!

22. Uncle Josh has a farm in Vermont. He invites us there for six weeks.

23. There is a camp in Vermont. They invited me but mother says no. I don't want to go anyway.

24. Such plans! I wish May would hurry up and come!

Dec. 7. "Pan goes very fast when I have a crop"



25. I am going to ride in the riding and Hunt Club. I rode Yale with Mrs. Mcormic. He's a horrid beastly quiet, old easy-going slow horse! I hate him.
31. To-morrow is April Fool. I wrote a letter to Teddy and Mother all empty. April. 1. We awoke. Teddy found a cover on his plate. He opened it, nothing. I have a cold. Later I am chased to bed. Teddy puts some shoes on his hands and dresses upside down.
3. I prepare for Easter.
9. Palm Sunday.
10. Holy Monday.
11. Holy Tuesday.
12. Holy Wednesday.
13. Holy Thursday.
14. Good Friday and excitment.
15. made a card for Mother and Father, my present. Tomorrow's Easter Sunday! Hurray. Clara (one of the maids) put her shoe out for the Easter bunny to fill. I got up at 6 o-clock in the Easter morning and put a rooster, and a letter in Clara's shoe.
16. I woke up and saw hanging on my door a basket full of bunnies. I got a wonderful scrap book from Signorina. I got such a cunning little bunny from mother. Teddy won the Sunday School prize. Happy Easter.
30. went for a picnic. We had an enchanting time.
May 2. Mystery! I am in a play, a play with 40 children in it. I am the heroine's companion. I do not talk but I act. I must look comtempteous, startled, frightened, sad, and joyous. They say I am the most expressive one.
3. The play!
4. I must be at school at 8-30 to-morrow morning for the dress rehersel. My costume is blue. I have a lace cap. I am exited.
5. Such costumes! One had a green cap with a red feather, a short short green tunic, and long red stockings that were pants at the same time.
6. I went to say good-bye to Aunty Sister. She came out and growled and we had a lovely time.
9. The day has come! Oh my. We

Above, one of the "Something Wrong" series appearing in the "Sunday Visitor." Below, an illustration from one of Gracie's picture letters

rehearsed and I came home and Mother dressed me. There was a real stage fixed! We acted and had a success. Aunty Sister saw. It's all over now!
10. Here we are at New York to see Grandmother. I am going to stay a week.
11. I woke at 8-30. we went shopping and I bought a bird book for one of the prizes mother owes me. It's very nice. but I am looking forward to go to Oyster-Bay!
12. 3 more days! Then Oyster-Bay.
13. 2 more days.
14. One more day, not counting today. Went to the cathedral of St. John the Divine.
15. to-morrow we're going!
16. We are starting. Oh how nice it is to be back! I found my bird book and every so many things! Old dolls! How nice!
18. Aunt Mamie has invited me to go to Portchester for 2 weeks. I'm going on 26 of May.
20. We go to see Richard in his school play of Cinderella. He was the prince

and acted very nicely indeed and did not make a mistake in his words or the dance.

21. Richard invited us to a picnic on the beach, and we went and we ate a lot and waded a lot too, and had a perfectly lovely time indeed.

22. Grandmother invites me to New York before I go to Portchester. I will go.

24. Mother makes me promise to write 3 times a week.

25. I go. In the Afternoon I by myself overalls and shoes with Grandmother. I sleep in a big bed and am terribly excited.

26. Ah! We start in the afternoon. We sleep in some rooms side by side. I am very excited and go to sleep early.

27. We work for 10 cents an hour.

28. We go to church.

29. We work. I fell in the brook. we walked on the roof.

30. We work. I wrote a long letter to everybody, Mother Father, Signorina, Teddy, Sonny. I am not a tall homesick a bit. I like it here very much. I get out of bed sometimes.

June 1. we work.

3. The duke of leeds came for lunch. We each got 2 dollars for payment of our work. We did not earn as much but Smith was kind, and gave us that.

4. We were in the Sunday School choir, and then we stayed at church. nothing much after.

5. Is'nt it too too bad that this is our last day?

6. We're going. I guess I'm pretty glad to be home!

11. Mother takes me to church. She takes several pictures of me.

13. tomorrow's Teddy's birthday. I bought some toys for Teddy.

19. I can't go to Edith's (Edith Derby) birthday party because I can't eat sweets yet, but I dont care.

20. I am reading about Louis XI and Napoleon.

22. I wrote to mother and asked to buy a leather clock for Signorina very cheap but nice.

23. we begin packing for Vermont.

24. nothing much. Just made up a poem called 'Fairies' about children that don't believe in them.

25. read about Louis XI. The bad!

29. Mother's coming today and I made a house for her hurray! Mother came at night and brought a traveling clock for Signorina from me.

30. Went to Village before my breakfast, bought note paper for Sonny to give Signorina for her birthday.

July 1. It rained hard. Mother threw things at us and we threw them back and we had lemonade and had a wonderful time.

3. I got up and packed the last things and took the 10:30 ferry to Greenwich with Anna and saw waves. Tomorrow is the 4th!

4. We got up and played and Teddy and I lighted fire crackers.

5. At this time tomorrow we'll be in Vermont!!!!!

7. We are in Vermont! I sleep in Mother's room. We smell the spruce trees and lovely mountain smell all the time.

9. We go to a cunning church. A bald headed man with not a single hair on his head sat by us.

10. I get 25 cents a week besides my allowance for making beds and setting tables, Teddy for sweeping piazzas and Sonny for tydying toys. We are having a lovely time !!!!!!

12. Our schedule is 9 to 10 make the beds

10 to 11 school
11 to 12 play
12 to hapast practise
3 to 3-30 sew
5-30 set the table

It's a nice one, is'nt it?

15. I took some pictures of Quentin all bare and views and Teddy and mother and Sonny and Signorina.

19. Teddy got a frame and Sonny some note paper for Signorina's birthday tomorrow. I ordered secretly a cake.

20. We woke up and jumped into Signorina's room and gave her the things.

She liked all especially the clock. At lunch she got a basket from me and along came the cake! We played that afternoon and I pasted my scrap book. It was a nice birthday.

22. Got books from mother: Life of the Bee, Book of the stars,—our Humble helpers, played with Quentin.

30. We read spalms.

August 3. I am excited about my birthday. Grandmother A's present's in the house. Father's present is too. It's brownish gray. The store keeper had known Father when a little boy and liked him so much that he would'nt let him pay for it.

6. I made a towel for Grandmother Roosevelt. Her birthday's today.

13. We are going to walk to Wilmington tomorrow! 14 miles going and coming back. Sonny is'nt going because he's only 7 years old.

17. It's my birthday. I find a stuffed baby ostrich from Father! a portfolio, an exebition box, a cyanide jar, a setting board from Mother! a silver pencil from Signorina! some butterflies, insects and a compass, a sewing set, books, a game, some cards, a purse and many other things. I am 11 years old.

19. Went to an auction. It was very amusing. We bid on several things. I bid for a box for my insects, some marbles and a slate for 30 cents. I got them. Mother bid on several beds. Some bads (bad people) tried to bid it higher but we got a lot.

29. Here we are packing again to leave! My what a jumble! Everything's topsy turvy! I sit with my hands in my hair! I wonder how on earth did I get all this, where did it come from?

30. At last we have all packed. Somehow the things found there places.

31. At last we come to Oyster Bay!

September 1. Unpacking!!!!!! Mother did not come home. she wanted to paint some chairs for our house in Vermont.

9. Mother and Father come and we are happy!

24. We have Sunday School. I review them again. We go to catch bait.

25. All pleasures must come to an end and mother and father leave today. I shan't see Father for a long time!

October 2. Richard dies and we are so sorry.

3. Aunty gives Teddy his bycicle.

13. At 1 oclock we start for Washington. We have a few sandwitches. too bad Father is not there. At last we arrive.

31. I go to school and later to a halloween party. at night we dress up as ghosts, and light a pumpkin in a dark room by the window you ought to see them run!!!!!

November 3. We buy a present for Quentin.

6. We play volley ball. I go riding on pan. a pretty good fast horse.

7. Now it is election day! I wonder who will win! I have an engaging time with a mosquito!

8. Father is home, goodie! We are so glad. Father tells us stories about old hannibal and his brother's head!

11. I have a cold. Too bad!

24. Went to school. When I was home Mother said I would see the Navy-army football game with Father at Phila! My! We met Mr. Pepper at 4 and went at 7. I went to their house and went to bed after supper in a very nice bed.

25. Got up early. had breakfast. Then we went to Phila and saw Mrs. and Com. Waren and had a standing lunch. Then we went with Mr. Denby to the game. such a crowd! my, a eciting game! Army won! too bad.

28. I made up a play and the school acts it at the entertainment for thanksgiving.

29. I saw an awful picture of me and Father in the paper at the army-navy game!

December 1. We play stage coach with Father and play zoo.

5. Mother is reading to us out of treasure island. I love it. It's so exciting!

7. I have a fine ride. Pan goes very fast when I have a crop.

9. I write some poems for Christmas.

Mother reads us 'Treasure Island.' My, it is so exciting!!!!!!

12. I am so excited about Christmas. This book I write is for Mother. I made some sachets for Grandmother A and embroidered a towel for Grandmother R. I bought an ash tray for Father, a card case for Uncle John, a picture for Mamie, a book of my poems for Tanta and pictures for Aunts and Uncles.

16. Mother, Nannie and Quentin leave for Oyster Bay. I write my Christmas cards and buy presents.

17. I do Christmas presents. My, all is awfully mysterious.

21. We are going to Oyster Bay tomorrow to spend Christmas there.

22. We get up. We start off. We sit in the train. Axel meets us at the train. Axel drives us out (to Oyster Bay) The house is so Christmassy! We are going to have a fine time.

23. We read the 'Carol' by C. Dickens. Edith comes for lunch. We are afraid the trunk with all our presents we made won't come till Wednesday. Hi Hi Hi! Ahha! here they are. We unpack all and arrange our Christmas presents.

24. I went skating with Father and Mother. I fix my presents. tomorrow is Christmas! How excited we are! Mother and Father take me to church to see the 7 oclock carols. We see the Sunday School children. I go to bed at 9 o-clock!

25. Whew! We get up and have our breakfast. Then we open our socks! I get a magnifying glass in a red morocco case, a beetle in amber, some lovely things for my cabinet, a purse, pencils with my name on them in my socks. Later we go to the Sitting room! I get a wondrous lace collar and a bag for my shoes from Grandmother A, some pencils and a microscope from Father and Mother! a darling bureau from Signorina! a bracelet from Bob, a desk set from Cousin Harriet! a wonderful portfolio from Uncle Josh! a dolls school set, some book plates, a violin and some stampers with my name-address on them from Aunt Mamie. I go to Sagamore for lunch. Grandmother Roosevelt gives a Pantagraph! I stay for quarter to 8 dinner at our house. I see Aunty Sister!"

Turning to the "Letters," we read of another Roosevelt Christmas. "We had a delightful Christmas yesterday—just such a Christmas thirty or forty years ago we used to have under Father's and Mother's supervision in 20th Street and 57th Street. At seven all the children came in to open the big, bulgy stockings in our bed . . . From Alice to Quentin, each child was absorbed in his or her stocking . . . Then, after breakfast, we all formed up and went into the library, where bigger toys were on separate tables for the children. I wonder whether there can come in life a thrill of greater exaltation and rapture than that which comes to one between the ages of say six and fourteen, when the library door is thrown open and you walk in to see all the gifts, like a materialized fairy land, arrayed on your own special table?"

The following poem, called "Santa Claus," was written by Gracie at the age of ten.

'Tis Christmas! 'Tis Christmas that fills me full of glee.
I know that it is on its way,
For packages come every day,
and they are hidden right away,
and are not shown to me!

Oh, I've been very very good, so that I will get toys.
When Santa Claus comes with his pack,
Driving his sleigh on the snow track,
Beautiful toys are in his sack,
For all good girls and boys.

(To be continued)

THE RISE AND FALL OF A GAMBLING GOD

An Amazing Story of Monte Carlo and the Powers Behind its Rulers

By ALICE ZISKA

"*ROUGE perd; noir perd; mais Blanc gagne toujours*" that discomfiting yet inexorable slogan of the Côte d'Azur, ceased to be an incontrovertible mathematical fact—for the first time in sixty-two years—when Camille Blanc, the former financially invincible director of the famous Monte Carlo Casino, last year was plunged from his high estate into bankruptcy and exile.

For over half a century the rapacious hordes of gambling addicts of Europe and the two Americas, close-packed about the baize-covered tables, have sat tense and silent, feverishly following the fateful spinning of the little ivory ball whose final "click" spelled ruin and disgrace for so many of them. Though apparently red alternated with black as the winning color, Blanc—white—in the end invariably raked in the stakes.

The genesis of the Blanc régime at Monte Carlo dates back to 1861, when Camille Blanc's father, old François Blanc, was exploiting roulette at Homburg, the then ultra-fashionable watering-place of the hour; rendezvous of the rich, the great, the gouty ones of Europe, who drifted in and out of the gambling rooms when not engaged in drinking the nauseous waters of the cure.

There came a day when François Blanc, faced with the end of his tenancy at Homburg and with no hope of the renewal of his lease, turned his eyes toward Monaco whose Casino was then being run by two Frenchmen, Langlois and Aubert, with a capital of $500,000. These men, unable to make the gambling rooms pay, jumped at Blanc's offer of $340,000 for all their rights, accepted it within the hour, quit operations at once and left the new lessee in possession of a contract expiring in 1883.

In those days, the fortunes of the

© Publishers' Photo Service

Monaco, Monte Carlo — the Yacht Basin and the city looking toward Mentone

© Publishers' Photo Service

A beautiful view of Monaco as seen from the governor's gardens

Grimaldis—the reigning house of Monaco—had reached the ebb-tide of princely penury, the tiny principality having become little more than a lair for pirates, badly protected as it was by the monarch's comic opera army of three privates and one corporal. Charles III., then on the throne, was a royal miser who rubbed his hands and gloated over the prospect of making the Casino a flourishing proposition that would pour a tempting share of its profits into his own lean purse.

When François Blanc took over the property, a new Casino, consisting of the spacious but somber Salle Mauresque, had already been finished and in 1871 the magnificent theatre, *promenoir* and vestibule were added, besides other gilded gambling halls. Blanc died in 1877, leaving an estate of $35,000,000 with which his widow proceeded to make a social splurge in Paris, succeeding in marrying her two daughters to princes. When the original concession expired in 1883, Count Bertora, who was carrying on the Casino for the Blanc family, concluded another thirty years' contract with Prince Charles in return for a guarantee of $250,000 a year from the profits of the gambling and 5,000 shares in the new company—the far-famed *Société des Bains de Mer et Cercle des Etrangers de Monaco.*

The capital was fixed at 30,000,000 francs, divided into 60,000 shares of 500 francs each, to bear a fixed interest of 5 per cent besides a dividend upon the year's gambling. Five thousand shares were given to Prince Charles; Prince Radziwill took 4,800; Prince Roland Bonaparte, 4,000; Edmond Blanc, 4,200; Camille Blanc, 4,000; Count Bertaro, 2,000 and the Wagatha family, related to the Blancs, 3,000. After this division of shares, the Bank of Nice and the many politicians and Paris journalists who had helped to boom and launch the affair were generously looked after.

Prince Charles' death in 1889 left the

succession to his son, Prince Albert, who continued under the same financial arrangements with the Casino. But Albert was a different type of man from his father. Absorbed in scientific research and oceanographic explorations, he left the affairs of his hereditary domain in the hands of others, preferring to search the ocean floor for traces of the past of mankind and of all existence, animal, mineral and vegetable, and to glean strange secrets from the vast depths. He caught the currents of the sea and measured their mysterious drifts, a work that later, during the Great War, proved of much benefit to the Allied navies in detecting the wanderings of German mines and in guarding against submarines.

Princess Alice, daughter of Michael Heine, New Orleans banker, and wife of the late Prince Albert of Monaco

Though a reigning prince, Albert was one of the world's greatest oceanographers, a recognized authority on the lore of the deep. The rich revenues from the Monte Carlo Casino financed his costly scientific adventures and this same money built and equipped four yachts at various times in his fifty years of work upon the Seven Seas.

Prince Albert was twice married; his first wife, Lady Mary Douglas Hamilton, daughter of the then Duke of Hamilton, was the mother of his only child, Prince Louis, the present ruler of Monaco. This union proving unhappy, Albert had it annulled by the Church,

© Wide World

Prince Louis II of Monaco with his daughter Princess Charlotte, leaving the Monaco Cathedral

© Publishers' Photo Service

The magnificent gambling Casino at Monte Carlo

later marrying the widowed duchesse de Richelieu, the former Alice Heine, daughter of Michael Heine, the New Orleans banker. The second matrimonial venture, which turned out to be as unsuccessful as the first, ended in a divorce; the princess being obliged, however, because of a prenuptial arrangement, to sacrifice a large part of her fortune to her husband.

Prince Louis was for years estranged from his father because of his marriage to a pretty French girl, Juliette Louvet, whom he met when he was stationed at Oran, as a cavalry officer in the French army. She was much beneath his social position, was of obscure birth and of little education; in spite of which Louis, refusing to take advantage of the convenient loophole of a morganatic marriage, wedded Madamoiselle Louvet in strict accord with the rites of the Catholic Church. Convinced, however, that his father would disapprove of the match, he kept it secret and continued to live *en garçon* when in Paris, in the apartment set aside for his use in the old prince's mansion on the Avenue du Trocadéro; while his young wife and their little girl, Charlotte, he installed in an attractive flat in quite another quarter of Paris.

© Wide World

The charming little Princess Antoinette, daughter of Princess Charlotte of Monaco

Juliette, who was a luxurious little creature and hated the discomforts of travel, refused to accompany her hus-

© Underwood & Underwood

Prince Louis of Monaco, who "cleaned up" Monte Carlo

band when he was ordered to his station in South Africa as a captain of spahis. Bored by her solitude, she tried to cheat her loneliness by surrounding herself with members of her own family and with her girlhood friends, some of whom were frankly undesirable; and finally developed such absurd financial and social pretensions as to cause a complete break between her husband and herself. Prince Louis, despite his estrangement from his wife, was devoted to his child. From the day of her birth in Algeria, in 1898, he insisted that, despite his secret marriage, Charlotte had a rightful claim to be considered a princess of the blood and that in the event of his death without male issue, she was entitled to the eventual succession to the throne of Monaco.

Fearing the pernicious influence of her mother's queer entourage upon his ten-year-old daughter, Louis tried in every possible way to obtain legal possession of the little girl; but Juliette stubbornly refused to give her up. Upon which, frustrated in his paternal rights, Louis one day drove up to his wife's apartment in a closed carriage, abducted Charlotte and, in his turn, declined to surrender her to the mother. For months Juliette vainly sued in the French courts for the possession of her daughter, but in the end, for a large sum of money, she agreed to give up all claim to the child.

Furious when he discovered his son's marriage, Prince Albert failed in all his attempts to have it annulled. Louis obstinately stood his ground; maintained that he had been married in the Catholic Church, that he was quite willing to agree to a separation, but that a divorce was unthinkable, and declared that Charlotte was the legitimate issue of a perfectly legal marriage.

At this point of the game, the ex-Kaiser put his finger into the Monaco family pie and tried to stir things up to suit himself. He did his utmost to influence Albert to set aside the order of succession in favor of the Duke of Urach, Albert's first cousin, but although the prince seemed to favor the idea at first, negotiations finally fell through. For thus thwarting him, the All Highest never forgave his old friend; and during the recent war took his revenge by ordering his troops to shell, plunder and devastate Albert's magnificent Château du Marais in the French Department of the Aisne.

At first Albert absolutely refused to recognize or even see his son's daughter. Louis, equally obstinate, declined to have any dealings with his father until he acknowledged Charlotte as heiress-presumptive to the principality. Friends finally effected a reconciliation and then, as soon as Albert met his granddaughter, he capitulated to her charm and winning ways and it was not long before she was proclaimed by royal decree his legitimate heiress. He had her educated in a convent at Nice and later sent her to school in Paris and when, at nineteen, she re-

turned to Monaco, she became her grandfather's chum and inseparable companion until 1920, when she married Vicomte Pierre de Polignac of the French ducal house of that name.

On their wedding day Prince Albert bestowed upon the young couple the titles of duc and duchesse de Valentinois, an old, though minor, title of the Grimaldi family. Two children have been born of this union: Antoinette, who is now two and a half years old, and Rainier Louis Henry, born last year, who will eventually succeed to the title of Prince of Monaco. It is largely due to Charlotte's great influence over her father that a new order of things now reigns in his principality.

All of this long preamble may seem to be a far cry from Camille Blanc and his downfall, but the two stories really dovetail. Had not Prince Albert of Monaco died in 1922, Camille might to-day still be virtual ruler of Monte Carlo instead of being a bankrupt, a physically broken man and an exile from the paradise on the Côte d'Azur where so long he had reigned in undisputed power. When Louis came to the throne things suddenly changed. The new ruler, partly because of his daughter's wishes and partly because he himself was entirely out of sympathy with gambling, determined upon a thorough house-cleaning of the Augean stables of his principality where for a generation scandal, disgrace and financial ruin had piled themselves mountain high.

To his astonishment and dismay, he uncovered a trail of intrigue and graft—the latter mounting into millions of francs—into which many of the patrons of the Casino had been drawn by a group of professional gamblers whose rake-off amounted to fabulous sums. Louis also discovered that because Camille Blanc had speculated heavily in sugar and lost millions, he was forced to borrow on his holdings in the Casino and that the real ownership of the gambling houses had passed into the hands of Sir Basil Zaharoff and Gregory Vigliano, the latter the greatest gambler of his time. Both these men were Greeks with mysterious pasts and no one seemed to know much about either of them.

© Wide World

The lovely Duchess of Valentinois, daughter of the Crown Prince of Monaco

Louis' investigations disclosed that Zaharoff, by expending fantastic sums, had acquired almost complete control of the Principality of Monaco which to-day is all vested in the Société Séabeth, under which name the gambling Casino is camouflaged, leaving only the juridic body in the hands of the reigning prince. Under the 1918 agreement, just before the Armistice, the late Prince Albert had agreed that all French civil laws, taxes, customs and other administrative forms of government were to prevail in the principality, beginning in 1924, thus reducing the prince to the position of a prefect and establishing Monaco practically as a department of France. This agreement is the cause of the present open warfare of Zaharoff with the

François Blanc, who bought the Monaco Casino from its original owners

French Government, for Sir Basil is putting up a stiff fight to try to prevent the Monaco principality from being assimilated by France in accordance with the aforementioned agreement between the French Foreign Office and the late Prince Albert of Monaco.

Sir Basil Zaharoff, Europe's "man of mystery," might have stepped out of the pages of a novel. Somehow, he has managed to surround himself with an atmosphere of secrecy that would not be unworthy of the "man behind the scenes" in a fantastic secret-service story. His movements are always shrouded in darkness. When he suddenly arrives in Paris, London, Berlin, Athens or Constantinople on one of his fleeting meteoric visits, no paragraphs announcing his whereabouts ever appear in the press. It is an open secret that, although Zaharoff practically owns Monte Carlo, the gambling tables do not interest him. He aims at higher game. The destinies of nations are his sport, his special delight the movement of armies and the affairs of government.

To-day, in the wake of war, this mys-

Above, Madame and Monsieur Camille Blanc At right, Madame François Blanc. These interesting photographs are taken from contemporary portraits of the Blancs, pere et fils, and their wives

Photos by Keystone

© Wide World

Bridal party at the wedding of the Duchess of Valentinois and Count Pierre de Polignac

terious figure moves over the tortured areas of Europe. Through his puppets he has gained control of newspapers in many countries; he has the ear of presidents and prime ministers; his charities are fabulous and his interests in munitions and oil colossal. He can hardly estimate his own wealth for it so permeates the financial arteries of Europe that every move of the political nervous system reacts on his fortunes.

In appearance Zaharoff is small, of slender build, of distinguished manners, and he is seldom seen abroad without a red carnation in his buttonhole. He wears a short pointed beard which, combined with his rather piercing eye and nervous hand, again suggest the typical "mystery man" of fiction. He is seventy-three years old, a bachelor and a reputed woman-hater, though he is Oriental in his viewpoint of the sex and often lavishes enormous sums on the sultana of the moment. Added to this, Zaharoff is an impulsive philanthropist, a welcome guest in the inner circles of half a dozen Continental capitals, a strategist in the world of finance.

He is a munition maker, international banker, owner of steamship lines as well as half owner of the Monte Carlo Casino, an undismayed contender for oil rights against such enormous aggregations of capital as the Standard Oil and the Royal Dutch Shell. No one really knows where he was born, though Con-

stantinople probably was his native city. At all events, his father was a Russian and his mother a Greek. He calls himself a Greek patriot, although he never evinced any particular love for Greece until he met Venizelos in Paris in 1918, where the suave statesman cast his spell over Zaharoff just as he did over Woodrow Wilson. To-day, with the banishment of King George and the serious illness of Venizelos, Zaharoff is talked of as the possible President of Greece.

Sir Basil's activities first came into the limelight twenty years ago when he went to St. Petersburg as the representative of the great armament firm of Vickers. The munitions business in the Russian metropolis was dull—but there was a war in South America. As Zaharoff spoke fluent Spanish, he was sent to supply rifles to both Peru and Chile. When he returned from South America he was a rich man, and Vickers asked no questions. Likewise, during the Balkan wars, Zaharoff was again on the spot — selling arms to both sides.

Camille Blanc, once the uncrowned King of Monte Carlo

At the outbreak of the World War in 1914, Zaharoff was accused of holding shares both in Vickers, the greatest armament firm of the Allies, and in Krupps, the greatest armament firm of the Central Powers. Whether or not this was true, he definitely cast his lot with the Allies.

Added to his vast munitions interests, Zaharoff is the organizer and largest stockholder in International Nickel, the Banque de la Seine, the Banque Transatlantique, La Banque Commerciale de la Méditerranée, La Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas and the Imperial Ottoman Bank. If he chose to wear all his decorations his breast would be covered with ribbons. Among other things he is Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor in France; Knight Grand Cross of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire; Grand Cross of the Bath and Honorary Doctor of Civil Laws in England.

Incorrigibly nomad in spirit, Zaharoff owns several homes so that he is comfortable no matter where he may find himself. In his splendid Château de Balincourt near Paris, he keeps his marvelous gold dinner service encrusted with lapis lazuli, which is said to have no equal in the world. It began with ten pieces which Sir Basil picked up at a sale about fifteen years ago, since which time Boucheron, the well-known Paris jeweler and goldsmith, has every year made him a few more pieces to match. Now the massive, pure-gold dinner set is complete for thirty-six people and would be practically impossible to duplicate.

Besides owning the Château de Balincourt, Zaharoff maintains a sumptuous

© P. & A.
The late Prince Albert of Monaco

suite in the Hôtel de Paris at Monte Carlo and, until recently, had an almost equally splendid suite in Ryder Street, St. James's, London. But too many people discovered this haunt, so he gave it up and now, when he visits the English capital, he takes an entire floor at the Carlton Hotel. The large revenues from Monte Carlo enable him also to keep up his magnificent establishment in the Avenue Hoche, Paris, while in Cuba he has a large estate where he raises the fragrant Havana used exclusively for his own brand of cigars.

Sir Basil has a fancy for green cigars, a supply of which is sent him every month from Cuba. He prefers them about three weeks old, quite soft, contending that fresh cigars are to old cigars what grapes are to raisins. As a sort of antonym of his financial talents, Zaharoff prides himself on his skill as a cook.

It was to this extraordinary man that Prince Louis turned after his accession to his father's throne, as soon as he discovered that the hotbed of scandal and intrigue threatened to topple Monte Carlo into the financial discard. Zaharoff, who can scent a bargain from afar, promptly bought $700,000 worth of stock in the Société des Bains de Mer which gave him, working in conjunction with Prince Louis, the right to appoint an entirely new directorate at whose head he placed M. A. Despierre in the position formerly held by that fallen gambling god, Camille Blanc.

In the last years of Blanc's tenancy of the Casino everything had gone swiftly tobogganing downhill. The war was

Sir Basil Zaharoff, man of mystery who is said to be the richest man in Europe

primarily responsible for the change in the Monagasque situation; for the principality became a center for wounded soldiers and, to prevent many of these poor human wrecks from getting into mischief, gambling was literally stopped for six whole years until 1920. That badly crippled the Casino revenues. In 1921, a gain of only $900,000 was made, the actual sum taken in being $3,700,000; and last year the profits fell to $750,000.

Digging deeper into the mire that hampered all his efforts to uncover the cause of the sudden drying up of the golden stream that once poured from the fabulously prosperous concession, Prince Louis came upon a strange figure—an old woman whose withered, gem-covered fingers tightly clutched the reins of power.

The story is this. One night, some forty-odd years ago, Camille Blanc, then a young man, having an idle evening on his hands, strayed into the Paris Cirque d'Hiver in the rue Saint Honoré. Bored by the performance, he stifled his yawns, lolled in his fauteuil and paid scant heed to the various numbers on the program. Suddenly, however, he sat bolt upright in his stall when, as the orchestra brasses blared out *"Suona la Tromba Intrepida,"* there dashed into the ring a young equestrienne mounted on a superb, swiftly galloping snow-white mare. The girl had a dark vivid beauty, the loveliness of her black eyes and of her superb chestnut-brown hair accentuated by the rose-red of her fluffy outstanding short tull skirts and severely plain satin bodice which revealingly limned the slender lines of her perfect figure.

From that very first hour of seeing her, Camille Blanc was Rose Chinon's slave. Night after night he haunted the circus until at last, after much difficulty, he succeeded in meeting the dashing rider. Though he declared his love almost at once, Rose laughed at his passion. To her, the smell of sawdust and grease-paint was far sweeter than the exotic perfume of a love nest of Blanc's choosing. But in the end Camille's dogged persistence won out and Rose Chinon gave up her life as a circus rider and settled down, the pampered mistress of a luxious apartment, whose expensive furnishings were paid for out of the winnings of the Monte Carlo tables. Although he later made a marriage of convenience, Camille Blanc never faltered in his devotion to his early love and though time did cruel things to her vivid beauty, Madame Chinon remained the veritable Madame Pompadour of the Côte d'Azur.

When her youth had gone, she turned to gaming as a solace. Every night, *en grand décolleté,* her withered neck covered with magnificent jewels, she motored in her dark blue limousine to the Casino, sailed into the directors' office and peremptorily "borrowed" the *louis d'or* necessary to gratify her passion for play. Hers was an infallible system. When she lost—and that happened frequently—she invariably forgot to return the money; when she won, she pocketed her winnings, chalking up these items to "upkeep for furniture."

No employee was ever hired without her sanction. She made places for those she favored, some of them receiving as much as 75,000 francs a year. One of those was Boris Nadel, a mysterious personage of rather shady reputation who claimed to have been a member of the Russian secret police before the Revolution. Madame Chinon established him at Monte Carlo, ostensibly to keep an eye on the strange bits and oddments of humanity that haunt the Casino; but in reality Nadel was a private bodyguard to Camille Blanc.

Suddenly came Prince Louis' investigation into the mismanagement of the gambling receipts. Nadel was peremptorily dropped from the payroll—his salary of 60,000 francs a year revoked. One night while the gambling rooms were alight and crowded with their usual feverish throng, and as the violins sobbed a sensuous Tzigane waltz, Boris Nadel, too cowardly to face the prospect of poverty, wandered out into the blue per-

fumed evening air of the Casino gardens and there blew out his brains.

The suicide precipitated the crash that had long been impending. A few days later a directors' meeting was called and Camille Blanc and Madame Chinon were banished from Monte Carlo; the woman deprived of her almost royal power, the man dismissed from the post he had held so long—an acknowledged bankrupt, broken in mind and body. To-day, a paralytic, he is passing his last years far removed from the scenes where for so many years he reigned an absolute dictator and where now, in his stead, the iron hand of Sir Bazil Zaharoff once more guides the bark of chance into the haven of financial prosperity.

As he sits alone and deserted by all his former friends, even by Rose Chinon, Camille Blanc's thoughts must sometimes revert to those thrilling days of 1914 when the war clouds lowered and finally broke over an unprepared Europe.

On that fateful August second, Monte Carlo basked in the sunshine of a cloudless perfect day, and despite the fact that it was the dead season the Casino still called its devotees who love roulette above all else. Although rumors of war were in the air, the absorbed players went on monotonously placing their bets, tensely waiting to see whether red or black would turn up. Of all the people in the gilded salons only the croupiers seemed nervous and, as the day wore on, they cast hurried meaning glances at their chiefs, spoke to one another in an undertone across the tables, even lost the count and paid out either too much or too little money.

About six o'clock that evening the demands of these croupiers on their chiefs became more peremptory and, one by one, as they could be spared, they began shoving their chairs up against the tables and quietly stealing out. Next the chiefs clambered down from their high stools and in their turn disappeared. These men knew where their duty lay—the voice of their country called and within twenty-four hours all of them had reported at their barracks and were ready to march for France against the enemy.

That same night at about eleven o'clock, when the tables were surrounded by Russians and Germans playing for high stakes, the war tidings finally came. The confusion was terrific when the few remaining attendants tried to rake in the gold. Deprived of what they considered their rightful spoils, men and women screamed and fought to get at the tables while employees rushed in and managed to save the acting croupiers from being killed by the infuriated gamblers.

Strangers on the Riviera next began to ask themselves what would happen to them in case the Germans suddenly swooped down upon them. Nothing ever did happen and after a few days people gradually lost their fear and settled back into their usual stride. Shortly after the outbreak of hostilities, the Casino was closed and remained shut for about two months. War bulletins were posted daily near the Camembert, the central square where the colony of strangers daily congregates for news and gossip.

All this while Camille Blanc, then still the uncrowned king of Monte Carlo, went quietly about his business. He appeared several times a day at the Camembert, his hands clasped behind his back—his characteristic pose in walking—to outward appearance as calm as if the world had not suddenly gone mad. His daily presence inspired the Monagasques with confidence for they said:

"As long as Monsieur Blanc is here there is certainly no fear of our starving to death; and if there is any real and imminent danger we are sure he will get us out in time."

Yet to-day, this war-time bulwark of strength is "down and out," toppled to his doom by that historic stormy session which saw him dismissed from the post which, as heir-apparent he had so proudly inherited from his father, old François Blanc.

WHO LAUGHS LAST

By DOUGLAS Z. DOTY

Illustrations by John R. Neill

"ENVIRONMENT," William Hathaway announced in his precise way, "is the determining factor of human existence."

Diana O'Day, with her hand in his, gazed at him adoringly. She hardly took in what he said, but it was enough that he spoke. William's gentle, well-modulated voice and his perpetually wistful expression as seen through his spectacles drew out in her all that was protective and maternal. In all her easy-going life she had never met a man of such sensitive refinement and she was completely enthralled.

William continued: "I, myself, always endeavor to appear at ease in any society, no matter how strange or fortuitous the circumstances."

"I'm tickled to bits," murmured Diana, "because you'll need all the tact you've got, and then some, when you meet Dad and—tell him. You see, he's set his heart on my marrying Philo O'Donnell. He's one of our crowd; he's an out-and-out sport, like Dad—can take drink for drink with him—and the best horseman in the county. Dad has no use for a man who can't ride hard and drink hard."

For a moment William looked vaguely troubled, as he gazed thoughtfully over the silvery sea. They were alone on the boat deck and it was the last evening of the voyage. Hathaway had been collecting scarabs in Egypt and Diana had been collecting gowns in Paris. Then fate and a dull passenger list had thrown them together. But that these two had little in common, save their youth, seemed vastly unimportant on this moonlit night with the soothing swash of gentle billows slapping along the ship's sides. So it had come about that Hathaway, to his own intense surprise, and under the skillful guidance of Diana, had proposed marriage. With a triumphant little sigh, she had flung herself upon his unathletic chest and murmured, "It's a go, Bill!"

Hathaway a little later was saying reminiscently, "I have never gone in for sports—much. During the war I tried aviation. The first time I went up alone I couldn't get down. The plane was a two-seater and without the instructor in front she kept nosing up. She was notorious for that, but I didn't know it."

"Well, what happened?" gasped Diana.

"Well," continued William in his quiet, precise way, "I continued going up till my gasoline was exhausted, and then I came down."

"Oh, my dear, were you hurt?"

A delightful grin spread over William's countenance.

"No," he said, "I made a perfect landing with my eyes shut."

"Oh, William, I love you!" said the girl, quite irrelevantly.

Judge O'Day awaited the docking of the *Leviathan* with boisterous cheerfulness. An hour's wait was pleasantly occupied in handshaking and slaps on the back, for the judge was widely known and popular with the office-holders of the great city. After he had amassed a fortune in various ways, which, considerately, we shall not go into, he had retired from the police-court bench and taken up the life of a country gentleman and the pleasant avocation of raising horses for the track.

His ugly but spacious home just outside of Stamford had been chosen because of its large cellar, and this he had carefully stocked from floor to ceiling just as Mr. Volstead was putting down his foot. Green and white were his racing colors, and "Green and White"

was his favorite brand of a spiritous comfort that is obsolescent.

Mrs. O'Day was a large lady of even temper who had calmly risen from wash-tubs to boudoir; and, like a full-rigged ship on a placid ocean, she sailed through each social and domestic crisis and never "shipped a sea."

As Diana caught sight of her father's ruddy countenance turned eagerly toward the boat for a glimpse of his girl, she found herself strangely shy and tremulous.

"Oh, Bill," she murmured to the fatuously happy young man at her side, "I think we'd better not spill the beans to father just now. We'll have you down for the week-end, and then when he gets to know you and like you, we'll give him the glad news."

Hathaway's face clouded. "Just as you think best, Di—but I can't say I fancy sailing under false colors. After all, he can't eat me."

Diana grinned and retorted: "No, he won't eat you—but take it from me, you'll have to watch your step."

Hathaway shivered. "Darling," he whispered softly, "I wish you wouldn't use slang."

She nodded, contrite in a moment. "All right, dear, I'll can it," she said.

As a friend of Di's, William was greeted most cordially by the genial judge, who nearly knocked the wind out of him with a hearty slap on the back.

"I want ye up to Glengarry Castle—that's me country place," said O'Day. "Come Friday and I'll give yu the time of your young life."

"Delighted!" murmured William, while Diana threw him a kiss from behind her father's broad shoulders.

"Environment," William Hathaway announced in his precise way, "is the determining factor of human existence." Diana O'Day, with her hand in his, gazed at him adoringly

It was characteristic of William that he should have missed the two o'clock express for Stamford. He had been completely absorbed in the cataloging of some rare African beetles. Disappointed and angry that Hathaway was not on the train, Diana drove her roadster back home and got into her riding togs. So when Hathaway arrived on the local, an

hour later, he was forced to hire a taxi to convey him the eight miles to the O'Day estate.

Young Hathaway was facing the immediate future with mixed emotions. Plainly he could see trouble ahead. Possessed of a good income and no family ties, he had led his own placid life since college days exactly as it had suited him. Falling in love had precipitated him into a new world and, viewing it from the outer edge, he foresaw that his life was to be—oh, so different!

As the flivver bounced along the main street the driver amiably pointed out the "O'Day Block," an ornate two-story building housing a drug store on one corner, the "O'Donnell Furniture Co." on the other, and in between was the lobby of the "Hotel Glengarry."

The driver explained sociably: "The judge has took a great shine to O'Donnell, an' they do say he's goin' to marry Miss O'Day. Do you know if that's true, sir?"

"I can inform you on the best authority that it is *not* true," William replied stiffly, and then lapsed into a troubled silence that lasted until the O'Day residence was reached. This remarkable structure had been built by a German-American brewer on lines that he fondly thought suggested a Rhine castle. Architecturally, it was half Gothic and half General Grant, and the acre of lawn was made hideous with cast-iron statuary. But to the judge it was all very beautiful.

As Hathaway entered the driveway of "Glengarry Castle," Diana and a tall young man, both in riding clothes, stood on the front steps awaiting their mounts. Diana nervously masked her real feelings as William extracted himself from the taxi.

"William! Better late than never!" she exclaimed jovially and held out a friendly hand. William dropped first his hat and then his gloves as the girl murmured, "Mr. Hathaway, this is Mr. O'Donnell."

The tall young man surveyed William with the trace of a malicious grin as he nodded condescendingly. With his first glance Hathaway hated him, and for the first time in his placid life he felt the surge of a primitive emotion.

Diana's parents cordially received their new guest, and as Diana left for her ride she whispered in William's ear: "Remember, dear, that you adore horses and Irish whisky above everything!"

The first was easy: William had always admired horses—though he had never ridden one. But he and whisky were strangers.

"Before I show ye the stables," the judge was saying, "we'll have a drop of the real stuff!" He winked jovially as he poured.

William's desperation in downing his drink was mistaken by the judge for thirsty eagerness, and he beamed on the young man.

"How's that?" he asked.

For a moment Hathaway could not answer. There were tears in his eyes. He gulped down the chaser.

"Three cheers for Ireland!" he said, and was astonished at the loudness of his own voice.

The judge and his portly wife laughed delightedly.

"Have another?" asked the judge.

"Sure thing!" said the young man who never used slang.

As they left for the stables William bowed low to Mrs. O'Day, collided with a chair, then took the judge's arm in a sudden access of good-fellowship.

Back of the "castle" was an orchard; back of the orchard and lying along the Sound was a quarter mile turf track. At a word from the judge, a groom brought out his prize racer, a Kentucky-bred chestnut mare.

"What do yer think of her?" asked O'Day proudly.

William, clinging to the fence, was swaying gently and trying to focus.

"Wh'sh one?" he asked solemnly.

The judge laughed. "You're for havin' yer little joke, aren't you, now? I tell yer what—you ride, don't yer?"

"C'n ride an'thing!" said William.

"Fine, me boy! To-morrow you and O'Donnell will have a race. You'll ride Blue Devil here. O'Donnell says Mickey —that's his horse—can beat her. Well, we'll see!"

On the way to his room to dress for dinner, Will was overtaken by Diana, just returned from her ride. With a new ardor, William took her in his arms and kissed her. Suddenly she pulled away and stared at him reproachfully.

"Bill, you're simply plastered!"

A foolish grin spread over the young man's features.

"Darlin', don' 'xaggerate. I'm jus' 'luminated! You said I had to like Irish whisky—an', sing-ularalee, I *do!*"

"To think I have loved you because you were so sensitive and refined," wailed Diana, "and now you go and make a disgusting exhibition of yourself—oh."

William assumed an air of unsteady dignity. "Darlin', 'vir'nment is the 'terming factor in human s'sistench. Takes time 'get 'just' to 'vir'ment!"

Diana faced Hathaway with wet indignant eyes. "Don't you fall off the water wagon again — or you're out." She announced sharply.

Hathaway giggled. "More 'fraid fallin' off th' horse! I'm ridin' Blue Devil t'morrow!"

"What."

"Sure — racin' wi' that unpleasant person, O'Donnell."

"You fool! Do you want to make a laughing stock of yourself—and shame me before every one?"

Hathaway was distinctly aggrieved and dizzily perplexed. He had obeyed Diana's instruction to the letter and now she was furious that he had done so.

"Well, William Hathaway," Diana began coldly, "you've made your bed and you can lie in it. But please don't expect *me* to——" Then she stopped abruptly, grew very red and walked away.

Philo O'Donnell was the life of the party at dinner. His witty sallies brought roars of laughter from every one except William, who, completely sobered up, lapsed into gloomy silence as he contemplated to-morrow's race with the cheerfulness of a prisoner about to be executed. His blood froze as he heard the judge saying to O'Donnell. "I bet yer a hundred on Blue Devil."

Nonchalantly Philo accepted the bet. He was at no pains to conceal a grin of derision as he glanced at the wretched Hathaway, who reached for a highball with shaking hand. William felt better after the highball. He began to reflect more cheerfully that he couldn't do more than break his neck.

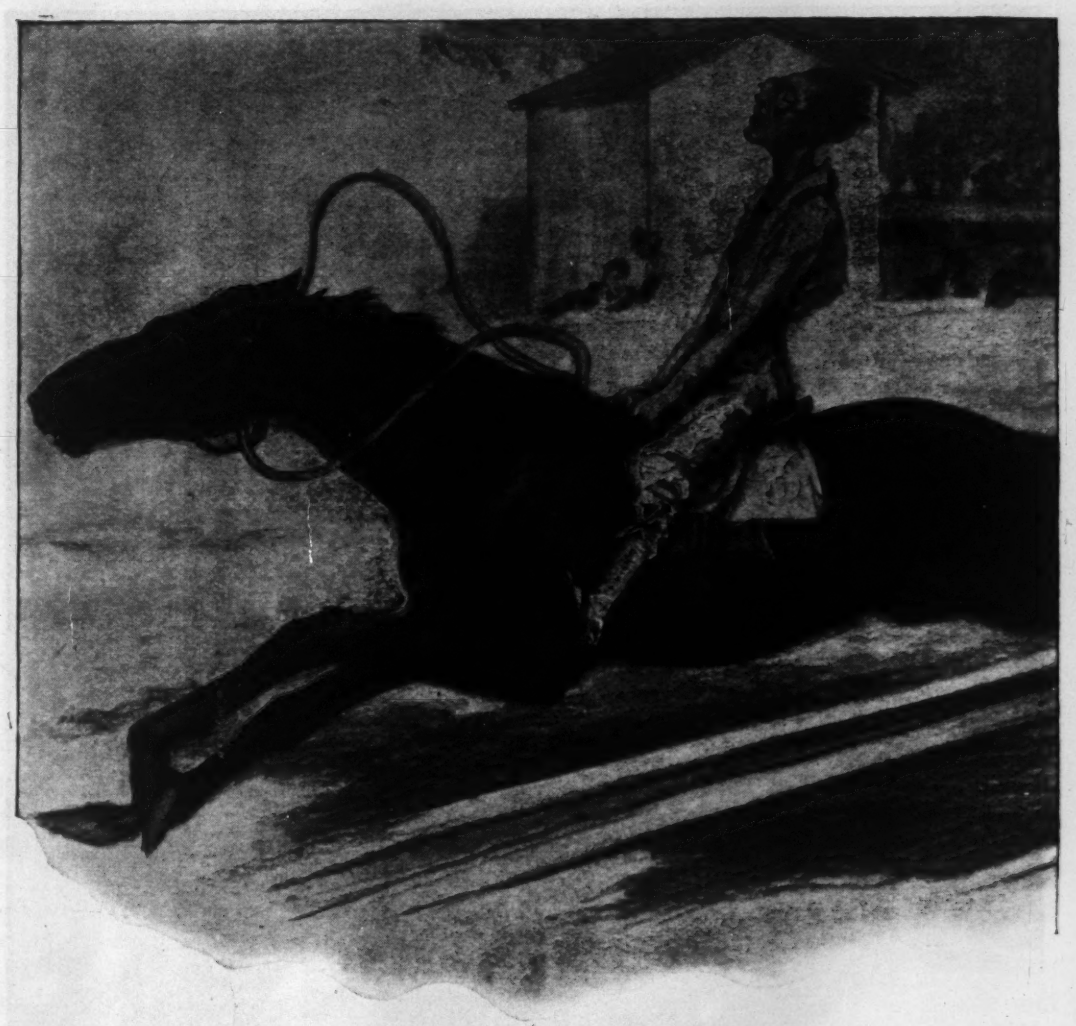
Perhaps Diana realized that she had been slightly unreasonable. She glanced tenderly toward William more than once. After all, if William was so eager to ride, why shouldn't he? It was really very sporting of him. Probably he knew a lot more about horses than modestly he had ever admitted. That was one of his greatest charms, she told herself — his quiet modesty.

As they said good night, Diana whispered excitedly: "Darling, let me give you a tip. Blue Devil knows the track. Let her run her own race—all *you* have to do is to stick to the saddle."

William doubted his ability even to do that, but he was too proud to let Diana know, and besides he did not want to alarm her.

On the day of the race, which was scheduled for three o'clock, Hathaway woke at dawn, strangely depressed until he recollected suddenly that this was perhaps his last day on earth. The situation was preposterous. Why should he break his neck just to please that dominating old Irishman? He wouldn't. Besides, if he broke his neck what good would it do any one? What was Diana thinking of anyway to let him get into such a ridiculous mess?

The logical thing was to go to O'Day and explain that he couldn't ride — and that moreover he wouldn't. What if the judge did sneer and O'Donnell laugh his unpleasant laugh — he was their intellectual superior and he would make them



On the fourth and last lap the mare dashed by like a flash of greased lightning and, unguided, kept right on

feel it. His would be a moral victory instead of a physical one; undoubtedly in the end the judge would come around, compliment him on his manly frankness, Diana would be proud of him, and all would be well.

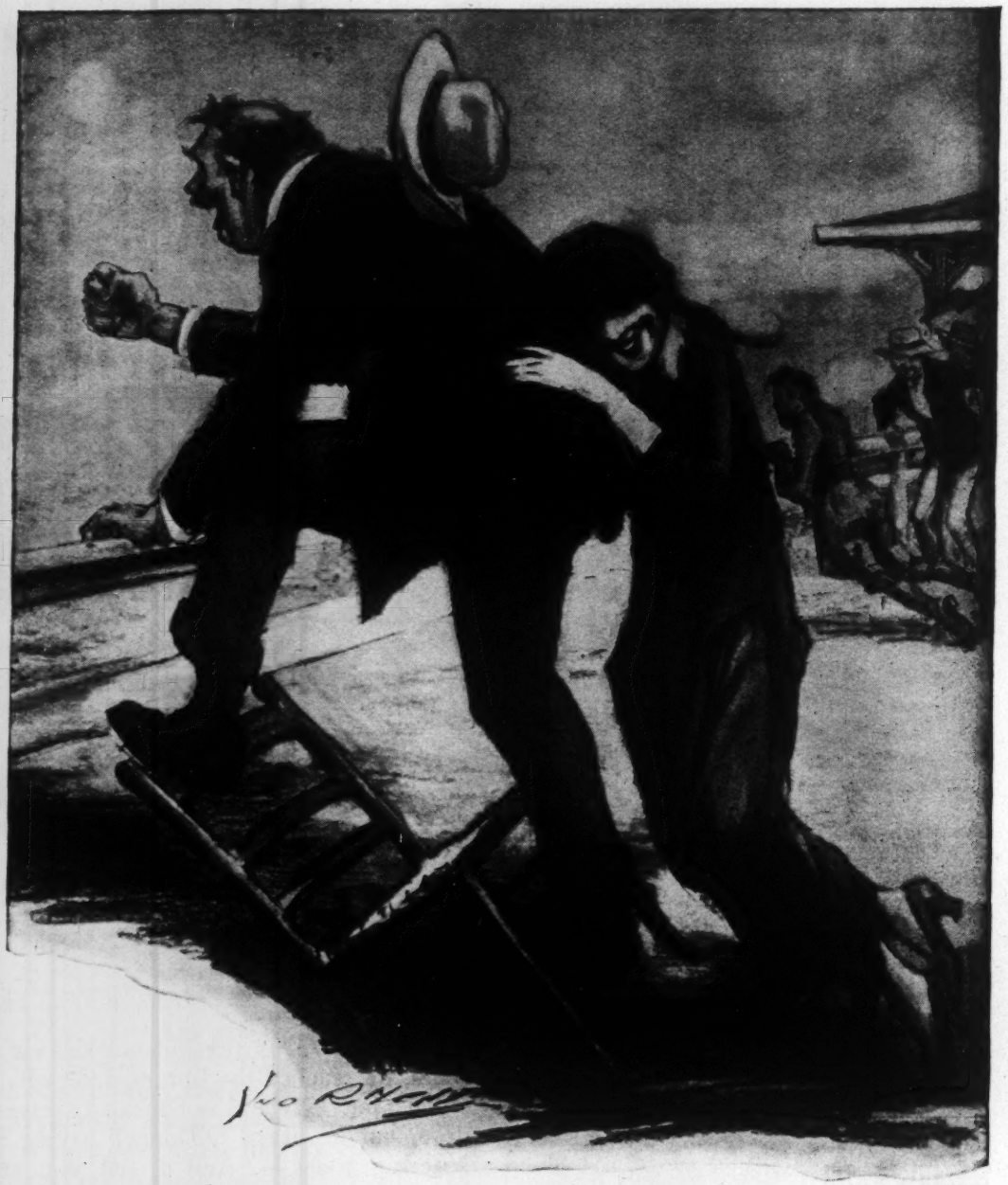
Cheered by this logical conclusion, Hathaway dressed quickly, ate a hearty breakfast before the others were up and went for a long walk over the dew-laden countryside.

On his return, he found to his dismay that Diana had raced off in her roadster to invite certain of their neighbors to witness the impromptu race. It presented a new embarrassment in the face of his decision. He squared his slim shoulders and, threading his way through the hideous furniture of the hideous drawing-room, he reached the library door which stood ajar. He did not mean to eavesdrop, but he heard O'Donnell saying in sneering tones — "And I tell you the young boob won't go through with the race—he's scared pink!"

"That'll do for you!" retorted the judge. "Diana is like her dad; she don't have no friends that ain't real sports."

There was a knock on the door and William entered. His eyes had lost their wistful expression as he glanced for a second at O'Donnell. Then, turning to the judge, he said stiffly:

"Just came in to ask if it would be all right if I wore my golf knickers; you see, I didn't bring any riding things."



The Judge, who had climbed on a chair to watch, fell off in his excitement. "What's the Young Fool doin' tricks for?" he yelled.

"Shure! You c'n ride in anything you like," retorted the judge genially.

So now the die was cast; and William wandered out to the stables with the vague idea of establishing friendly relations with Blue Devil. The mare, in her box stall, received William with a toss of the head and a haughty stare in which there was no trace of kindliness. As she arrogantly turned her back, William reached in a nervous hand and attempted to pat the shining flank. With the coquetry of her sex, Blue Devil squealed violently and let fly with her hoofs. The concussion shook the whole building and made William's ears ring.

"She's not vicious," the groom reassured him. "She's just playful-like."

"Any — er — bad tricks?" William faltered.

The groom considered. "Well, not what you'd call *bad* tricks. She took the last groom before me and scraped him off against a tree—sprained his back somethin' orful. But he was a greenhorn—didn't know horses." Then he added brightly, "If you'd like to try 'er out now, sir——"

"No!" said William airily. "Let's keep her good and fresh for this afternoon," and he hurried away.

He suddenly realized how sweet life was and he wanted to live as long as he could. Perhaps after all he might be reprieved. Perhaps at the eleventh hour something might happen to stop the race — like an earthquake or a violent storm. He looked anxiously at the sky. Fleecy clouds were drifting by on a passionless breeze. For a brief instant he contemplated getting hopelessly drunk, but he knew that Diana would never forgive him. It suddenly occurred to him that Diana was not quite the flawless creature he had thought her; else how could she be so callously indifferent to his imminent fate? He began to wish he *might* break his neck; then she would be sorry.

Hathaway in his gloomy restlessness was wandering aimlessly through the stables. He was standing now at the doorway to the harness room. A gnarled little Irishman was polishing up Blue Devil's bridle and humming lugubriously:

"Did ye ever think, as the hearse rolls by,
That some day you and I must die,
And take a ride in that orful hack,
And never, never will come b-a-a-c-k!"

The mournful words fitted in very nicely with William's presentiments. He shivered and looked about him. The place had recently been revarnished and it reeked with the smell of it. His foot struck something; he looked down. It was a half-empty can of shellac. Hathaway, clutching at a straw, considered. Of course it was a crazy idea, but what was that Diana had said? *"Stick* to the saddle!" Yes, it might help. It mustn't be known, though. A faint fluttering of hope stirred in William's bosom as he hurried back to the house.

Luncheon was a hilarious meal, with much horsy talk and many guests. Every one referred to the impromptu race with cheerful expectancy — every one except Mother O'Day, who dismally recalled many untimely deaths on the hunting-fields of old Ireland. William had grown suddenly silent and every one, it seemed to him, was looking at him curiously. He raised his glass aloft and exclaimed:

"Well, give me victory or give me death."

Every one applauded and laughed except O'Donnell. Diana rewarded William's bravado with a shining look; and the judge exclaimed, "That's the lad for *my* money!"

William flushed and for a moment he felt quite like a hero. Then the luncheon party drifted to the terrace.

The condemned man usually is allowed to spend his last hour with his nearest and dearest — but even this was denied William. Diana was too busy with their guests to give him more than an encouraging smile now and then.

William, declining the judge's offer of his own voluminous riding breeches, got into his golf togs. His appearance was not particularly impressive as he emerged from his room and sneaked down the back stairs to avoid the others, while O'Donnell, looking very handsome and very smart, was the center of an admiring group on the veranda. O'Donnell managed to draw Diana aside for a minute and gallantly asked her for a rose to give him good luck. Diana smiled coolly and told him she was betting on Hathaway.

O'Donnell scowled. "*That* idiot!" he said rudely.

"At least Mr. Hathaway is a gentleman," she retorted, and abruptly left him.

William's knees were fairly knocking together when he reached the stables. In the paddock two grooms were having a violent struggle with Blue Devil, who was frothing at the mouth. The judge was there bellowing orders. Hathaway, unobserved, hurried to the harness room. Assuring himself that he was alone, he

kicked over the can of shellac and promptly sat in it. It appeared to him that, in this way, it could be passed off as an accident, in case of discovery.

Possibly it was the result of her violent struggle with the grooms, perhaps it was her woman's curiosity at Hathaway's impetuous approach that suddenly subdued Blue Devil. At any rate, she was like a lamb as William put a foot in the stirrup, while a groom gave him the reins.

The man sniffed the air, then whispered, "Pardon, sir, but I think you've sat in somethin', sir."

"A trifling accident," muttered William. "It doesn't matter."

Like many a person of nervous temperament, William had the faculty of doing his best at the first attempt, so he mounted with a light grace that seemed to impress Blue Devil. Besides, Diana had arrived and was pleasantly diverting William's mount with lumps of sugar.

The judge hurried to the starting-post. Already the spectators were lined up along the railing opposite. Around the track Mickey was taking a preliminary canter.

"Darling," whispered Diana, "Dad told me he really liked you. If you win this race he'll *love* you, and then we'll tell him of our engagement."

"But if anything goes wrong — " muttered William.

"Oh, dearest, Dad would be off you for life!"

Hathaway twisted uneasily in his saddle. A pallid grin appeared.

"I guess I'm *on* Blue Devil for life," he muttered. The shellac was hardening nicely.

The race was quite impromptu and there were no formalities. The judge's handkerchief was to signal the start, and the horses were to do four laps.

The groom led Blue Devil through the ornamental paddock gate to the track. Then he stepped back, and Blue Devil began to paw the turf and to quiver from stem to stern.

"Steady, old girl," commanded William, his teeth chattering.

O'Donnell cantered up and wheeled alongside, a maddening smile on his insolent face.

"I'm sorry to have to make a monkey of you, old top!" he remarked. "You've fooled the judge so far, with the help of the fair Diana — but you won't get away with it."

A wave of fury, such as he had never known before, turned William's face scarlet. He started to answer, when suddenly the horses bolted. They passed the starting-post neck and neck, and the judge's handkerchief dropped. O'Donnell was riding in the approved fashion, crouching low and well forward, and only now and then touching the saddle. But the spectators noticed with amazement that William leaned far back; it gave him an indescribably haughty and carefree air.

It is a pity there was no official timekeeper, because it is probable that Blue Devil broke all records for the half mile and the mile. O'Donnell had easily maneuvered for the inside, and on the first turn Blue Devil was far out in the center, but a little thing like that didn't matter; she caught up with Mickey on the straightaway. O'Donnell deliberately turned in front of Blue Devil with a view to unseating William. Blue Devil shied off suddenly, lost her stride for a moment, and Hathaway flopped over on one side and then on the other, but the shellac held firmly.

"Environment," he murmured to himself with chattering teeth, "is the determining factor of human existence." And then the terrifying thud of hoof-beats, under and behind him, drowned out all thought and sent his brain spinning so dizzily that it almost obliterated consciousness.

The judge, who had climbed on a chair to watch, fell off in his excitement.

"What's the young fool doin' tricks for?" he yelled.

Diana whooped as Blue Devil passed Mickey like a flash and took the inside on the next turn. As William passed the crowd it seemed to them they had never

Through the glass of the show window they saw a perfectly appointed bedroom with the judge snoring peacefully in the full light of the day

seen such easy grace in riding. He sat perfectly upright and with a loose rein, and it might have been observed that he rode with his eyes shut.

"The man rides like a centaur," an old dowager exclaimed.

Of the crowd, only the keen eyes of Diana took in the fact that Blue Devil was running the race herself, and that it would be a miracle if William finished with the horse. Her face whitened and she gripped her father's arm. The grooms understood well enough, but William's pluck had caught their fancy and they were all for him.

On the second lap Blue Devil was a hundred yards ahead of Mickey and still gaining. O'Donnell's furious effort to overtake her made the gallery laugh. Hathaway's apparent carelessness in riding amused them. The judge was exultant. He hugged Diana.

"Darlin'!" he cried. "I never seen a fella ride like him in all me born days — but look at him go."

Barring accident, it was inevitable that William would win. Blue Devil was now so far ahead that the race had become a farce. To make the situation more ridiculous, Mickey cast a shoe in the third quarter mile. He began to limp badly and the race was over. With a muttered curse, O'Donnell turned in toward the paddock, the grooms making way for him.

As far as William knew, Mickey was at his heels all the time, so he kept on going. They yelled to him to stop. The only effect was to make Blue Devil go faster. On the

Some premonition swept over Diana as they noticed a small but enthusiastic crowd of work people gathered before the show window of the O'Donnell Furniture Company

fourth and last lap the mare dashed by the finish like a flash of greased lightning and, unguided, kept right on. Poor Hathaway had no sense of time or space, only a sensation of tortured motion. But the intelligent Blue Devil now knew the race was over. She slowed down to a pleasant canter, and William opened his eyes and looked around.

As he approached the paddock on his left, a laughing, hysterical crowd was bearing down on him; and in the van were the judge and Diana, arm in arm, tears running down their cheeks. The whole thing had been a delightful farce and William was a sort of comic hero for whom they all felt an affectionate gratitude.

Over the paddock gate, which the groom now swung open, was a decorative crosspiece. The rider had but to bow his head to pass safely under it, but William was taken by surprise as Blue Devil turned suddenly in at the open gateway. With the natural instinct for self-preservation, William grabbed at the beam above. There was a sound of tearing; Blue Devil and William parted company, and with the mare went a generous portion of William's breeches. For a moment he hung there presenting a white flag of distress, then dropped in a limp heap. He was all in. And in his ears was a wild ring of laughter from the crowd.

It was most unfortunate that O'Donnell, coming out in a very bad humor, should have met Blue Devil coming in. The groom was in the act of throwing a blanket over the mare, but Philo's quick eye led him to investigate.

In the meantime William was receiving congratulations and handshakes from the little crowd of spectators, who were still choking with laughter. He was still seated on the ground for the simple reason that he dare not rise. Then a thoughtful groom appeared with a box coat much too large, and rather loudly, but respectfully, announced that he would "be after catchin' cold." Thus was he able, with decency and a certain dignity, to proceed to the house. The hilarious judge and the beaming Diana each had him by an arm.

"I slipped and sat in some shellac," William explained with fifty per cent truthfulness.

The judge was holding his sides. "Say no more, young man—or ye'll be the death o' me."

They were on the veranda now and the judge bolted indoors, stumbling blindly in his uncontrollable mirth. William, with a wavering smile, watched him disappear. Then Diana flung her arms about him.

"Darling, you were wonderful," she whispered. "Now change your clothes — what's left of them," she giggled. "Then we'll break the news to Dad."

William sighed. "Darling," he said, "I've had about enough for one day. Couldn't we wait till to-morrow?"

Diana shook her head. "We'll go right to him while the going's good."

"All right, dear," said William submissively and hurried in, holding his coat close about him.

The furious O'Donnell had been an observer of this pretty passage at arms, and he lost no time in seeking the judge. Patrick and his plump wife were in the library, both rocking with laughter as the judge rehearsed the climax of the race. The old couple paused to wipe their eyes as O'Donnell came in, his face black as a thunder-cloud.

"The bets are off," he announced. "That young clown actually glued himself to the saddle. *He* can't ride."

The judge eyed Philo with kindly humor. "That's all right, O'Donnell — but yez *will* grant that Hathaway rode a mighty fast race."

"I know *this* — that Hathaway is a mighty fast worker," retorted Philo.

"What yu drivin' at?"

"The pup was kissing Diana just now as I came in."

This, of course, was an inversion of the truth, but the effect was electric and more far-reaching than even O'Donnell had hoped. As a mirth-provoking young jackanapes, William was a welcome guest; but as a suitor for the judge's only child he was completely out.

A minute later William was listening by his door to a wordy battle between the judge and Diana, snatches of which floated up to him from the lower hallway. William began to pack; he had a hunch that he might be leaving hurriedly. And much as he loved Diana, it must be confessed that he yearned for peace and quiet. For twenty-four hours life had been one long nightmare and he longed to wake up in the cloistered calm of his Washington Square flat.

In losing the seat of his breeches William had lost his personal dignity, and with it his one weapon of defense. So he attempted no heroic gesture; he sat down on the edge of the bed and waited.

It was just as well. Diana needed no ally as she informed her father in vigorous language as to where he got off. Then Diana delivered her ultimatum, informing her father that if Hathaway were dismissed she would go with him. And the judge knew she meant it. He must compromise with her, but he could not compromise with his judicial dignity—it was dearer to him than life itself.

"All right," he announced. "It's me that'll go then. I'll be at the hotel and when yer tired of entertainin' that young whipper-snapper, then yer auld father will come home—and not before."

With great dignity the judge turned and went out. His wife began to whimper and wring her old hands.

"Never mind, Mom," said Diana firmly. "He had just got to save his face; he'll come 'round by to-morrow. Now let's have food—fighting with Dad always makes me hungry as a bear."

"But he'll drink too much," wailed Mother O'Day.

"Let him. It'll do him good," retorted her worldly-wise daughter.

Despite a certain soreness due to his unusual exercise, William enjoyed his dinner that evening, due partly to the absence of O'Donnell and partly to the pleasant fact that he was still alive. However, he was not optimistic as to the judge's ultimate relenting.

"I gather your father knows of our engagement," ventured William.

"You bet he does," replied Diana, and giggled. "He swears he won't let me marry a clown—meaning you."

The tender-hearted Mother O'Day was quick to note the pained expression in William's wistful eyes.

"Diana," she put in, "don't be after teasin' the poor lad. The like o' what happened to him might happen to any one."

"Well," murmured Diana, "I wish the like of it would happen to *Dad*." And under rather curious circumstances, Diana had her wish.

The judge, in company with the sympathetic O'Donnell, had spent the evening at the Country Club; and the more he thought about his ungrateful daughter the more he drank; and the more he drank the more he must talk about it. By midnight O'Donnell had had quite enough, so very tactfully he steered his companion out to his roadster and drove him downward to the Hotel Glengarry where a lovely suite of rooms awaited the dignified owner.

The judge was probably more nearly "plastered," than he had been in years; and when he alighted — or more accurately speaking — when he fell out of the roadster, O'Donnell was quick to offer a helping hand. But once on his feet, the judge's dignity asserted itself and he waved O'Donnell aside with a lordly gesture that nearly lost him his equilibrium.

"G'wan!" he commanded. "'m a' right." He turned to contemplate the flight of marble steps that led to the hotel entrance, as O'Donnell, hiding a grin, threw in his clutch and sped away. The judge approached the steps obliquely and attempted to mount. After five minutes of concentrated effort in attacking them from every conceivable angle, he gave it up.

"I'll fool yu'," he remarked to no one in particular and headed for the narrow alley that led to the tradesmen's entrance. Presently he came upon a door through the glass panel of which a dim light was visible. He tried it. It was locked. He knocked loudly, but there was no response.

"Night clerk 'sleep's usual!" he muttered to himself. He got out a huge bunch of keys and began fumbling at the lock. Right above his head he might have read: "O'Donnell Furniture Co. — Delivery Entrance." It was midnight, with no sound but the judge's labored breathing and the occasional roar of a night-blooming truck. Then the right key connected with the wrong door, and the judge stumbled into a spacious apartment. He fell against a chair and abruptly sat down. His efforts had tired him and be began to nod, his head on his hand. His elbow slipped off the arm of his chair and he straightened up. His wavering glance rested on a mahogany bureau. As a matter of fact he was completely surrounded by bureaus and chiffoniers.

He got unsteadily to his feet and, removing his collar and tie, put them away carefully in the nearest bureau drawer. He looked around and blinked. It seemed to him that he could see nothing but mirrors and innumerable bureaus. He rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"Too much furn'ture 'n this room," he murmured. "Have t' speak to th' clerk 'bout it."

Carefully he hung his coat and vest on the back of a chair. Then he wandered along, vaguely puzzled.

"Where th' dickens 's th' bed?" he complained.

At last he found it — a large four-poster with a lace spread and lace-covered pillows. He sat on the bed and removed his shoes. A cut-glass decanter glistening pleasantly on the bed-stand caught his eye. He grabbed it eagerly, but it was empty. Angrily he looked about. A phone, innocent of wiring, stood on a near-by table. He grabbed it. As he stood unsteadily with the mouthpiece to his ear, his vague eyes began to focus on a lovely apparition in filmy lace, motionless before a mirror, one wax hand toying with a perfect marcel.

"Pard'n me, ma'am," remarked the judge politely. "Am I intrudin'?" The figure did not respond. He stared drowsily at her for a moment, then with a grunt of disgust and utter weariness, he carefully moved a screen to shut out the disturbing apparition and climbed into bed. For a moment he had a violent struggle with the lace spread; then all was quiet except for the judge's stentorious breathing.

At seven in the morning, Mother O'Day, with a wife's solicitude, called the hotel only to find that her husband had not slept there. Frantically she phoned O'Donnell and the mystery deepened. Diana and William were hastily aroused. Diana just laughed; she knew nothing serious had happened. William smiled thoughtfully; he almost hoped something had.

They climbed into Diana's roadster and speeded toward town, with the hotel as their first port of call. As they drew up before the entrance they noticed a small but enthusiastic crowd of work people gathered next door before the show window of the O'Donnell Furniture Co. Some premonition swept over Diana, and they elbowed their way to the front. Through the glass they could see a perfectly appointed bedroom, a wax figure seated before a dressing table, and on a large placard in front was the interesting statement:

"Everything in this window complete for $625.00."

"Everything" seemed to include the judge, who was still snoring peacefully in the full light of day, and in full sight of his fellow men.

For the first time in forty-eight hours, William actually laughed. Diana giggled hysterically.

They hurried around to the side door and found it unlocked.

The judge's awakening was probably the most awful moment of his life. In his new humiliation, he completely forgot his animosity toward his daughter and the young man with her. He fairly cringed before William's cold stare and Diana's cool, "Well, Dad!" They had him where they wanted him, and with the cruelty of youth they let him feel it.

"For the love o' hivin, pull down that winder shade," he begged.

"In a moment, judge," said William pleasantly. "But first let me ask — have I your permission to marry Diana?"

The judge squirmed as he looked from his cool young daughter to this hatefully dignified young man. He was licked and he knew it. He groaned.

"Shut out them starin' gawks and then for all o' me youse two c'n go to — "

William interrupted with a gesture. "Say no more — father; and thank you for your blessing." He turned quickly and lowered the shade over the show window, and the act was over.

Late that evening the young lovers were snugly wedged into the judge's easy chair before an open fire, and William was remarking: "There is no doubt about it — as I think I have proved — that in the long run sheer mentality rises superior to environment, no matter how extraordinary and fortuitous the circumstances."

Diana's head was on his shoulder. "Darling, I love you!" she murmured, quite irrelevantly.

THE MENACE AND PROMISE OF THE COLORADO RIVER

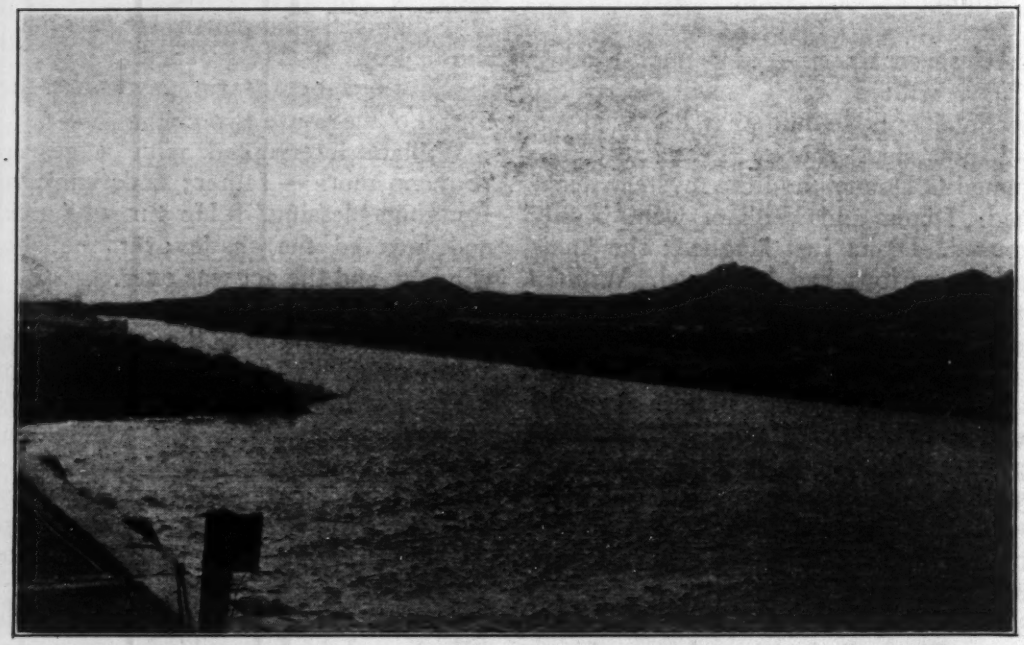
How a Vast Project for Hydroelectric Development in the Northwest Will Open New Areas to Reclamation.

By NEIL MCCULLOUGH CLARK

"HERE you have a river," Henry Ford once said, speaking of Muscle Shoals, "capable of furnishing 1,000,000 horsepower. It has been here for, say 100,000,000 years. It will be here as long as there are rain and mountains to send the rain into the rivers."

He used round figures. Probably the power that can be developed at this famous site on the Tennessee River will average considerably less than 1,000,000 horsepower. Perhaps a safe outside estimate would be 850,000 horsepower. And yet the Muscle Shoals project, as everybody knows, is one of the greatest proposed hydroelectric developments in the East.

In the mountain and coast states of the West, however, the situation is fundamentally different. Nature, there, has been far more lavish. The mountains are higher, the snows are deeper, the rivers are more precipitous. Five Western states alone possess water-power sufficient to produce 32,476,000 horsepower. Thanks to this natural abundance, and thanks also to developments in high voltage transmission, there is now brought within close reach of practical realization, one of the greatest engineering feats ever undertaken in any land or time, a feat that dwarfs all similar undertakings preceding it, that will bring to a vast section of the United States the cheapest electric power yet known, that will add a new



Rockwood Gate, where the waters of the Colorado are diverted to the Imperial Valley

agricultural commonwealth comparable in productiveness to as great a nation as Egypt, that will support enormous industries and make possible for people new standards of life even in remote places, and that will, in addition to all this, bring safety where now at certain seasons there is an utter lack of it—safety for thousands of people and for crops which, even in the present incomplete stage of the country's development, yield annual wealth close to $100,000,000. The vast undertaking that is to accomplish all this is to be worked out on the Colorado River, and the huge Boulder Dam is a starter.

The Colorado is a river that destroys and creates with equal blindness. It is a menace; yet it holds a glorious promise.

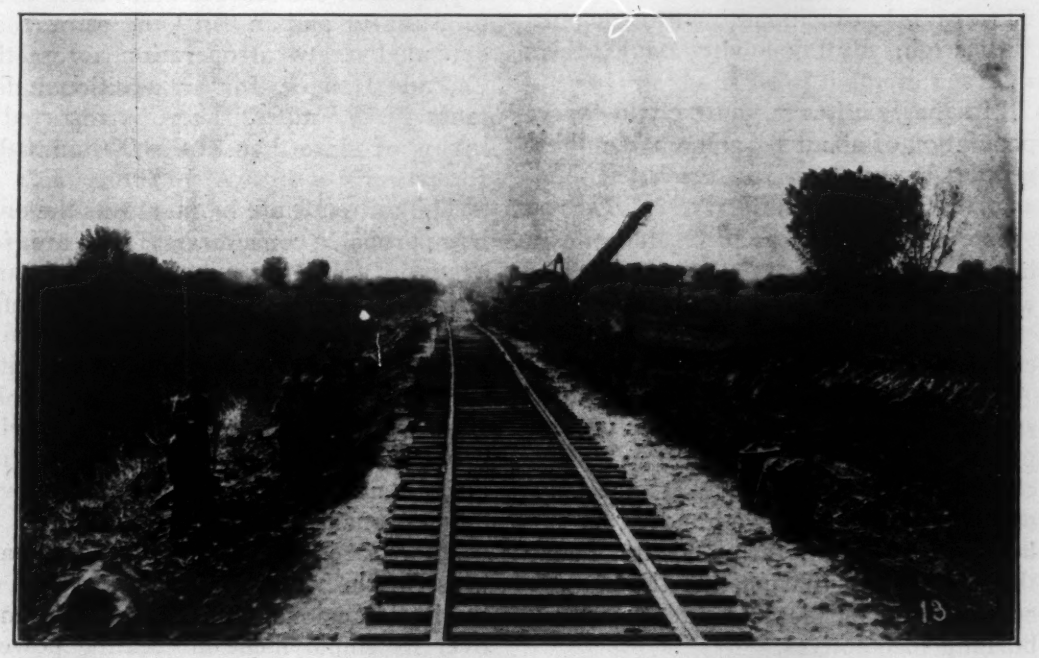
I once saw the look of a dreamer and visionary come into the eyes of a business man—the sane, conservative executive engineer and vice president of a great power company—when I discussed it with him.

"It is beyond conception!" he exclaimed. "Think of the electrical energy! Three million five hundred thousand horsepower can be produced annually at four plant units alone. We know, for we have made it our business to study the river. And what is 3,500,000 horsepower? More than one-third of all the electric energy now produced in the whole country. And four plant units do not exhaust the possibilities.

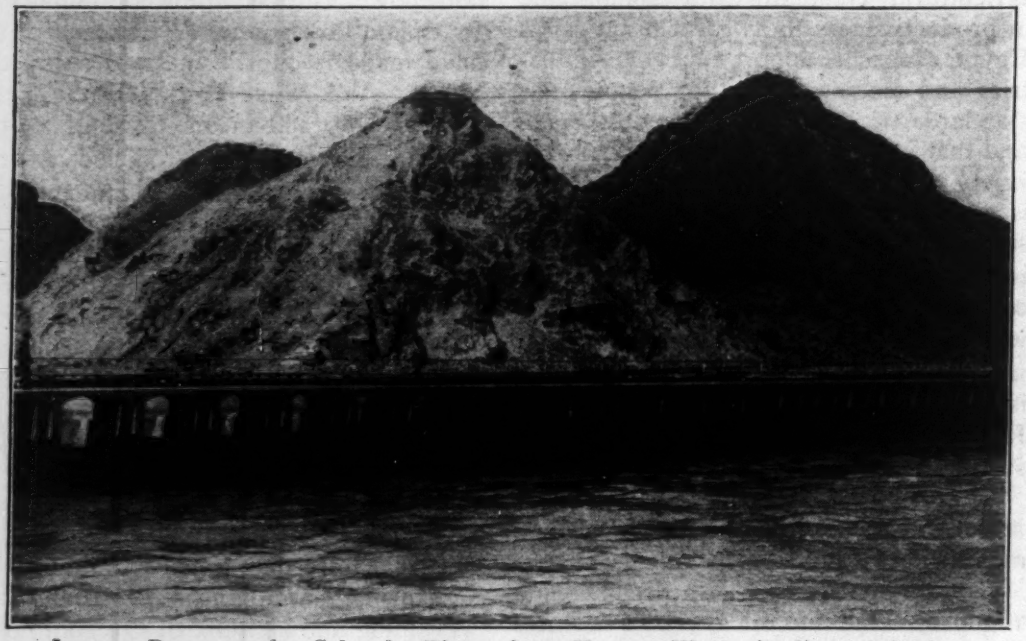
"If you are keen for eye-openers," he went on, "try this some time: take your atlas and a compass. Center the compass at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona. Draw a circle with a radius of five hundred miles: that's as far as it is now possible to transmit electric power economically.

"Your circle will include all of Arizona and Utah, nearly all of Nevada and New Mexico, more than half of Colorado and California, large slices of Idaho and Wyoming and a chunk of Oregon, not to speak of goodly portions of Sonora, Chihuahua, and Lower California in Mexico. You will include such cities as Denver, Salt Lake City and Ogden, Los Angeles, San Diego and Phoenix.

"Now, transfer your compass with the same radius to the East and let Colum-



Raising a levee along the Colorado, an expensive work which the river's habit of raising its bed makes necessary.



Laguna Dam, on the Colorado River above Yuma. Water is diverted here to irrigate Arizona lands

bus, Ohio, be the center. Draw another circle. This will contain the whole of ten states, with important portions of twelve more, and a good big chunk of Canada. Your cities will include New York and Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Buffalo—why name them all!

"In the Southwest, your circle taps a population of about six and a half million people; in the East, you reach ten times as many; sixty-five million or so. Do you grasp all that remains to be done down here? Do you comprehend what power will do?

"Oh!" he concluded, "there's a new empire still to be created."

The engineer whom I have quoted spoke and thought only of power. Power promises a great deal. It can insure cheaply-conducted industries, cheaply-operated railroads, and a hundred miscellaneous benefits for farm and city. Today the railroads in that part of the country operate, to a considerable extent, with oil-burning locomotives.

Yet a Western precedent for the use of electricity in driving trains has been set by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway which, since 1915, has operated trains electrically across the Rocky Mountains and the Bitter Root Mountains, a distance of 440 miles, which is practically the same as from New York to Buffalo; and in 1919 the same road extended electrical operation across the Cascade Ranges, for an additional distance of 207 miles. There is reported a saving of more than $1,000,000 annually for power.

The railroads are by no means the only large probable consumers. There are, for example, numerous mines in Nevada and Arizona where the margin between profitable and unprofitable operation lies with the cost of power. With cheap electricity, they can be opened and run profitably. Besides, as the country fills up with people, many other power-consuming industries now unknown in the section, will unquestionably locate there.

There are, however, other dominant uses for the water of streams in arid or semi-arid regions, which take preference over its employment in creating power; these are domestic and agricultural uses. Happily, power can be developed on the

Colorado River without interfering with these other uses. In fact, the very works that will be necessary to yield power, will aid these uses; for such works will provide an assured volume of water for every season of the year. When that is done, 4,200,000 acres now lying idle under sage brush and cactus, or but half used for grazing, can be brought into complete cultivation; at present, in the entire basin, including Mexican lands in Lower California, there are not quite 2,700,000 irrigated acres.

On these irrigated, semi-tropical lands, it must be remembered, not a square foot is wasted; the soil nearly everywhere is extraordinarily rich. Therefore the addition of 4,200,000 irrigated acres in the Southwest means an increase in national wealth comparable with the adding of a great new agricultural state to the country.

Besides all this, however, the works to be constructed will end forever the menace of floods that is now a terrible reality in the rich lower reaches.

The Colorado is the most curious large river on this continent. Rising among the hills and mountains of Wyoming, it flows in general toward the southwest, traversing or drawing its waters from seven states and a portion of Mexico.

Other rivers drain as great an area, but none travels so varied a course. The Colorado is mainly snow-fed, gathering a thousand torrents from the high peaks. It rushes for hundreds of miles through a series of canyons 500 miles in length, of which the Grand Canyon is the most magnificent in the world; here the river falls 1,000 feet in less than 100 miles.

The river and its basin may be likened to an hour-glass. There are upper and lower compartments, joined by a slender neck. The upper basin includes, roughly, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming; the lower basin includes part or all of Arizona, Nevada and California. The canyons of the river form the "neck" of this huge hour-glass.

Before it reaches Needles and Topock, therefore, the Colorado River has traveled for five hundred miles through a barren canyon region. At about Needles, however, it greets the desert, and at an elevation of less than five hundred feet above sea level.

For the next three hundred miles, until it empties into the Gulf of California, it is mostly a leisurely-flowing stream in a semi-tropical region, moving sluggishly at some seasons, but with a certain irresistible turbulence at others, when it is swollen into flood. By the sand hills, which rise along its banks for a part of the way, it is never particularly dangerous, even in flood; but farther down, at Yuma and below the international border, it runs into flat, featureless delta land, bordering the Imperial Valley, and here the extreme danger begins.

The Imperial Valley typifies in large measure both the promise and the menace of the Colorado River. It owes perhaps more to the river's gifts than any other section, and has suffered more severely from its violence.

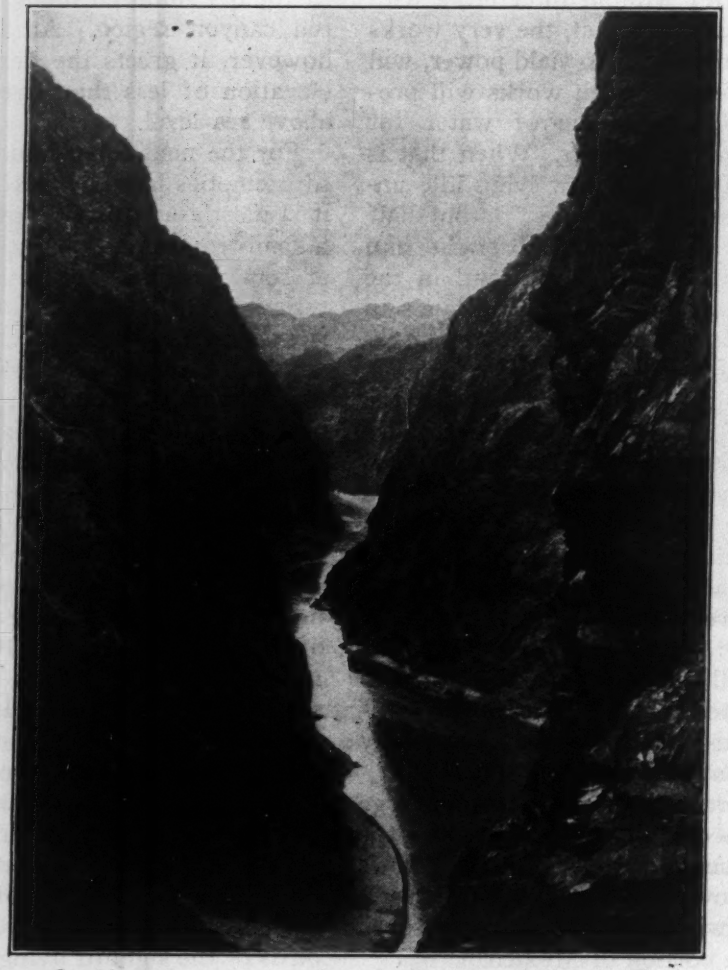
Twenty-five years ago the Imperial Valley, from the Chocolate Range on the north to the Cocopah Mountains on the south and west, was a burning desert and nothing more; a land of death-like silence, scarcely ever relieved by the call of birds or the sight of living things; friendly only to sage, cactus, chaparral and tireless winds.

A traveler in the employ of the United States Government crossed this desert in the '40's with great trials to man and beast, and reported afterward that it was "ninety miles from water to water." In 1859, the same region was described in a report before the House of Representatives as "a valueless and horrible desert."

Thirst and the sand combined to cause and hide more than one tragedy. A man who is now a prosperous rancher in the valley told me of finding twelve human skeletons in one spot, when he and his brother were driving their first mule team in before settlement had begun. It was never a friendly country to those inclined to softness. It is not now.

A considerable part of this desert lies

below sea level. The international line of the United States and Mexico forms the southern boundary line of California, and separates the twin cities of Calexico and Mexicali. Calexico, on the California side, is almost exactly at sea level. But from there northward into California the slope is downward, until at the lowest point the distance below sea level is considerably more than two hundred feet.



Looking downstream through Boulder Canyon. The "C" dam is just above wash shown in lower left-hand corner and the "A" dam site is at the second point entering from the right

The Colorado River runs several miles to the east and south of Calexico. Like all silt-bearing rivers, it is constantly depositing layer after layer of soil in its own bed, and consequently building itself up *above* the surrounding country.

You have, therefore, a river, the normal bed of which is a little above sea level and constantly rising; while to the west and north of it, with no continuous intervening natural barriers, stretches an area of several hundred thousand acres lying below sea level.

Given the opportunity, some tiny unguarded opening, the Colorado River would joyfully empty into the Imperial Valley instead of the Gulf of California. It has done that a couple of times within the last twenty years; and every year there goes on the struggle to prevent it from doing the same thing again.

The first water for irrigation was brought into the Imperial Valley in June, 1901. In a short time after the water was brought in, and as a result of the patience, labor and courage of the pioneers, the valley began to blossom and produce, and the fertility of the desert to-day is extraordinary.

They can give you astonishing figures in the valley on the quality, quantity and variety of products raised: Apricots, grapefruit, pears, figs, lemons, olives; bees and honey, sheep, cattle and dairy products; alfalfa, barley, milo maize, lettuce, melons: The list is much longer than this.

Just when the valley was beginning to exhibit promise such as this, the Colorado River bared its teeth. It was in 1905. During its low season, the discharge of water fell to an extreme level. The engineers of the development company had diffi-

culty providing all the water needed by the settlers who by this time had been attracted to the Valley; and in order to augment the flow, they made an extra cut in the banks of the river. They expected to close this cut before the floods came. But the Colorado surprised them. That year there were *five* floods in quick succession. The small cut soon became large; and by August the entire river was flowing into the Imperial Valley.

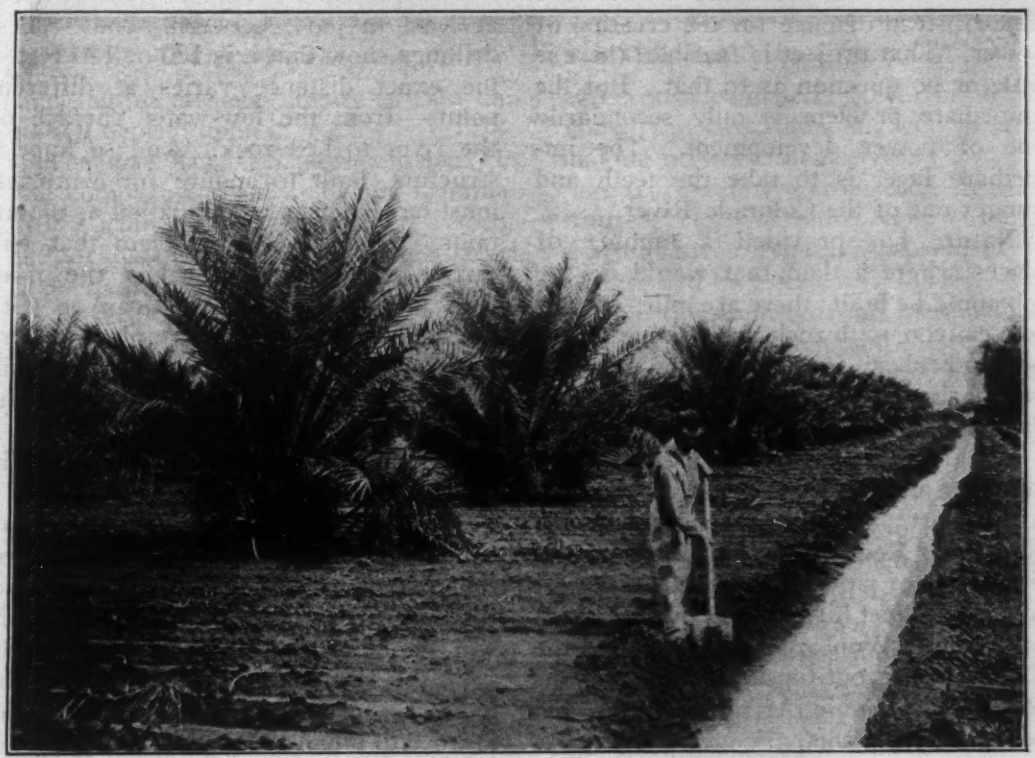
What followed is history. The Salton Sea was formed; to-day it is a body of water some thirty miles long and from ten to fifteen miles wide. The tracks of the Southern Pacific Railroad were flooded and laid on higher ground and flooded again, time after time; and finally E. H. Harriman, at the request of President Roosevelt, gave orders directing that practically the entire equipment of his railroad be devoted, for as long a time as might be necessary, to the task of closing the cut and turning the Colorado River back into the Gulf of California. The entire country watched the heroic struggle that ensued.

Losses in the valley at this time were enormous. And only a few months after the river was restored to its former channel, it again broke loose and found its way into the valley.

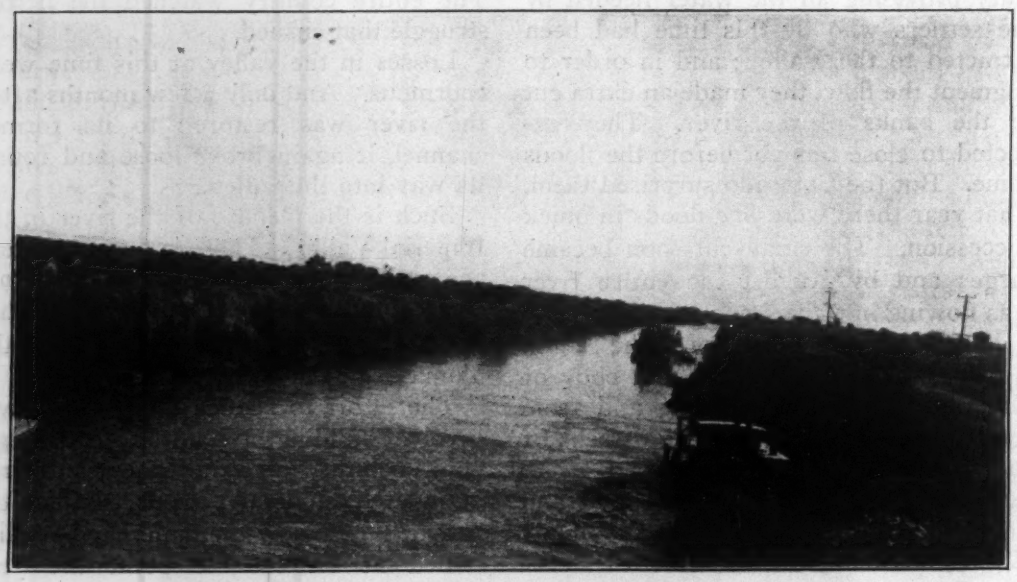
Such is the menace of the river in the Imperial Valley. There is a similar menace, with variations, in the rich Palo Verde and Coachella Valleys, further north in California, as well as in the Yuma Valley in Arizona.

The effort to reduce this menace will involve building a dam at a strategic point, behind which the water can be accumulated in flood periods, so that the rate of flow below the dam may be maintained at an equable point the year around. The present most-favored point for such a dam is in the Boulder Canyon.

No engineer of whom I know underrates the difficulty of building the stupendous dam that would be required; nor does any one of them doubt the feasibility



Date palms in the Imperial Valley, California



Main irrigation ditch of the Colorado River

of doing it, and its success in accomplishing its purpose when built. One proposal advanced by private capital involves, ultimately, four dams instead of one, and the project of using the same water four times instead of once for the creation of power. That project is feasible; there is little or no question as to that. But the immediate problem is only secondarily one of power development. The immediate facer is to take the teeth and hunger out of the Colorado River.

Nature has provided a number of places where a dam that would do the job could be built: there are miles of narrow canyon, with rock walls rising nearly perpendicularly for hundreds of feet, and vast basins where the water halted by the dam can be stored.

Boulder Canyon is at present most talked of and has won the largest measure of support. And the proposals of the Bureau of Reclamation call for the erection here of an amazing structure. It will be 690 feet high. Only two creations of man, the Woolworth Building and the Eiffel Tower, out-top that. The famous Roosevelt Dam in Arizona shrinks and seems tiny by comparison: it is a mere 280 feet high. The Arrowrock Dam on the Boise River in Idaho, at present the highest of its kind, measures 349 feet from base to summit; and the Elephant Butte Dam on the Rio Grande in New Mexico measures 306 feet.

The Boulder Dam must be constructed, at least in part, between floods. Test drillings show that it is 130 or 140 feet—the exact distance varies at different points—from the low-water surface of the river to bed rock. And so huge a structure, built to endure for centuries, must have as firm a foundation as mountains. There is one problem that will puzzle the engineers: when the river rises and rushes down the canyon with irresistible force—there are places where it travels thirty miles an hour!—what will it do to the unfinished structures that the engineers may have succeeded, during a period of comparative calm, in putting in its way?

There are plenty of problems like that, equally puzzling. But there is no question that they will be solved. In part they have already been solved. The dam will be built because it *must* be built. Like the Panama Canal, it is one of the inevitable undertakings. It may be delayed; but it can not be sidetracked. Millions in property, thousands of lives, future prosperity and progress and the

Packing fruit for shipment in a California orchard

building of a new empire within this nation depend upon it.

The way has been paved, in part, by the compact arrived at by the Colorado River Commission. The river, remember, drains or crosses seven states. Each state has a right to some of the water. In an arid or semi-arid country, water is the paramount possession. Therefore, to *how much* of the water is each state entitled? Colorado obviously must not use too much and leave Arizona too little. Nevada can not withdraw so much into its parched valleys that California will have to go thirsty. How much can each state have?

This question had to be settled before all others. The Constitution of the United States provides that "no state shall, without the consent of Congress. . . . . enter into any agreement or compact with another state." Therefore the seven states did an unprecedented thing. They arranged to discuss and if possible agree on a compact. Never before had more than two states engaged in treaty-making between themselves.

A representative from each state constituted the Colorado River Commission; and the federal government was represented by Secretary Hoover. Various meetings and hearings were held, expert advice was taken, and the result was a Compact dividing equitably the water of the Colorado River for a long period of years, with provisions for a revision of the division at a specified time in the future.

There are questions of detail still unsolved. They can be ironed out, and will be. The major question is curbing the River, which is now so great a menace, and converting its possibilities into wonderful actualities. To me it seems immensely inspiring that the big jobs like this have not all been finished; that bigger and bigger ones, almost beyond dreaming, are still ahead!

Baring-Wells found the smaller man standing, with arms akimbo, over his prostrate enemy

At The Villa Sabino

Fourth Adventure of the "Knotted Cord" Series

By Edmund Snell

Illustrations by Dudley G. Summers

FEW tourists came to Santa Felucca and the exact reasons that drove Baring-Wells to leave the train at Foggia and negotiate the thirty-odd kilometers between the railway and the Adriatic coast were best known to himself. One of two things may be assumed: that he was inordinately fond of walking in the heat of an Italian afternoon or that recent happenings had made it necessary he should seek a friendly hiding place as far off the beaten track as possible. And the latter was more probably the case.

It was toward five in the afternoon that a long, limp figure, in a broad-brimmed black-felt hat and carrying a battered green suit case, came to an abrupt halt at a spot where the dusty road ended and the ocean began. Behind him the foothills descended almost to the water's edge, before him the white-tipped wavelets beat gently upon an uninspiring strand while, on his immediate right, the straggling cottages that formed the outskirts of Santa Felucca hovered uninvitingly.

A barefooted urchin, leaning over a low wall, stared him out of countenance, a yellow dog barked at him and a venturesome speckled hen sought sustenance from the ground between his shoes. He turned on his heel and made his way toward the heart of the township. A couple of hundred yards brought him to a square of shady trees where tufts of grass thrust themselves between the cobbles. Upon the side that faced the sea was a row of sleepy shops and a striped awning over a collection of chairs and tables that suddenly reminded the wanderer he was thirsty.

A minute later the suit case was under a table and Baring-Wells' arms reposed on the marble top. A waiter who had been reading a paper in the inner restaurant took his order and shuffled away, leaving the Englishman to endure the stifling atmosphere of a hothouse and the never-ceasing attention of a swirling host of flies.

It was in that short space of pleasurable anticipation that Santa Felucca took upon itself an entirely new guise and—in spite of the heat and his winged tormentors—life within its boundaries became worth living.

In a corner between the wall and a canvas screen that was hooked to the awning sat the only other client the Albergo Reale boasted. For want of something better to do, the newcomer surveyed him furtively. He was a thin dapper man with a delicate cut of feature and fair hair—as soft as a girl's—straying from under the brim of one of those hats that only artists affect. A light beard ineffectively camouflaged his chin, his jacket was of shabby green velvet and his checked trousers shapeless and stained. Before him on the table was a half-empty glass of pink fluid and a mackintosh, hung over the back of his chair, partially concealed the customary paraphernalia of the itinerant painter. There was a certain familiarity about the features that puzzled Wells.

The screen stretched only halfway down the pavement and the man with the green suit case commanded an uninterrupted view of both the area occupied by the restaurant and the street beyond. An Italian with upturned mustache was leaning against the wall a few paces from the artist, the end of a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth.

Wells' attention was called to him by the fact that he appeared to be edging his way nearer and nearer to the awning, gazing all the while across the *piazza* to where the ocean sparkled in the sunshine. He was but a yard from where the painter sat when the latter thrust back his chair so that it made a bulge in the screen and, rising swiftly, strode on tiptoe to the extremity of the canvas. The Italian produced a knife and—as Wells started to his feet—drove it with all the force at his command into the bulge.

In an instant his would-be victim was upon him and the expression that prefaced the blow gave Baring-Wells the clue he needed. He found the smaller man standing, with arms akimbo, over his prostrate enemy.

"Ferring! I didn't know you."

The head came slowly around and eyes, as innocent as a child's, rested on his face.

"Of course you didn't. I've grown a beard!" He caught the other's hand and shook it warmly. "Well, old son, how are you?"

"Fit as a fiddle, thanks. You're the last person I expected to find in this ghastly hole. What are you going to do with the blighter?"

Ferring smiled. "Let him go. I wanted to have a look at him first, that's all. Ugly devil, isn't he?"

Wells' eyes opened wide. "Let him go! What on earth for? Why not hand him over to the police?"

For answer, Ferring pulled open the creature's tunic and displayed a white celluloid button with a black symbol across it which looked like a bent finger.

Baring-Wells rubbed his chin. "I still don't see——"

Ferring had pulled his assailant to his feet, propped him against the wall, whirled him around, kicked him thoroughly and effectively, plucked the knife from the canvas and tossed it after him, before his compatriot could further pursue his interesting pilgrimage in search of truth.

"Come inside, Wells old thing, and see what the good Giovanni can do for us in the way of liquid refreshment. You observed how I tricked that fellow? Neat, wasn't it? Oh, I've been learning no end since last we met. I've trained my sense of hearing until flies' footfalls sound like thuds! A man threw a bomb at me in Ancona last week. It was a dud or I shouldn't be here."

His friend sat down heavily.

"But why? I find the Italians nice sociable sort of people. They don't throw bombs at me!"

Ferring surveyed him thoughtfully. "No," he retorted. "But they ought to."

Baring-Wells stood a trifle over six feet, was as thin as a lath, with a nose like a beak, protruding teeth and a prominent chin. By bent he was an accomplished linguist and, by inclination, lazy. Like Ferring himself, he had wandered in most corners of the earth until, by force of circumstance, these rolling stones, once met, had met again.

"What are you drinking?" he queried presently, moving his suit case to make room for his knees.

"Italian vermuth, black-currant sirup and soda. In a land of nameless noxious fluids it's about the best thing I know."

Wells grunted. "Sounds sticky! I fancy I'll hang on to my original order. Ferring!"

"Well?"

"I never knew you painted."

"I don't."

"Then why in the name of all that's holy are you masquerading in that extraordinary get-up?"

Ferring pressed a finger to his lips. "You'd never guess."

"I don't want to. I'm not good at it. I'm counting on you to enlighten me."

The other felt for a cigarette. He observed Baring-Wells through half-closed lids. He appeared to be summing the other up.

"*You've* not changed much."

"No, I suppose not."

"You haven't forgotten how to keep

your mouth shut?"

Wells laughed. "I don't think so. Why?"

Ferring stroked his beard musingly.

"I should think you'd do," he continued, half to himself.

"Not for those fellows to throw bombs at—instead of you?"

The man in the artist's hat clasped both hands over his knee and stared into the street.

"Not exactly, old son. You remember how we used to try to puzzle out a scheme for raking in money in an original and absorbing manner?"

"Yes," said his friend. "We thought of the Foreign Legion—until it proved to be all work and no money."

The cigarette drooped and a faint smile hovered on Ferring's lips.

"I've struck the original and absorbing manner and there might be room for two in it—but not more. Listen, Wells. During the greater part of my somewhat checkered career I've grown accustomed to working alone; but circumstances have now arisen which render the solo game deuced difficult. Some of the people I'm up against know me. There might easily come a time when I'm forced to lie low and you—being unknown to them—would be free to take my place."

Wells leaned forward eagerly. "Is there money in it?"

Ferring nodded. "It must be six months since I first came to Italy. I just drifted in and was on the point of drifting out again when I pulled a man's ear in the queue at the opera. He proved to be a big bug in politics. A man told me once that you were all right in Italy—so long as you avoided politics. That man was a true prophet. A woman was sent to decoy me to a lonely spot where it was intended I should be swiftly obliterated. Strangely enough, she took a distinct fancy to me. In an effort to extricate myself from the trouble, I appropriated the car belonging to my enemy. Before I could drive away, he had boarded it. I steered it into a tree and very nearly finished both of us.

"Somehow or other I got to Alessandria. I was followed. There was a scene, a lurid encounter with Spalanza's men—and your humble servant migrated to Porto Fino. At this point things became interesting. You must understand, Wells, that there are two powerful factions working for supremacy in this enlightened country: the governing party—and one other. The fact that I had tackled *the other* so successfully prompted government agents to get in touch with me.

"They went to the girl who sent one of them to Porto Fino, armed with a cigarette case with a knotted blue cord —a prearranged signal between us. An important job had to be done that the governing party couldn't tackle. An outsider was required—one who could take risks and be reasonably certain of success. If I failed I was damned. I knew that when I started. It was sheer highway robbery, of course; but I enjoyed it. I stole a bagful of documents, delivered them and——"

He paused and emptied his glass.

"And?" queried the other impatiently.

"And got a cool thousand for the job. How's that strike you?"

"Go on," implored Wells coldly. "You appear to be wound up and had better get the whole pack of lies off your chest while you're about it. You haven't attempted to account for the hat, the beard —and those preposterous trousers."

Ferring looked from these last garments to his companion and blinked inquiringly.

"I thought they explained themselves." He mopped his forehead. "Must I continue? Do you really want the whole bag of tricks?"

"The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I'm not going to be dragged into any of your wild escapades blindfold. At present I've only your word for it as to the high scale of remuneration and I'm quite prepared to take your present appearance as evidence

against you. Why didn't you clear out after you'd scored, instead of stopping on to let 'em shy things at you?"

Ferring drew in a deep breath and tilted back his chair.

"Because, old dear, I was worried about that girl. I hadn't set eyes on her since Alessandria and, beyond the fact that she'd shifted allegiance from Spalanza to the government, knew nothing of her movements. It took me a fortnight to decide on a temporary emigration and by that time every frontier was closed against me.

"The soul of this country can be summed up in one word—Intrigue. They didn't approach me in a frank and open sort of way and say, 'Ferring, old boy, we're no end grateful to you for all you've done, but the documents you so kindly placed in our hands are in cipher and, without the key, constitute just so much wastepaper.' That method was far too obvious. When the spirit moved them, a fellow joined me at dinner one evening, displayed the knotted cord, beat about the bush until I could have kicked him and eventually sent me out on my present mission. I was treated to a brief lecture on the art of disguise and, as I'm never very comfortable unless impersonating myself, have been pretty miserable ever since."

"Not extraordinarily successful, either," commented Wells. "That gentleman with the knife recognized you, all right."

"I know. I'm shaving this atrocity off this evening. I've an unpleasant feeling at the back of my mind that we sha'n't be able to remain here very long. Before I forget, the crowd we're up against is known as The Moving Finger; their leader is Spalanza—a bearded giant with extremist views who smokes a peculiar brand of cigars made expressly for himself. You can smell 'em a mile off. Pasqua Patrini—the girl I've been telling you about—believes he killed her father. If Spalanza's feelings were the same toward him as they are toward me, I can easily credit it."

"What are your terms?" asked Baring-Wells presently.

"Halves," returned the other drily. "What d'you think about it?"

"I think that we both stand a mighty good chance of getting it in the neck."

"But you're game?"

"Oh, quite! I put my shirt on you once before, if you remember, and we came through all right. Besides, it so happens I'm on my beam-ends."

Ferring had produced a pencil and was executing a rough design upon the surface of the table.

"This is intended to indicate the province of Merluzzo—the one we happen to be in at the moment. Bring your chair around beside me. We're here. Over on the far side you have Foggia. The squiggly line denotes the road you followed from the station."

Wells glanced up. "How d'you know I followed it?"

"You must have—unless you lost your way. A couple of miles out of Santa Felucca the road bends abruptly to the right. On the left behind a row of poplars lies a group of cottages—a wayside inn, a forge and a few hovels. Remember them?"

The other nodded. "Perfectly. There'd been nothing else for miles and, but for the fact that I could see Santa Felucca in the distance, I should have called a halt there. I recall an unhealthy-looking pond and a pretentious villa on the summit of a small hill in the background."

Ferring snapped his fingers.

"Good! That villa is our main objective. It is occupied by Father Sabino—a notorious priest and Spalanza's confidential clerk. Until two days ago the leader himself was also in residence there, but has since left for Rome. I have every reason to believe that the key to the cipher is either locked in the safe in Sabino's study or carried on his person. Our people have concocted half a dozen letters, employing in them combinations of the signs found in the documents. I have also a facsimile of the badge worn by the Moving Finger.

"My idea is that one of us, posing as a messenger from Spalanza, should find his way into the house with one of these faked letters. The code is sufficiently complicated not to be deciphered at sight or we should have puzzled it out long ago. To transform the contents into common or garden Italian, Sabino will have to employ the key. The production of the key will be our signal to strike."

Wells frowned. "Oughtn't to be difficult. What have we to contend with besides the priest?"

"The owner of the forge who has found the job of general factotum more lucrative than his profession, a couple of clerks—who appear capable of anything up to manslaughter—and a singularly engaging housekeeper. Apart from the actual members of the household, almost every human being for miles backs Spalanza. Giovanni—the waiter here; Carpano, the baker who supplies bread to the Villa Sabino, and Mafalda, the housekeeper, are outstanding exceptions to the general rule. Giovanni is useful to us in many ways, Carpano's political leanings have made it possible for me to drive his cart for him and gain access to the villa grounds and Mafalda is our chief ally. Mafalda's features would make a pretty cover to a chocolate box and she knows it. Strangely enough, Sabino, who is reputed to have a nice taste in petticoats, has overlooked Mafalda. The blacksmith has shown better taste, but his courtship has been somewhat hampered by the proximity of a wife and nine children. There remains only the poor devil of an artist, forced to turn an honest penny by figuring temporarily as a baker's roundsman."

"Yourself?"

"Precisely. The possible prospect of having her portrait painted by a master's brush tickles her vanity. I'm ashamed to confess that I've encouraged her to look forward to some such eventuality."

Baring-Wells objected. "But you can't do it!"

"That's the beauty of the whole thing. Mafalda thinks I can. She's willing to do anything to induce me to. Therein lies our strength. Actually, I've got no further than taking her photograph."

"What for?"

"Because I'm too soft-hearted to deceive her entirely. I've dispatched it to the capital and told 'em it's of vital importance that I should have a picture of some sort made from it to give the girl when our end is accomplished."

"A sop to your conscience!"

"If you like. I've a notion Mafalda's going to be of great service to us. You can't beat petticoat influence in affairs of this kind."

"What do you expect her to do?"

"I am counting on her to dope the two clerks, to lure the amorous blacksmith from his post and leave the field clear for us. You, with your linguistic abilities, will be the messenger. I shall arrange to be somewhere within call. Once the key is in our possession, we must leave everything else and make a bolt for it."

Baring-Wells groaned. "Thirty kilometers of hilly country—with everybody in the neighborhood against us!"

Ferring smiled. "Not thirty, old dear; roughly, seven. One of these nights I'll show you where I've hidden my two-seater."

His companion appeared relieved.

"And suppose we don't pull it off?"

"I don't think we'll bother to consider that. Our first attempt must also be our last. Now, my dear Wells, you understand why our poor services are so hopelessly overpaid. In some respects we constitute the forlorn hope of the new régime. Frankly, the adventure appeals to me. Setting aside the question of filthy lucre, I have the consolation of feeling that I'm on the right side."

"What's my program?" inquired Baring-Wells.

"I live at my friend the baker's; you must secure a room here and live in it entirely until I dig you out. Converse with Giovanni as much as you can—it'll help you to pick up the dialect. I hope to strike within a week from now." He

Deep furrows appeared over Ferring's eyes. He snatched up his hat and glanced at Wells. "Got a pistol?" he asked

started to his feet and began collecting his things. "Is there anything more you'd like to ask?"

"Yes," said Wells promptly and without shame. "I should be glad of a little on account. Fully realizing the importance of our respective positions, I should hate not to be able to live the life of luxury one usually associates with secret agents. If ever we break stones together, old thing, it'd be nice to have one glorious week to look back upon."

Ferring fingered his wallet. "How much d'you want?"

"A couple of hundred lire to go on with. I take it I shall be seeing you from time to time."

The notes exchanged hands. A moment later Wells watched the form of his old acquaintance melting into the twilight, then turned on his heel with a deep sigh. There was something to be said for a wanderer's life, after all.

It was toward six on the following evening that a knock came at the door of Wells' room.

"Come in!" he called.

He had expected Giovanni with a further consignment of newspapers, but the figure that slipped quietly in was that of Alan Ferring. The beard, the offending trousers, the artist's equipment—all were gone. He wore instead a black suit, cut on Italian lines, a gray high-crowned felt hat and a flowing many-colored bow, the ends of which encroached upon an expanse of striped shirting.

"I've been having a hectic time since we parted," he announced, seating himself at the foot of the bed. "Caught a fellow in my room when I got back. I fancy it was the man who tried to knife me, but I didn't see him very clearly. I came upon him before he could effectively conceal himself and he got away through the window. He missed his footing and fell about thirty feet into the paved yard. He broke his leg and friend Carpano handed him over to the carabinieri as an unauthorized person loitering on his premises with a view to committing a felony. I kept out of the affair, of course. That was item number one. The next incident was amusing and far more interesting. I received a call from the blacksmith."

He paused, smiling to himself, and Baring-Wells sat bolt upright.

"Did you? By Jove! Then the game's up?"

"Not in the least. On the contrary, everything is in our favor. The knight of the anvil is a slow-minded, sullen creature, it appears, and his only anxiety was that I should alienate the affections of Mafalda. I hastened to reassure him, stood him a couple of drinks and we parted the best of friends."

"That was before you shaved?"

"That was before I shaved." He rubbed his hands together. "This strange meeting cleared the air amazingly. I steered him skilfully from Mafalda to his job and with the second glass of cognac he found his tongue. I learned the respective failings of the entire household. I gathered, moreover, that not the slightest suspicion of a raid had reached their ears. Putting two and two together, therefore, the obvious conclusion is that Spalanza regards me not as an agent of the present government, but as one whose sole object in life is to cause him personal annoyance. The fellow who tried to assassinate me is out to stop these annoyances and his instructions do not come through the Villa Sabino."

"Talking about drinks," interrupted Wells, "what about one now?"

He was about to press the bell when the door opened and Giovanni's head was thrust around it. His gaze wandered until it fell upon Ferring.

"A lady to see you, signore."

The two men looked at one another.

"What sort of lady, Giovanni?"

The waiter spread out his hands.

"She wears a thick veil and I could not see her very clearly. She is certainly a stranger to Santa Felucca, tall and dark. Her voice and carriage are those of a person of distinction." He groped in a pocket. "I was to give you this, signore."

He produced a cigarette case of polished olive wood from which hung a tasseled blue-silk cord, knotted in three places.

Ferring started and took it from him.

"Better show her up."

"Here, signore?"

"Yes, here. Get your jacket on, old son. We're expecting visitors."

Baring-Wells, wondering greatly, complied. He crossed to the mirror and brushed his hair. A footstep came on the stone passage outside—and she was with them.

"Lock that door, Alan. Who is this man?"

"Pasqua!"

She spoke rapidly in perfect English. "I have come here at great risk, because I am known. I dared not intrust anybody with a message and there is no time to lose. Is it safe to talk here?"

Ferring, recovered from the surprise of her coming, indicated Wells.

"Pasqua, this is a very old friend of mine and one who has volunteered to

help me. You can trust him as you would myself. Wells, this is the Signorina Patrini."

The taller man bowed, murmured something inarticulate and brought forward the only chair. She had removed her veil and this sudden revelation of the amazing beauty it had concealed stunned Baring-Wells. He looked at Ferring.

"Perhaps you'd rather talk alone? I'll clear out."

It was the girl who answered him.

"Please stay where you are, Mr. Wells. If you are with us, it is better you should know everything." Her dark eyes sought his. "I cannot tell you how glad I am that Alan is not alone in this venture. We have embarked upon a journey—all of us—of which nobody can define the end. I suppose that somewhere in my blood still lurks the ancient spirit of vendetta. For all that *he* has done to myself and my family, for the harm he is now doing to my country, I hate this man. We must crush him, Alan; and, until he is crushed, I can see no happiness for any of us." She broke off suddenly and sank to the chair, a handkerchief rolled into a ball pressed to her lips. Presently she touched Ferring's sleeve. "Listen. Spalanza is returning to Santa Felucca. He may even now be on his way. You must act at once. That key is wanted—badly. They are clamoring for it in Rome and every day the Moving Finger is gaining new followers."

Deep furrows appeared over Ferring's eyes. He snatched up his hat and glanced at Wells.

"Got a pistol?"

The other shook his head.

"Never mind. I'll find you one. Pasqua, you'll dine here?"

"I'm afraid not, Alan. The car that took you to Rome once is waiting outside the town. I dare not stay here."

Something prompted Baring-Wells to seek the cooler atmosphere of the corridor. A minute later his friend joined him, flushed and smiling.

"I'll do the same for you one of these days," he said, and together they descended to the street.

Darkness had fallen and a drizzling rain accentuated the blackness.

"I've a cloak for you in my digs," explained Ferring. "No Italian would be complete without one. We've a tough job before us. Dope's out of the question. I think I can find Mafalda. We won't risk the main entrance. While I'm chatting with the girl, slip in at the back, cross the kitchen, go up the short flight to the hall and make directly for the stairs. Tap on the door of the first room you strike on the first floor. If you meet anybody, show this badge. Say as little as possible except to indicate to Sabino that an answer is required. If a serious hitch occurs, break a window; if you can't do that—fire and I'll be with you. In any case don't lose sight of that confounded code-book once it appears."

Out from the blackness there arose white pillars like a pair of ghostly sentinels. The gate creaked as Ferring leaned his weight against it and presently both men were taking cover in the shrubs that bordered the drive. From somewhere close at hand came the sound of voices—a woman's shrill accent and the deeper notes of a man. Wells stooped as his companion brought his head closer.

"So far so good! The worthy blacksmith is making up for lost time. Come on!"

Baring-Wells was dimly conscious of an odd sensation as he followed Ferring along a low wall, through a narrow opening and down steps on to what appeared to be an extensive lawn. On the side of the house that now faced them two windows only were lighted. They halted suddenly.

"Have you got the letter?"

Wells assented.

"Right-o! The door's in front of you now. Keep cool. If you meet anybody, it's ten to one they'll think Mafalda let you in."

He held out his hand and the other gripped it. A second later Wells had vanished.

Ferring leaned for some moments against the wall, thoughtfully examining his automatic. The rain had ceased and stars shone in a cloudless firmament. He glanced presently at the shadowy outline of trees at the foot of the garden, then turned and entered the house. It was evident there was some plan in his mind that he had not imparted to his friend. The kitchen was empty. He was at the foot of the main stairway when a door opened behind him.

"Signore?"

The tone was harsh and commanding.

Ferring swung around to find a muscular youth, ill-shaven and wearing a dingy cassock—possibly an overflow from Father Sabino's wardrobe. It was evident to the Englishman that the newcomer eyed him with suspicion. Ferring smiled presently and, stepping forward, dived a hand into an inner pocket as if seeking some document which should explain his business. The other hand was also busy. With a quick movement he disengaged it and brought the butt of his pistol forcibly in contact with the clerk's skull. It hurt his feelings to have to resort to violence, but there was nothing else for it. The man swayed and Ferring caught him. There was a high-backed chair by a table under the window and there he presently deposited his burden, head and arms sprawling over the table.

At the top of the stairs he stopped and listened. The landing was enveloped in gloom, the door of Sabino's study was closed and no sound broke the stillness but the rhythmic ticking of a clock. Down in the hall the unconscious clerk scraped a shoe over the tiles and emitted a deep groan. Suddenly he heard the rattling of a bunch of keys, the unmistakable sound of a safe door opening, a mysterious shuffling, the creaking of casters. Something that might have been a heavy book fell. There followed low cackling laughter that puzzled Ferring. A voice began speaking in Italian, a thin, caustic utterance with a bite behind every word.

"You cannot catch an old fox like that. Keep your hands from your sides and hand me back that paper."

His hand sought the handle. He threw the door open a bare foot and pushed head and arm through the aperture.

"Signor Sabino," he murmured in his best Italian, "you will observe I have you covered. You can drop your weapon where you like, but I want to see your arms above your head. Thank you."

Without removing his eyes from the priest, he came into the room.

"Wells, who's got the key?"

"He has. It's in his pocket."

"Then get it as quickly as you can. The window's barred and there's a fellow in the hall who'll be conscious enough in a couple of shakes to do a lot of damage. Keep to the right and use your left hand or you'll be in my line of fire. Have you got it? Confound it!"

Father Sabino had taken advantage of the position of his hands to reach up and switch out the light.

Ferring had it on again a moment later only to catch sight of Baring-Wells slipping through a second doorway communicating with an adjoining apartment.

"Come back, you idiot. It's a trap." He wrenched open the first door in time to prevent it being locked against them. "Did you find the paper?"

"You bet!" returned the other. "I've the contents of the pocket in my hands."

As they reached the landing every light in the building went out. Somewhere a bell rang unceasingly. A door at the back of the house slammed. Voices seemed to be whispering everywhere.

Ferring groped in the darkness.

"Are you there, Wells?"

The other bumped against him.

"In a bit of a hole, aren't we?" he whispered. "They've shut the doors and given the alarm. What's the next move?"

The draft from a landing window fanned Ferring's cheek.

"Keep a sharp lookout at the top of the stairs. I'll be with you in a minute."

He crossed to the window and, thrusting out his head, peered down upon the night-shrouded shrubbery. A patch of white caught his eye and he called softly:

"Mafalda!"

The girl started. "Who calls?"

"It is I—the *Inglese*. Listen. I have painted your portrait and Giovanni is keeping it for you. What are you doing there?"

"Nothing, signore. There are burglars in the house—and I was afraid to go in."

He clapped a moist hand to his forehead.

"Can you scream, Mafalda?"

For the first time she laughed.

"I think so."

"Then wait until I tell you—and scream at the top of your voice. If nobody comes, scream again."

"And when they come, signore——"

"When they come you must tell them you saw two figures running toward the trees at the foot of the garden. It is a simple thing, Mafalda, and Giovanni tells me your picture is a masterpiece!"

"Very well. How did the signore get into the villa?"

If she could have seen him clearly she would have noticed that his face wore a peculiar smile.

"You will learn that, too, one of these days," he said. "Now do exactly as I tell you—and stand well away from the wall."

He went back to Baring-Wells who whispered excitedly:

"There's somebody halfway up. What do I do? Shall I give him a round—or wait?"

"Fire if he comes any farther; but miss him if you can manage it. It'll probably scare him and we don't want complications."

Back in the study Ferring struck a match. Presently he emerged with two heavy chairs, dropped one through the window, paused for a matter of seconds—then let the other fall.

"*Now!*" he called.

And Mafalda screamed. Her first effort lacked power; but the second set Ferring's ears singing. Its effect upon the household of the Villa Sabino was amazing. With beating heart, he realized that heavy bolts were being shot back. A second later the hall door was wrenched open. There followed a rush for the open, a babel of cries—and Ferring was down the stairs, dragging Wells with him.

Their exeunt was timed to a nicety. The first draft of cool air that passed Ferring's lips tasted like nectar.

"Head for the gate," he panted.

A sound from the road sent them crouching in the bushes. A car throbbed to a standstill outside and a man came swiftly up the path. Baring-Wells judged his height from the glowing end of his cigar. The figure passed them and a whiff of smoke floated to his nostrils.

A pause that seemed like hours and they sauntered into the road, slipped behind the motor—then broke into a sharp trot.

With the sounds of pursuit left far behind, Ferring sat by the roadside.

"A close shave that, Wells old son! You've never been nearer picking oakum in your life!"

His companion laughed. "Who was the new arrival?" he demanded.

"That," said Ferring, "happened to be Spalanza. You can thank your lucky stars he came so late. I say, Wells!"

"Hello?"

"The bloodcurdling yells were Mafalda's. Rather a stout effort, what?"

"Magnificent! One of the few things I regret about this expedition is that it has never been my good fortune to set eyes on her. If ever we get safely out of this infernal country, I should like to send her a little present. What would you suggest?"

"A frame for that portrait I painted," suggested Ferring; and started off in search of his two-seater.

FACTS ABOUT THE GERMAN CHILDREN

An Illuminating Article from an American Correspondent

By S. MILES BOUTON

IT IS not generally realized that the four years' war in Europe has seriously affected not less than two generations. In most countries men born in 1870, and up to the year 1900, were called to fight in the fighting lines. Youth and children in many nations suffered for food during the war. There are hundreds of thousands of young people whose growth was stunted and who will never attain their normal stature.

The sufferings of children and young people continued, and the effect of crippling and the breakdown in health of the children and youth of the present time will have its terrible effect in the future. The devastating results upon the health and well-being of the population of many countries of Europe will last for many years yet, despite such efforts as have been made by General Allen's committee.

Mr. Bouton, the American correspondent in Germany, was for many years connected with the Associated Press.

MORE than five years have passed since the open hostilities of the World War ceased, but many questions arising out of it are not yet settled to anybody's satisfaction. For the first year or two general attention was concentrated on the question: Who began it? Since then the debt-burdened nations of Europe have been asking themselves seriously: Who won it? For it becomes increasingly doubtful whether anybody won it, after all.

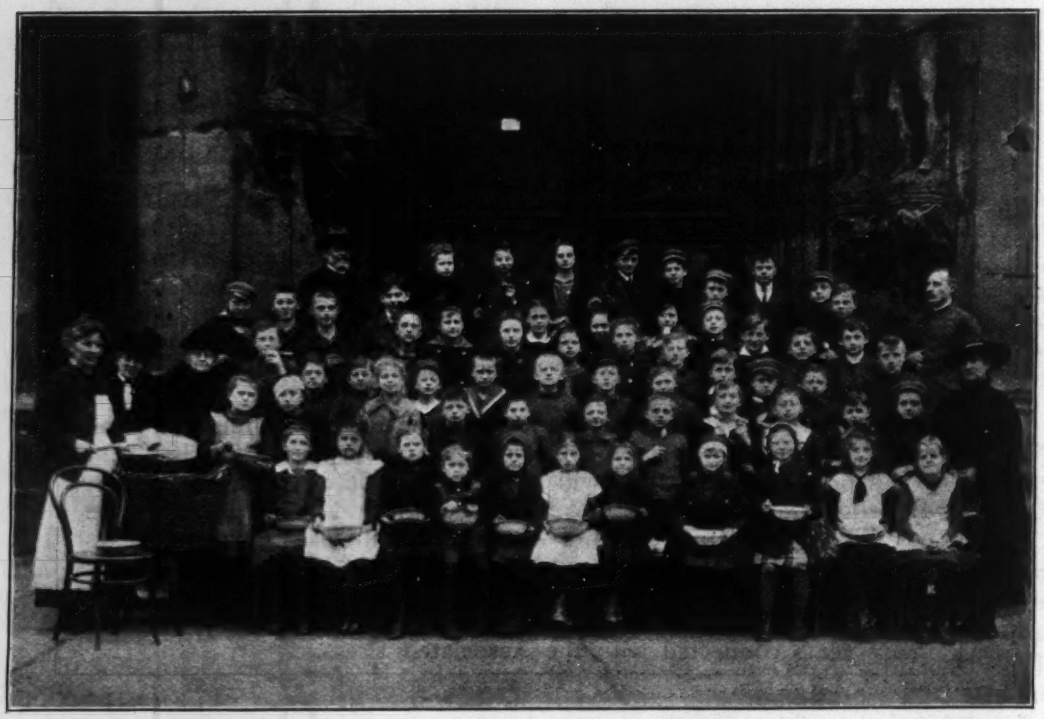
But still another question is of more immediate import, of vastly greater consequence for both present and future. It is: Who lost it? This question can be answered.

The German children lost the war. And, losing it, all but a few fortunate ones lost their childhood; hundreds of thousands lost beyond hope of recall the natural inheritance designed for each newcomer into the world—their hope of healthy, flourishing manhood and womanhood.

An exaggeration? Nothing of the kind. Just hard, demonstrable fact, as demonstrable as the fact that two and two make four.

They began losing the war a good two years before what naive persons still regard as the end of the war. They have been losing it ever since, but the manner of this losing, being most unspectacular as compared with the scenes on an actual field of battle, has attracted little attention. It began, as I have intimated, in 1916-17—the gruesome "turnip winter." Ringed in on every side, herself producing only enough foodstuffs to take care of about 60 per cent of her population, Germany had felt the pinch of reduced rations as early as the beginning of 1916, but there was still little actual hunger. By the autumn of that year, however, want began to stalk through the land.

The far-flung battle lines had to be fed, and fed well, for an army, as the great Napoleon pithily said, moves on its stomach. At home there was milk for only the smallest children, and that in miserably inadequate quantities. Fats became a memory, coarse turnips took the place of potatoes, the bread was a



Thousands of German children go to school without having had anything to eat since the day before, and are given nourishment at school

mixture of turnips or potatoes with flour which had been milled out to 93 per cent, that is, but seven per cent of the bran had been taken from the rye. Clothing and fuel were rationed. The people were cold and hungry.

The weakest children died; the strongest became weak. Undernourished mothers could bear only weak infants; they could suckle them only inadequately. Malnutrition, undernutrition, rickets, tuberculosis—it was a grim fight for little folk. The alleged end of the war did not better matters. On the contrary, for the blockade was not merely maintained, but even extended. The Germans' fishing waters were blockaded, the milk and other food products from the fertile left bank of the Rhine went to feed the conquering armies. Another winter of hungering set its indelible stamp on the coming German generation.

Then foodstuffs began coming in. By the end of 1919 indications of a betterment of conditions were noted. The number of marriages and births began to increase, infant mortality began to show a small decrease, and tuberculosis, which had increased greatly as a result of the privations of the war years, also appeared to be going back. But the improvement was of short duration, all hopes were doomed to speedy disappointment.

Much has been written about lost economic resources in the territory taken away from Germany by the Peace of Versailles. For a predominantly industrial country these losses were naturally very serious. Even more vital for the physical well-being of the people, however, was the fact that the lost territories included 14,000,000 acres of the best agricultural land. Against a loss of ten per cent of population, Germany lost 17.7 per cent of her rye land and 17.2 per cent of her potato land, and rye and potatoes are the main food of the people.

The great reduction of livestock, coupled with the loss of a great part of Germany's potash, brought a shortage of fertilizers, through the intelligent use of

which the German farmer had been raising from a half to one and a half times more products per acre than the American farmer. Production of foodstuffs fell off, the livestock remaining weighed much less per head than before the war and furnished much less fat.

A fair harvest in 1921 could not recompense for the preceding ten years, and 1922 brought a very bad harvest. As compared with 1921, rye and wheat production decreased some 40 per cent. Slaughterings were 42 per cent less than in 1913, reckoned for the same area. The total consumption of meat per capita in 1921 was 32.5 per cent less than in 1913, of breadstuffs 27 per cent less, and of potatoes, the main food, 51 per cent—more than half. Consumption has decreased steadily since then. This year's harvest was good, but the producers will not sell for paper money and the people of the cities—even the small cities in agricultural districts—hunger.

Still worse for the children is the tremendous falling off in the production of milk. Before the war Germany's total consumption was twenty-three billion liters. To-day it is less than eight billions, and a considerable part of that goes to the armies of occupation on Rhine and Ruhr. Berlin is to-day receiving less than 300,000 liters daily, against 1,200,000 liters before the war. Thousands of little children in Germany do not know the taste of milk; other thousands would not know it had it not been for foreigners—chiefly Swedes and American Quakers.

But enough of causes. Let me talk of results.

The mortality of children under fourteen from tuberculosis has more than trebled since 1921. An investigation in the common schools has disclosed many districts where every tenth child is tuberculous. Infant mortality from all causes is increasing from week to week. In 1910, children under fifteen made up 35 per cent of Prussia's total population.

The future mothers of German children are found to be dangerously undernourished by school doctors

A group of children receiving American food. Francis Bacon in the center of the group

To-day, despite the number of men killed in war, this percentage is estimated at only 25, and it will be less than 20 per cent by 1927 if the present mortality rate be not bettered. Scurvy, which appeared in isolated instances during the war for the first time in seventy years in Germany, is reappearing. There have even been cases of hunger edema, that swelling of the body so familiar from famine pictures from India. Only the oldest German physicians had ever seen a case.

In Prenzlau, a rural district north of Berlin, 13 per cent of the school-children are scrofulous, 54 per cent have rickets. In Chemnitz, in the industrial district of Saxony, only 7 per cent of the children in the schools were found to be well nourished, 24 per cent passably, the other 69 per cent undernourished. In Plauen, also in Saxony, the school physician reported that one third of the children had neither shirts nor undershirts. Thirty per cent of the children leaving school—at fourteen years of age—had malformations of the skeleton, due to bad and insufficient nourishment, and 19 per cent were too weak to keep their spine erect. In Glatz, a small city in Silesia, 129 of 842 children had no shirt, another 466 only one each. In Sonneberg, the famous Toy and Doll Town of Thuringia, 598 of 1,343 children had no shoes.

I have mentioned the terrible "turnip winter" of 1916-17. The babies born in that winter became of school age at the end of 1922 and in 1923. In Schoeneberg, one of the large cities making up the city of Greater Berlin, 135 of 1,428 six-year-olds applying for admission to school were rejected by the school physicians as physically unable to begin their studies. This is more than 9.4 per cent. Rejections amounted to 2.1 per cent in 1913 in the same schools. In the same city the condition of 13.9 per cent of the children in the schools was officially reported in 1913 as "bad;" in 1922, 27.2 per cent—a figure long since greatly exceeded. In 1913, 45.1 per cent were described as "good;" at the beginning of 1923, only 15.8 per cent—another figure now greatly decreased. The num-

ber of tuberculous children in the schools of Neukölln, another portion of Greater Berlin, has increased more than eight times since 1914. Seven per cent of the school children in Lichtenberg, also Greater Berlin—chiefly inhabited by people of some means—have curvature of the spine.

One hesitates to quote statistics at great length, but these speak such a language that one must quote them. They could be multiplied from every part of Germany. Thus, a school physician in a Bavarian city reports that of 104 six-year-olds entering school, only 14 boys are of normal height, and not a single girl. My own thirteen-year-old son is small for his age, but he resents sharply an assertion to that effect.

"I'm not small for my age," he retorts. "Most of the boys in my class are two or three years older than I am, but I'm taller than almost all of them."

It is an undersized, physically weak generation that is now growing into manhood and womanhood in Germany; it will be an undersized, physically weak generation that will follow it.

A physical examination was made of students at the Technical University of Dresden. Of the German students, 12.6 per cent were found to be in perfect health; of the foreigners registered at the university, 50.77 per cent. Of the Germans, 8.5 per cent showed "high degree of undernourishment, symptoms of tuberculosis and constitutional tendency to tuberculosis;" of the foreigners, only 1.6 per cent. These German students were in the main ten to eleven years old when the war broke out. The age of puberty, so all-important, so all-determining for the physical future of a generation, demands increased rations of a body-building nature. But these children had no milk, no butter, no cheese, no fruits, coarse, indigestible bread—and sorrow. Their daily ration of stringy, lean meat was less than one ounce. The slight betterment of their rations in the first and second year after the war came too late; the twig was already bent; the tree could not but grow crooked. It will always be crooked.

It is the same with the generation on the heels of these university students. Examinations of children leaving the common schools in Pankow, a district of Berlin, show that 22 per cent of the boys

The boys from an orthodox Jewish institution enjoying food given them by American Quakers

The manhood of new Germany cannot rightly develop from such undernourished specimens as these schoolboys

and 25 per cent of the girls—all about fourteen years old—are undersize and and underweight. Thirty-one per cent of the boys and 30 per cent of the girls were unfit to accept employment. And this was at the beginning of 1923; a whole year of increased privation has passed since then.

It is not at all uncommon for children to faint in school from hunger. In the ninth Berlin district a census on November twenty-second last disclosed that 470 children had sat through the day's sessions without having had anything to eat since the day before. Thousands have no warm meal from one week to the next; other thousands nothing but bread and cooked potato peelings.

Children of more fortunate lands, above all American children, would be amazed to see the daily bill of fare in a children's home in Berlin. Here it is:

At 8 a. m., two slices of black bread with jam; at 11 a. m., the same; at 2 p. m., a coffee substitute, mainly roasted barley, without milk or sugar, and dry bread; at 5 p. m., a stew made of cabbage and potatoes; at 7 p. m., one slice of black bread.

This is pretty luxurious, vastly better fare than most children get. One notes especially the absence of butter and milk —things which a growing child most needs. In Chemnitz, children between three and six get a half pint of milk a day; children above six get none.

The unconscious demand of these little bodies is the best refutation of allegations that there is no want among the German children. It tells volumes about the lean years—lean in the literal sense of the word—which they have had to pass through. Other mute witnesses are osteomalacia, or softening of the bones, and keratiasis, the hard, horny tumors of famine patients, both of which have been observed in many German clinics. Both diseases are primarily due to the lack of butter-fats in the sufferers' foods —fats which can not be replaced by margarin and vegetable oils.

Hand in hand with the shortage of foods goes a shortage of remedial institutions that normally play such a large part in saving children's lives. About half the crèches and a sixth of the children's homes in Germany have had to be closed for lack of funds.

Housing conditions aggravate the situation. Not only was Germany's territory diminished proportionally more than the population, but there came further a tremendous influx of refugees from the lost districts and colonies, and also from Russia and Galicia. The result is a crowding as noxious physically as morally. Here are some typical reports from the city of Mannheim:

Family S.: Six persons; grandmother and mother advanced tuberculosis, father in first stages; one room, with two beds, only one with sheets, in which these three and three children sleep.

Family H.: Six persons; mother advanced tuberculosis; five children, from 3 to 14; two beds.

Family B.: Nine persons; seven children, from 2 to 18 years; two beds and one crib; father advanced tuberculosis.

In Berlin 34 per cent of all advanced tuberculosis sufferers have not their own beds. The situation is even worse in many cities, notably Hamburg. Everywhere children sleep with tuberculous brothers, sisters or parents. Pages could be filled with such reports alone. That infant mortality from the white plague is increasing steadily is not to be wondered at. It is rather to be wondered at that it does not increase more rapidly, and the more so in view of the fact that underclothing, bed linen, soap and disinfectants are utterly out of the reach of a great part of these sufferers.

And they have long since ceased calling in or even visiting a doctor. It is a current grim jest in Germany that the poor to-day "die without any help from a physician." A surgeon told me recently:

"When they do finally come to me I can do nothing. They wait so long that their cases are hopeless from the start."

Endangered in health, weakened in body, the children of Germany are also weakened mentally. School teachers everywhere—even university professors—report a great decrease in power of concentration and a weakening of memory. The pupils exhibit uneasi-

Some Bavarian children in Munich are the recipients of much-needed food from an American Relief station

ness, abnormal sensitiveness and irritability, headaches, the loss of moral standards, mendacity, dishonesty and growing frequency of sexual offenses.

As if this were not enough, one finds moral degeneracy. More and more children have to be placed under guardianship. Hungry children beg and steal to get food; girls of tender age take the easiest way. Not in modern times has any other civilized state ever had such a nursery for criminals as famine has brought to what is left of the once great German Empire.

And hence Germany's youth—of the generation now on the threshold of manhood and womanhood and also the generation that will follow it—is in large part physically, mentally and morally inferior. Nor is this all. Along with the deficiency in quality comes a deficiency in quantity. The death-rate is rising and the birth-rate is falling. Before the war Germany had an excess of births over deaths of 600,000 to 700,000 and even more a year. Greater Berlin alone had 8,000 more deaths than births in 1922; the surplus for 1923 is at least 12,000. In the first week of November there were 804 deaths and only 638 births. The birth-rate of Berlin for that week was 9 per 1,000; it was 27, or just three times as much, in 1913. Probably no other city on earth ever recorded a birth-rate of 9 per 1,000. Incidentally, there were two deaths from starvation and twenty suicides.

I have been virtually alone among American writers in taking a darkly pessimistic view of Germany's future ever since the revolution of November, 1918, yet every pessimistic prophecy which I have made in these five years has been fulfilled. Mainly I have based my pessimism on political factors, but I disregard them here and base still more pessimistic prophecies on the developments and conditions I have described in this article.

Weakened physically, mentally, morally, and with birth-rate far below the death-rate, only a miracle can prevent Germany's descent to insignificance. This miracle I do not expect to see; there are no advance indications of it. Germany, as Æneas said of Ilium, "has been."

An English physician named Salesby, interviewed in December, 1918, said:

"When German parents are badly nourished or undernourished and half-starved, their progeny will be a correspondingly low-grade product, subject in high degree to all possible kinds of hereditary ailments. They will have very low powers of resistance against infection with tuberculosis will be possibly crippled, deformed or subnormal in size. *I look far ahead into Germany's future and assert that not only are tens of thousands of yet unborn Germans condemned in advance to a life of physical inferiority as certainly as if this condemnation had been decreed in a suit at law, but also that thousands of as yet unbegotten Germans will, when their time has come, face the same fate.*"

The only question to-day is: How much can be saved from the wreckage by feeding those who are suffering from the sins of their fathers? But in the best case the saying of A. G. Gardiner, former editor of the *London News*, is still true and will long be true:

"It is a tragedy to be born into the world to-day as a German child."

THE LITTLE WHITE SOUL

By DIXIE WILLSON

Illustrations by J. Rumsey Micks

LAST night I saw candle-light come up in Myra Kuff's cellar window. I saw Myra's shadow on her cellar wall. I was at my porch door to water my geraniums.

"Myra is down after cherry jam for me," I said to myself, and I put down my water can to watch if she wasn't.

The light moved along and came up to the kitchen, then went out, and in the wide white moonlight of my yard, I saw Myra Kuff coming with that cherry jam. I thought of one day I had heard her tell Parky she wouldn't sell him any for she had only one jar left, too precious to sell. But now she brought it across my yard to me.

"I'll cover those geranium tubs with green paper in the morning, Mrs. Larrimore," Myra said, and came up my front steps. "You have everything ready so beautiful, dear," and she put her arm around my shoulders.

I was glad Myra Kuff had come. Myra was so good. Like deep ripe grain, I always thought. Plain with her shoes and her dress and her straight hair—plain with her hands and the little house she lived in, but warm in her eyes and rich in her heart, like ripe grain that reminds you of fullness. I was so glad when she came last night.

I was *afraid* of my house last night, as you are afraid when a minute is coming you've waited and waited for. There is nothing to fear in all your life so much as making a real thing out of a dream.

We stood there in my doorway. The sky was all stars. My birch trees, quivering, were full of white shadows. My path was a silver band to the gate. The grass-bugs made a nothing of noise.

Myra Kuff brought my head to her shoulder.

"You're tired, aren't you?" she said. She kissed my forehead. "The gray coming into your hair is so pretty," she said. "Your fingers must be tired from sewing your curtains."

"No," I told her. "Mrs. Taylor sewed my curtains. She wanted to help with the fixing she said."

How good she was. She came yesterday and sewed and sewed and measured till dark. But the rosebud ones in the white new room I sewed myself. A room for a princess.

"Come in, Myra," I said. "Stay with me a little."

Myra laughed at me.

"You're young to-night," she said, "like when you came so long ago. That first day I saw you, you was so slim and little. My Rupert who works in the grocery was learning himself walking along the porch rail when you came up the path with Ed Stevens that day. Minnie and me watched you look at the place. I think of it yet—how your hat was so stylish. You was pretty then, but you're prettier now with gray in your hair." She patted my shoulder. "And you moved in next day. Minnie and me watched how funny you tried to wash them old windows. That's when I come over and brought you baked beans. Remember that day? Rupert wearin' his first shoes?"

I remembered that day. The world so strange to me. That day, too I had been afraid of my house. Myra Kuff had brought the first peace into my door. The first little something of what must come to make "house" into "Home." But that day I had kept my eyes away from her baby Rupert. I had thought

my heart would break to see her Rupert's little stiff new shoes.

"Those windows are gone now," I said—thinking. "The new French ones open out to my garden and out to my porch."

"You started your flowers a-growing that day," Myra remembered. "We set them in with Rupert's toy shovel. Now you're sendin' seeds as far as England, ain't you? That bowl of white lilies you brought to church Sunday was like angel wings in the pulpit. Reverend Bell told my husband you was the pride of the county. He said you had seven gardeners gettin' out stuff."

"Yes," I said, "there's so much to do now."

We went into my house—through my wide door together. I kept Myra's arm around me.

"Why, child, you ain't frightened," she laughed. "Are you *frightened?* A body'd never think to feel them cold fingers that you was this here Mrs. Larrimore everybody in Kingston looks at so wonderful! Let's make us some tea in your blue kitchen, shall we?"

We stood there in my hall. In the shadows, the white stairs went up like ghosts of stairs that wouldn't hold me if I wanted to go up to that new pale room to touch things again. Ghosts of stairs like the dreams of stairs I had had so long to go up to only a dream room.

"Myra, is to-morrow really coming?" I whispered, and put my hands into hers. She laughed at me.

"What a young thing you are," she said. "That jam I brought is for tea to-morrow. Don't forget where I left it—under your purple cypress."

I put on the light—a bowl full of amber.

"Oh," Myra said, "there's the big new chair from Boston!"

By the windows, the curtains blew out and back as if breath was in them. The leather chair was turned along by the table. I prayed that Myra wouldn't see the new copper tray there and laugh because already cigarettes were in it.

The rugs were so velvety and the room fragrant with the wild apple buds in a jar on the floor. It was like a dream house—so quiet, so cool and so beautiful. The yellow light caught itself on polished wood.

"Your new piano with three legs makes your room like the pictures of places," she said.

She put one finger on a little high tone, one finger more and one finger more.

"One time I could play 'Annie Laurie,'" she said, and she smiled a little. "Maybe she will learn me again, will she?"

"Yes, she will," I said. "They say she sings all day long,"

I shut my eyes and tried to stop the pain of my joy. Oh, it seemed I would die before last night would be gone. It seemed that a whole world passed in waiting—still nothing but time, and time's nothing.

We made tea. Myra went home. I brought in that jam and went to bed. I saw the stars fade out. I saw shadows of night turn into real things of daytime. Then I put on a pink dress and cut some fresh rosebuds to put in that new room upstairs where vases were waiting.

This morning I walked downtown for the newspaper I ordered to come from the city to-day, to be here in that big leather chair. I ordered it for every morning. I will go myself always and get it early.

Mrs. Linton came over and left a fresh cake in my pantry while I was gone. And so everything's ready—and here am I—waiting.

Just now the ghost of two arms came around me and held me. Who says there are *years* in the world—or waiting? There is nothing but love. There is nothing but love!

In one hour I will hear the train coming over the hill. I will stand in my door where buds are breaking through the trees nearby, and try to be quiet till my carriage comes in at the drive—till I shall see a little girl with long yellow braids coming up my path!

And I shall see a tall man coming, too. That man whose trust has been my strength through all these waiting years.

Tears are so hot. Life is grass in the wind of a prairie.

I must turn my collar down where the ghost of two arms just now folded it back the wrong way.

God help me through this happiness.

There was a little black-eyed gipsy who came to America once. Her eyes were dark as a night that reminds you of everything. Perhaps she was beautiful, perhaps not beautiful, but beautiful is the least. Taashka Vok was something more than beautiful. Her lips were scarlet with the red blood that made her heart beat. She was slim like a poppy stem, warm like a poppy heart, scarlet and tender and seeping with dreams.

When she was eighteen, in May, in the spring, she danced in the gardens of Castle Loraine. The dance of the "weebling bird," a bird in the gipsy woods crazy with the joy of flying.

Castle Loraine was out from the city. Blue-light spotlight made it a place you could see from the high road. You would see the tables and the shine of odd lanterns, like looking down at a mimic game of something. Little Monte Carlo. And if you had money enough you went down there with Taashka Vok and the rest of it.

Her dress, when she danced, was thin scarlet silk. Her hair was black, short black to her shoulders. She danced to a wild Roumanian thing of gipsy strings and singing voices. She wound red ribbons around her arms.

So quickly Life begins! When suddenly *all* comes out of *nothing*, we find there *is* no "nothing"—that every minute is full as eternity!

So once a man came to Castle Loraine, and sat at a table and ordered his food. That minute that man had nothing to hold him—nothing upon him to make his life weigh at all. Then came Taashka Vok dancing—Taashka with nothing, also—nothing but lights and the music. And so Taashka Vok and the man passed each other—her eyes and lips—her fingers like little soft words of caresses. That is how life begins—out of nothing.

Taashka lived in town in one room. Only a room with one chair and one window. She wore a short dress, dark blue, and a little silk cap made of scarlet that went with the flash of her eyes.

The man sent the waiter for Mr. Koovan.

"I want to meet the girl you have dancing here," he said.

Mr. Koovan sat down at the table.

"Yes, of course," he laughed. "So does everybody."

So Taashka came—like a little girl when the dancing was done. She had the blue dress on.

"Taakie," Mr. Koovan called, "I want you to meet a friend of mine here. Taakie, this is Barret, I told you about his New Year party."

The man who was Barret stood up and took Taashka's little hands.

"I don't know why I never saw you before," he said.

She was very little by how tall *he* was. His hair was light, and his eyes blue-gray, but he looked at you with *thought*, not with color.

"I would like to drive you home," he said.

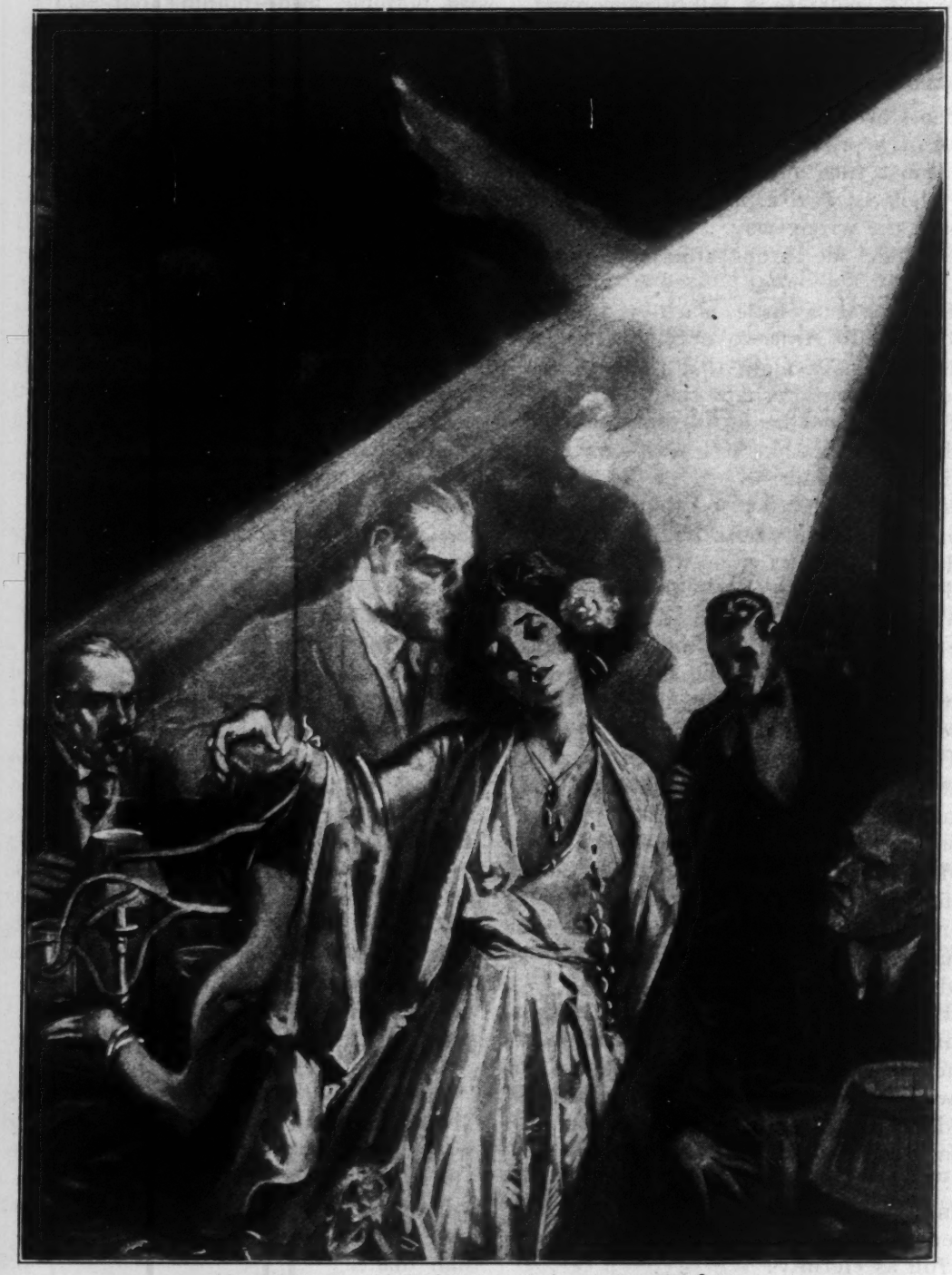
He drove Taashka home. It was a wonderful road. He watched her face, sweet in the night.

"You are like a little boy," he laughed. "You are like a boy out of Mother Goose, with your hair cut long, and your dress cut short."

"I *was* a little boy," she said, "when I drove my father's swine to feed. Some day I'll show you the picture an Englishman made."

So Barret's big car went to the little dark door of Taashka's house, and Taashka stood in the shadow and watched it go away in the old street.

One night he said, "Show me the Englishman's picture." So she did.



One night Taashka's feet lost their way on the floor
Two arms seemed to hold her once more

A long painted picture, red boots and torn trousers, bare knees and bare arms, and rags of a shirt and a stick and a whistle, and short black hair—swine grubbing under a crooked tree, and a sod-roof shed. A little boy Taashka in Romany hills!

Barret wanted that picture, so she gave it to him.

He wanted a kiss and she gave him

that, too. The kiss had been waiting before he had asked for it. He held her and held her. It is part of your bones and blood that some one comes at last like this. At night Barret would look down from the high road and see that little game of Monte Carlo. From up on the hill he would see the speck of Taashka Vok dancing, and he'd long for her warm little fingers in his. To Taashka herself it seemed she was dancing as far as the stars! It is part of you that some one comes at last like this. Then after a while the two of you, whoever you are, see only each other, with no hours at all but the hours that wait for the hours that *are*.

Every sound and shadow is the love that you feel. The music is different. The song is inside you. If a rose comes, you keep its petals like jewels. Dogs you do not know come to you then and nose in your hand because love makes you gentle till everything knows it.

One night he brought a paper down—a license for Taashka Vok and himself to marry.

She loved him—they married. They told only Koovan. Then they went to the mountains.

In January the snow drifted over that garden of Loraine. It filled the table legs where Koovan kept them outside. It made gray rat-tails out of lantern wires hanging. It made cold iron things where a garden used to be. The big porch packed up with wet gray snow. The road was down where nobody came—down in a wet, empty, lonesome woods. The windows and doors of the house were nailed with boards across, but Koovan lived in there with his wife and his servant all year long.

February cold made the place like a dead place. March only made it more bare and more empty. Taashka went down that road all alone in the heavy snow. She was so white and cold.

"You're sick," said a man hauling wood. "Do you know where you're going?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm all right."

She knocked at the door nailed with boards. An old woman came with a shawl and a flat face.

"Well," she said. "What?"

Taashka held on to the door.

"Is Koovan here?" she asked—shivering.

"Come in," the old thing said. "Yes, Koovan's inside."

Koovan always walked too hard on his heels, so Taashka heard him coming downstairs. She was afraid to look up when the door pushed open.

"Well, Taakie," he said. "How is it *you* are back again? Barret said you ran off with an old gipsy lover of yours and took your child with you."

Mrs. Koovan, little and chirping, came hurrying in.

"Oh, Taashka, my dear," she fluttered, "I've heard all about it. You shouldn't do that when Barret loved you so. You've been ill, my dear, haven't you? Ella warm up that broth for her."

Old Ella made broth. Mrs. Koovan held Taashka's hands and warmed them. Her hands were little rough hands now. Koovan sat and smoked.

"Barret's gone to South Africa to forget you," Koovan said, "if it's him you want to know about."

But Taashka didn't come to know about Barret.

"No," she said. "He wouldn't want me any more. I want to work in your house, in your kitchen, is all."

Her hair was fastened back close to her head. Ella looked with flat eyes at her. Mrs. Koovan uttered a quick little word of surprise. Koovan brushed his cigar ashes off.

"I'm sorry," he said after a while, "but Mrs. Koovan wouldn't need you, Taakie. Barret might take you again if you ask him."

Taashka shut her eyes as if to keep Koovan from seeing them.

"I—I don't know why I went," she said. "I—I love him so. Just a flash seemed to take me. I went back the same day, the very same day, but he had got my note, and left our little house

and gone away. But I can earn for Nonné myself."

She was quiet. The wind was cold against the window. Her dancing feet were heavy in wet shoes, but that was the least. She was more than beautiful just the same. Koovan looked sharply at her there in his chair.

"Will you—can you dance again?" he asked her.

She opened her eyes quickly.

"Oh, yes, Koovan," she told him. "I can dance *now* again. Nonné is good. I am strong."

He looked at Taashka. He looked at Mrs. Koovan.

"Mary, by thunder, Taashka's like a little light," he said. "Even now she lights the place!" He took a pencil out of his pocket. "I'm going to write Perkins to give her a try in that new Flamingo Club of his."

Ella took the broth away. Mrs. Koovan buttoned Taashka's jacket at the neck. Koovan wrote the note and gave it to her, and Taashka, with her hair pinned close, went back along the road where the summer had been—a little light, with the flame gone out.

At the Flamingo Club Marie John sewed up a pillow to lay in the corner of the floor for Nonné, while Taashka dressed and while she danced. Nonné—so good, with the big, wide blue eyes of her. Marie watched her little hands twisting with nothing. Marie dressed to sing in the same room with Taashka. Marie would keep Nonné while Taashka danced.

"Little white soul," she used to say. "*She* doesn't know."

Marie kissed little fingers and feet.

Taashka danced the love-death with tears in her eyes.

"How real she makes it!" every one said, and they'd call for more dancing.

"Dance the weebling bird!" they cried. But the tears never came out of Taashka's eyes, and who could dance the wild weebling with tears in her eyes!

She held little Nonné so close to her.

"Think of it, Marie, she's the breath of me!" Taashka would whisper. "My blood and myself in this living little body!"

"You look at each other one child to another," the old tray man used to say, and smile at them.

"Do you love Barret still?" Marie asked suddenly once. But who could give an answer to that? There *is* no answer. Love, when it's *love*, is not counted by changes. A dash of madness may come—but there is no edge to the world, no end to the year, no limit to life, no changing to love. Love, and you learn that, but you never learn in words that answer questions. Words are nothing. Words tell love as a mole sees the stars.

A man came to that place—red-faced, with heavy lips. His eyes were small and looked at you like animal eyes. Sometimes he came alone—sometimes with women who wore jewels. But always he sat close to where Taashka was, and looked at her and looked at her till she felt his eyes like hot words she couldn't get away from.

One night she heard him call Marie. He talked to her a long time across the table, with his little eyes like rat's eyes and his fingers tapping her shoulder.

Afterward Marie told Taashka the man was Lou Bronson and that his money had bought every woman he'd ever wanted. Taashka thought of his fat lips and thick fingers, and shivered as though even the thought of them could touch her.

Taashka used to carry Nonné home at night. To save money she walked and carried her through the streets. Then she'd rock in the dark, holding tight to those little hands.

Marie lived in Moscow. She had to go home. The night she went away Taashka held to her as if she were losing all in the world she trusted.

"Who can live without even *one* friend?" she said. "I'm afraid to wake up in the morning without you."

Marie kissed Taashka.

"I want to tell you something, dear heart," Marie said. "If it ever happens that you have no money—that Nonné is hungry, and there is no one to help you—here is something."

She wrote on a paper and gave it to Taashka. Here is what it said:

"Lou Bronson, 40 Bow Street."

Taashka looked up at Marie with her cheeks going red.

"What do you—mean?" she said, under her breath.

"*You* know," Marie told her. "He's crazy for you. He'd buy you the world. And if you're ever afraid that Nonné will be hungry——"

Taashka caught the baby into her arms, and pressed her hot face to the little head.

"Money like *that* shall never feed Nonné!" Taashka flashed. "I'll beg first!" And she crumpled up the paper—and hid her face and cried. The woman who checked coats came down.

"Shut up," she said. "Every one will hear you."

Marie went away and then the old tray man kept Nonné while Taashka danced. His old feet would tap and his old voice would sing.

"Hey diddle up, here's a pig for the market."

Taashka smiled at his old voice. Good old man! Little white soul! Taashka was ill. Every day she was ill, but she danced just the same and the man with the thick fingers came there and watched her, until one night suddenly her feet lost their way on the floor. First her fingers were cold. Her eyes seemed to stumble. Cold something ran over her. The drum sound came up. She caught at the streak of a light.

The old man sang and sang—his old cracked voice: "Hey diddle up, here's a pig for the market——" Nonné cried. Taashka tried so hard to reach her through the dark. "Dance weebling bird!" the people called and the drum boomed, and the lights had tails—"Hey diddle up, Ella give her some broth." She came with the broth, and then all of a sudden took Nonné away. Taashka screamed and she screamed—she ran and she ran, a long road in the woods, a long brick road at night, but she never caught Nonné. The old man laughed, sang and tapped with his feet—"here's a pig for the market"—a pig rooting under the shed. Red boots, sticks and whistles, wild Romany hills—hills. Two arms that held her and held her once more. Blue-gray eyes——

A room is dark sometimes. Sometimes there is no noise at all, but when Taashka wakened in a room that was dark, with curtains pulled down, there was a *little* noise. A little click-click. Somebody sitting, rocking—knitting. Marie? Not Marie.

"Where's Nonné?" Taashka cried, so sharp her voice was like a broken sound. The knitting somebody looked up, put down knitting and came to the bed—Taashka lay on white clean sheets.

It was a woman who was there—a sharp tall woman.

"Where's Nonné?" Taashka asked again, sharper than before.

"If you mean your baby," the woman said, "I'll get it. Don't scream yourself into a fever again."

She went out and Taashka heard voices talking across a hall, then the woman came back with that little white Nonné—so pretty, so good, little hands twisting nothing. Taashka caught her and held her, and held her! Who knows?

Her dress was dainty—white and soft. Her feet had silk shoes now. Little white buttons. The woman stood by. The floor had velvet carpets. The lights were shaded with rose-colored frost.

"Where is this?" Taashka asked. "Who are *you* to buy Nonné shoes?"

"You had this address on your paper," the woman said, "so they brought you here instead of to the almshouse." She made a little noise under her breath.

Taashka hid her face suddenly in that baby's dress—her fingers shutting over baby hands.

Taashka lay in that bed day after day. The woman was a nurse. She would bring Nonné in for Taashka to hold. Taashka so weak, so sick. What could she say? *Taashka* could go out and die —but *Nonné* must live.

"I am getting stronger now," Taashka told herself. "I will dance now—I will."

But who sings with a voice? A voice is only strings in a box. Strings in boxes can't sing. Who dances with feet? Bones and skin can't dance. It is *heart* sings—*heart* that dances—and Barret was gone! Barret was gone. Life was over. Only life was not over for Nonné.

Days go into weeks and months as easily as toy blocks build up.

Nonné's little feet tumbled all over the house. She would tangle her fingers in Taashka's hair. She called Taashka "Mother-er," little voice holding on to it —baby-like. When Taashka waggled her nose in Nonné's neck, Nonné laughed and squirmed. Taashka's life was only for Nonné to say "Mother-er" from one time to the next. Of other voices she was hardly conscious.

Once it was October evening with the lights just on. Nonné pattered white shoes to the window—to the big arm-chair, to the little table of crackers and milk. Taashka curled in the cushions and watched every line of her yellow soft curls.

The door was open. Some one's shadow from outside came across the floor. Nonné looked up. Little feet tumbled to Taashka—climbed into her arms. Taashka's heart stopped beating. Her hand caught her lips. Barret!

His face was stern. Oh, those blue-gray eyes like Nonné's! That line like the line in Nonné's chin!

"Koovan told me where to find you," he said. He did not smile—he did not come to her.

He shut the door, came in and sat down. He looked at the baby staring from Taashka's arms.

Her eyes begged pity. Love never changes.

"I—was sick," she pleaded. "Nonné was hungry. A girl wrote this address on a paper—they brought us here, you see, when I——"

"And you've kept her here—two years. Why didn't you send her to me?"

How could you send away your own heart? Taashka shivered. Nonné, frightened, came closer against her.

Barret looked at Nonné sharply.

"Well," he said, "she can't stay *here*. I'll take her and tell mother all of it."

A scream of pain in Taashka's eyes.

"*Take* her!" she cried. For a minute her senses were gone—were out of her. Then she dropped her face into Nonné's neck. Nonné laughed. "Mother-er" she squirmed.

"Let me see her," he said after a little silence.

He came to Taashka and held out his arms. If only he'd been holding them for Taashka once more! Nonné looked at him, questioning, when he took her. His hand touched Taashka's arm, but he drew it away. He carried Nonné to the window. He took his watch out of his pocket and held it to her ear and she smiled. She took the watch in her little fingers and laughed and petted his face with it. Taashka, through a hundred times of life and death, sat still and watched them.

"You can see it will be best if I take her," he said at last. "Don't be foolish, Taashka. If you love her, you'll do what is right."

"It's her bedtime," Taashka said sharply. "Give her to me."

Barret sat while Taashka undressed her, Nonné, laughing and playing with Taashka's long earrings. She wrapped her in a blanket and carried her away. She could not believe this hour was happening! That the hour of Barret's coming should be—this! Words tell love as a mole sees the stars!

When she came back, he was stern.

"Get your coat, Taashka," he said. "I want to take you somewhere."

So she went with him out in the night. His car was there. They drove through

the park, along the river, and at last came to a stone gate—a driveway—a house with long shaded windows.

"I'll talk," he said. "Keep yourself together now."

They went in. Lights in beads and chains reflected on polished floors. Soft rich rugs—a fragrance of luxury. A servant, a man, took Barret's hat and some books he had. A tall lovely woman came hurrying to meet them. Barret kissed her, so gently.

"Mother, I've brought some one," he said. "To-day I met the little girl who posed for that swineherd picture of ours. Think of that! I wanted her to come home and have dinner with us."

The mother was beautiful—young and so like him—like Nonné.

"My *dear!*" she cried. *"Really?"*

She drew Taashka into the light, and looked at her.

"Yes, it *is,"* she said. *"Think* of that!"

She led her to one end of the long room. In a glow from hidden lights—red boots, ragged trousers, swine rooting under a crooked tree—a little boy Taashka in Romany hills. Tears burned Taashka's throat! Could she stand there and bear it! The mother looked at one Taashka and the other.

"Just think of your really finding her," she smiled. "That little wild gipsy!"

Taashka sat for dinner at a white linen table, attended by quiet servants. There were rose lights, long polished floors; Barret—his mother—that was all. But she could hear little feet patting over those floors, fair little hands, thin spider-web frocks—this mansion for home——

She said good-by to the mother. They drove through the park again till they stopped at an inn somewhere by the river. They sat at a table in the shadows alone.

"You see," he said, "my home is where she belongs."

"But she's *mine!"* Taashka said. "I won't give her up!"

Suddenly Barret pushed back his chair and reached for her hands.

"Taashka, help me keep you," he said, his voice breaking till it was only a whisper. "Give the baby to me and go away—go away. Put a pride in my name again. Go somewhere till simple sweet people will love and respect you, make your hands clean again, and the day of my life will be when I can bring Nonné back to—her mother. I'll give you money to start—but don't tell me where you are, till you're ready for me. Then tell me, and we'll come to you."

Hearts are stars in the night of the world.

They went back to 40 Bow Street. Barret stood outside the door. Lou Bronson had come home, but Taashka slid past the big room where the crowd was at dinner, upstairs to where Nonné was sleeping—so little, so warm, a big watch in her fingers, a blanket to wrap her in—soft yellow curls. Who knows!

Downstairs past that room again.

"Where's Taakie to-night?" she heard some one asking. "The table seems empty!"

She opened the big door softly, out into the street. There was no light by the door, but one at the corner. Barret took that pink blanket bundle. He bent forward to Taashka and kissed her. She watched him cross the street, then she pulled Bronson's door shut and heard the lock click behind her, and she smiled because she had left the key inside.

That Taashka Vok was I. By the light at the corner I saw Barret Larrimore go away with my white little child in his arms.

Now, through the desert of years, the day we began that night has come! In one hour a little girl with long yellow braids will be coming up my path!

God help me through this happiness!

NEW WONDERS OF AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

What the "Eyes of Army" Are Revealing About Regions Hitherto Unseen

By CORLEY MCDARMENT

COMMERCIAL aerial photography has taken a great rise in the United States during the past year, due largely to the examples furnished by the Air Service of the United States Army. The Air Service has made mosaics of several cities, notably Washington, D. C., and these pictures have been widely displayed. This has had its favorable reaction in the way of increasing interest in aerial photography, for by comparing an ordinary map of a city with an aerial photograph, the photograph wins in the first round.

The matter, however, has become a boomerang to the Air Service Headquarters at Washington, for every city councilman who has laid eyes upon one of these maps seems to have decided that his city or town must be mapped from the air, and as a consequence the office of the Chief of Air Service is swamped by requests from places throughout the country for airplanes, aviators, mechanics and cameras to come and map a city. Sometimes requests are made for a whole country to be mapped. This has led to no little embarrassment, since it is impossible to accede to such requests, for several very important reasons.

First, the Air Service has neither the funds nor the personnel to carry on such work on a large scale.

Second, several commercial aerial photographic companies are striving to get upon a sound business basis by making aerial maps, and for the Government through the Air Service to make these maps and give them away, would be manifestly unfair, as it would be entering into competition with civilian companies. The Air Service cannot charge for these pictures and this creates a big demand for them.

Moreover, the Air Service is desirous of having as many civilians trained in the art of aerial photography as possible, in order that these civilians might be called into Government Service, should a national emergency arise.

The great importance of aerial photography in warfare was demonstrated near the close of the Great War. The French and British armies maintained aerial photographic units, and before big drives they frequently made mosaic maps, showing the contour and all other important elements of the terrain. Frequently these aerial maps of enemy territory showed gun emplacements that could not be detected with the naked eye. It is claimed that the giant gun that bombarded Paris was discovered by an aerial photograph.

One very famous hoax of the enemy was discovered by aerial photographs. The Germans had made a fake airdome and painted a formation of airplanes on the ground. Allied aviators seeing this interesting target naturally took it for the real thing, as everything looks flat from great altitudes, and began to bomb it. The first Allied airplane pilots who saw it, dropped their bombs and hurried away for obvious reasons, without waiting to see what damage was done. A few hours afterward other Allied planes flying over saw the same target, and likewise bombed it.

Later they all got together and, from the story of an observation pilot who did not bomb, concluded that nobody had hit the target for it was still intact after the last ones had bombed. Other bombing missions went out and bombed it, but observers reported "no change." Photo-

Official Photograph, U. S. Army Air Service

Putting a mosaic map together at the U. S. Army School of Aerial Photo-Reconnaissance at Langley Field, in Virginia

graphic planes were sent out to take pictures of this unusual flock of airplanes that bombs affected no more than water affects a duck's back. When the aerial photographs were carefully examined, it was discovered that the airplanes *cast no shadow,* although the pictures were taken at 3:00 p. m.

So great has the value of aerial photographs become to real estate dealers and prospective purchasers in the United States, judging from the demand made upon the Air Service, that a great future is predicted for the occupation of aerial photography. It is very probable that in the future deeds will have aerial photographs of property attached. These would surely be a safeguard for the purchaser of property "sight unseen," as it would give him a chance to see if what he bought was in the water or—in the air.

In addition to routine training, the Army Air Service has performed many special missions for Federal agencies and for other arms of the service.

The mosaic of the city of Washington mentioned above was completed for the District Engineer.

A mosaic of the Fort Leavenworth reservation covering an area of 1200 square miles, was made for military purposes.

For use in connection with river and harbor work for the Engineer Corps, the Air Service made vertical and oblique photographs, or mosaics of twenty-three ports on the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf Coasts. Many coast defenses have been photographed from the air and all the secret guns and other paraphernalia that have always been carefully guarded from the eyes of the non-military world show up like a sore thumb in the picture. And there is no way for one country to prohibit another from taking pictures of fortifications, unless the forts are protected by aircraft. Aerial views which have been secured of fifty-two forts, camps and depots throughout the United States, and in our insular possessions, have been made for the government.

For the Veterans' Bureau, the Air Service photographed nine of the larger hospitals under control of the Bureau.

Twelve hundred and fifty square miles of the Reelfoot Lake area and the vicinity of Nashville and Memphis, Tennessee, were covered for the Geological Survey. Due to the nature of the terrain, especially around Reelfoot Lake, the accomplishment of this survey by ground methods would have been practically impossible.

The only maps ever made of the Salt Creek-Teapot Dome government oil field in Wyoming were taken from a 350 square mile aerial mosaic produced by the Air Service in November, 1922.

The most extensive project of the year was the photographing of the 1600 square miles of Los Angeles County, California. By the use of these photographs, the Geological Survey will accomplish in a few months a map revision of that section which would have re-

Official Photograph, U. S. Army Air Service

The eyes of the Army—group of aerial photographers attaching cameras to airplanes before starting on a mapping trip

Official Photograph, U. S. Army Air Service

The peculiar rows of vegetation extending above the surface of Reelfoot Lake disclosed by this aerial photograph have created much interest among scientists

quired three years by ground methods. With tri-lens camera, the photographs were taken in seven and one half hours actual flying time.

In September, a remarkable photograhic mission was conducted by Lieutenants J. A. Macready and A. W. Stevens. These two officers secured official approval to make a flight through the heart of the Rocky Mountains and take photographs, and then to go on to California and take pictures of the sun during the eclipse of September twelfth. It was intended to ascend to a height of 20,000 feet and photograph the moon's shadow, which would travel over the face of the earth at the speed of 33 miles a second. From their altitude the shadow would have been easily observed for a few seconds, which would have been ample time to make photographs. Dense clouds, however, prevented any photographs of this phenomenon.

An interesting thing occurred while the aviators were about 16,000 feet in clouds, at the time the eclipse came on. Lieutenant Macready was flying by instruments through the thick mist, and

Official Photograph, U. S. Army Air Service

Magnificent Yellowstone Falls — one of the beauty spots of the West — as seen from an airplane

the shadow came on so suddenly producing midnight darkness that before he could accustom his eyes to the blackness the airplane temporaily got out of his control and fell several hundred feet.

Macready and Stevens obtained some 1700 remarkable photographs of Rocky Mountain scenes that had never before been looked upon by man. Many of these photographs have no real estate or military value, but they serve to show what "America First" looks like from the air, thereby popularizing the new and profitable and highly useful occupation of Aerial Photography.

TWO ARABIAN KNIGHTS

By DONALD MCGIBENY

Illustrations by Douglas Duer

THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

When Wallace Dangerfield Phelps, disinherited nephew of a multimillionaire, and Peter Aloysius O'Gaffney, soldier of no fortune, find themselves without funds or the prospect of funds after a sea voyage to distant Syria, they refuse to worry about the state of their exchequer. But when Phelps rescues from drowning a beautiful Syrian girl and later offers to pay for her passage to Kieff, the situation grows desperate.

However, Peter the Resourceful appropriates money from a Greek whom he has caught going through Phelps' papers—and the girl is saved from the captain's insults. Anis Bin Adham is the daughter of a notable of Kieff and is affianced to a Turkish youth whom she dislikes. Phelps finds in her dark beauty and tragic love affair an appeal to his chivalry and soon falls in love with her, though the girl warns him that he cannot hope to see her again.

On leaving the boat, the two Americans are met by a friendly Englishman, who pretends to have known them before and invites them to dinner — which, to their dismay, he fails to pay for. Again Pete saves the day, by paying the bill with cigar coupons in lieu of cash. As they depart from the café a dagger is sent whizzing after them, but misses its mark. Realizing that they are in danger, they decide to leave Kieff, on foot. Next day they enter a coffee-house for breakfast and there two Turkish officers object to Peter's table manners. The younger officer slashes Pete with a riding crop and Phelps leaps to his friend's side, knocking down the officer.

The Americans find themselves fighting for their lives. Defending themselves with chairs against the hostile crowd, they make a dash for the entrance and, once outside, mount two horses tethered there and gallop away. In their excitement they ride back to Kieff, where they decide to seek protection at the American consulate. In order to avoid interception, they separate and Phelps arrives at the consulate alone.

To his astonishment, the consul tells him that his uncle has died and has left him his entire fortune. While they are talking, the Turkish officer calls to see the consul and Phelps discovers that he is Shevket Bey, Anis' fiancé. Shevket, who is a skilled swordsman, challenges Phelps to a duel. The consul tries to persuade the American to leave Syria at once, but Phelps refuses to go without Pete and without assuring himself that Anis is safe. The consul promises to find Pete and to talk with Anis' father, and Phelps goes to a hotel to wait for news. Soon after his arrival at the hotel, he learns that Pete is in jail and rushes to the cazerne to see him. But he is unable to obtain any information and he goes again to the consulate.

Meanwhile the consul returns from an unsatisfactory interview with Anis' father and Phelps insists on going with him to the Bin Adham home. There they see Bin Adham and and his two brothers. Phelps, through the consul, asks permission to marry Anis and the request brings down upon him the wrath of the three Turks. In the midst of their outburst, Shevket Bey comes into the room and draws a revolver, which he points at Phelps.

"SO, thou presumptive fool, thou ill-conceived wretch!" Shevket exclaimed. "Dog—son of a dog, whose mother gave birth to thee too soon and died of fright at sight of thee. I cannot believe the testimony of mine eyes."

"Put up that gun, Shevket!" the consul commanded.

"Hush fat one!" Shevket answered, in murderous temper. "Unless you, too, wish a piece of steel through your bloated carcass. Oh, if there were only some way to make this moment last. I grudge killing thee, for, once done, I cannot kill thee again and again."

"Put up that gun!"

The consul stepped between Shevket and myself, bellowing in red-faced fury as he pointed to the weapon. With the lithe agility of an aroused tiger, Sadich leaped to the consul's side and drew the bright blade of his scimitar from its sheath.

"Bin Adham," Preston snapped, "I am the guest of thy hospitality. On thy head and eyes be my safety and the safety of my brother."

I moved around to the consul's side, but he shoved me roughly behind him, muttering:

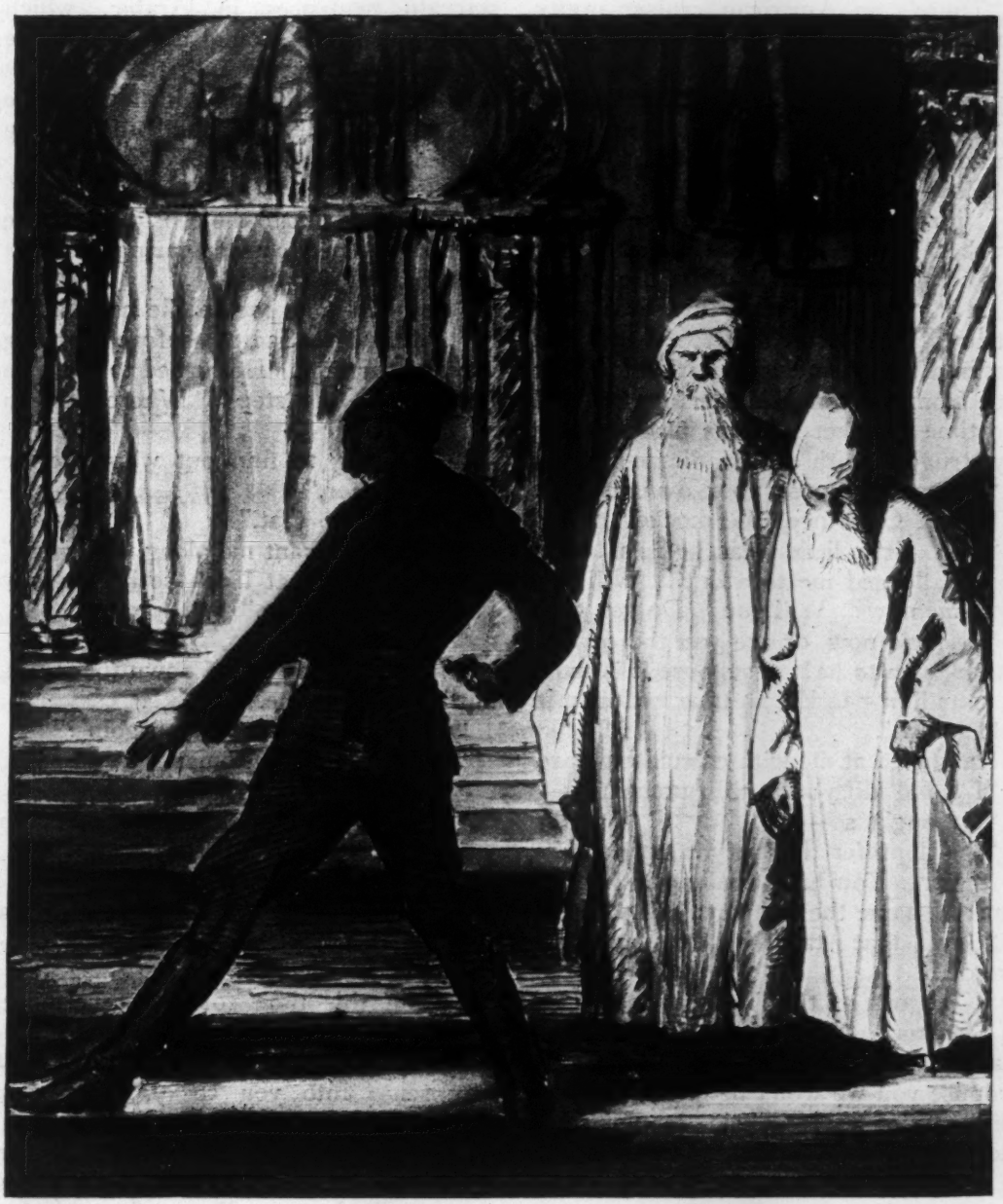
"Stay back o' me, you idiot!"

"Put up that gun!" The consul stepped between Shevket and the American, Sadich leaped to the consul's side and drew

"He hath offered to take thy bride off thy hands," cackled Bin Adham's emaciated brother, driving Shevket to desperation. "Having spit upon thee and reviled thee and ravished thee of thy possession, he would fling the insult in thy teeth for life."

"The insult shall be repaid tenfold!" Shevket promised bitterly, through clenched teeth.

"O—*la-ilaha-illa-'llah*" the emaciated elder chanted. "Hath the words of the prophet been forgotten, where he enjoins death to Infidels. Is there no such word as 'vengeance'? Truly, brother, thou dost love thy devil-brat better than honor, better than name, better than religion, itself, if thou dost not wipe out the stain of her disgrace with her blood and the blood of this stinkard, her lover."



bellowing in red-faced fury as he pointed to the weapon. With lithe agility, the bright blade of his scimitar from its sheath

"Put that gun back in your pocket!" shouted Preston again.

Shevket moistened his lips, still holding the gun motionless.

"I have finished with one. I shall finish with the other before the sun sets."

"What do you mean, you finished with one?" demanded the consul.

"That you will find out soon enough."

"Remember thy oath—thy sacred promise!" Bin Adham's elder brother reiterated.

Abu Bin Adham nodded his head, looking straight ahead of him with the lacklustre eyes of a maniac.

"Oh, confound their dirty souls!" the consul spat, in English. "Shevket, if you've done anything to that American——"

"What have they done to Pete?" I cried.

"There's an American cruiser pretty close here——"

"What have they done to Pete?" I repeated, shaking Preston by the arm.

"I don't know—killed him, I'm afraid."

"You——"

I jumped forward, but the consul grabbed me and almost wrenched my arm off as he flung me back of him again. A red mist was before my eyes as I pictured them torturing Pete as they had tortured that Armenian. I tried to break free from the consul's interference. All the time Shevket held his place, eyeing my struggles with cold vindictiveness.

"You may choose your own moment of death, O Prince," he mocked.

"You dirty little beast! Last night you challenged me to a duel. Will you meet me now? Will you? Do you dare to meet me now, or are you the coward I think you to be? I suppose it is more to your liking to kill an unarmed man in cold blood."

He looked at me with calculating gaze.

"I could kill you at this moment——"

"I thought so——"

"But I prefer to give you opportunity to suffer. You have challenged *me* this time. I name the weapons. Rapiers."

"Stop that talk!" Preston commanded.

"Keep out of this!" I snapped, then to Shevket: "I'll be at the Hotel Ottoman, in my room, at five o'clock. I'll promise you we won't be interfered with until one of us is killed. Is that satisfactory?"

His look was suspicious.

"You will be alone?"

"I will be alone!"

"Very well, *monsieur,* I shall delay killing you until then."

He put the revolver back into his tunic and stepped aside. I was so certain that one of the four would kill me before I reached the door that I purposely walked straight for the group of them. I rather believe that Shevket, himself, saved me from the fury of the Bin Adham family. He muttered a few staccato sentences in Arabic, which made them give ground and permit me to pass. I was well into the court before Preston caught up with me. As he did so, the distant sound of wailing women reached our ears.

We walked out to the consulate vehicle in silence, the consul gazing straight ahead of him.

"You can take me to the consulate," he muttered to Sadich, before climbing into the carriage. He turned to me with his foot on the step. "Where do you want to go?"

"I'm going to find out what they've done to Peter."

"I'll tend to that."

"You don't want me along with you?"

"I can't say that I do—seein' the way you ball things up."

"Very well."

I left him and started down the street, but he called to me.

"Come here! Where you goin'?"

"To the Hotel Ottoman."

"Climb in this carriage!"

"I thought you didn't want me with you."

"I'll take you as far as the hotel."

For several blocks he didn't say a word, but the strain of so much suppressed fury was too great.

"From this time forth, forevermore, amen, I'm through," he suddenly exploded. "No use ever tryin' to shoot any sense into you cocky Americans. Won't listen to advice. Say: 'I'm goin' to do this—I'm goin' to do that,' even when a person who's lived here thirty years tells 'em they'll get into trouble doin' it. Contrary, obstinate, bullheaded. I hope you enjoy the mess you've got yourself into, 'cause by Godfry, you're goin' to have to get your self out of it with no help from me."

"All right," I snapped—for my nerves had been rasped to the breaking point.

I saw the flush deepen on his cheeks and the muscles of his jaw clench tight. At once, I was sorry.

"Excuse me, Mr. Preston. I'm sorry

for what has happened, but I had to go there. After getting that child into all of this trouble, you wouldn't have had me lay back and not even try to help her."

"That's exactly what I wanted you to do."

"Well, I couldn't do it."

"It didn't help the girl ary bit—I knew it wouldn't—an' you're in a tighter fix than she is, if you want to know it. Why in blazes did you act the way you did? I told you Shevket was the best swordsman in Syria. He's got you right by the short hair, an' I don't see how I can help you."

"I don't need any help, thank you."

"Like fun you don't! You need more'n I can give you. If you fight Shevket, you're the same as dead, right now."

"He's not going to have as easy a time as you think. I know something about fencing," I retorted.

The consul gave a snort of disgust.

"There you go! You certainly ain't no shy little violet when it comes to ego. Listen! Fencin' is pretty close to the national sport over here, an' Shevket is the best in the country. When you say you know somethin' about fencin', you're talkin' ping-pong while I'm talkin' tennis."

"I'm no worse off than when I was standing there in that room with a gun, in the hands of a crazy man, pointed at my stomach."

"The dickens you ain't!" Preston barked. "Shevket wasn't goin' to shoot that gun—not while I was there. He's no fool. He knew what trouble he'd get into. Besides, they was so many easier ways to get rid o' you—pizon an' sech like, that don't leave no trace. That happens every day. You got just one chance for your white alley."

"What's that?" I asked.

"I don't suppose they's any use tellin' you, 'cause you won't do it."

"I'll do anything but one thing."

"That Eyetalian boat will pull into port at four o'clock. You get on her as soon as she drops anchor an' stay on her till she leaves."

"That's the one thing I can't do."

We drove into the street of the Ottoman Hotel. At my answer, the consul sank back into his seat with an expression of bitter disgust.

"This ain't the time to stand on any highfalutin' notions o' honor."

"I'm not thinking of myself," I answered, "or honor or pride. I'm thinking of just one thing—Peter. From what Shevket said, they've done something to him, and from his expression as he said it, that something must be pretty bad. You, yourself, confessed they had probably killed him. I must know what they've done. I count on you to find out and to tell me about it. That's all I ask. I wish you would let me go with you."

"I can do better by myself."

"Very well—but if you expect me to run away from the cowardly beast that killed or tortured my best friend, you're talking to the wrong man—and I don't care how good a swordsman Shevket is."

We drove up in front of the Hotel Ottoman. Sadich jumped to the ground even before the carriage stopped, and shoved every native and beggar away from the door. He slapped at them with his open hand and kicked at them with his slippered feet. Then, swiftly, he ran back and stood in attendance at the carriage steps.

"Son, I admire your spunk, but it's plumb idiotic, under the circumstances. I still have hopes of bringin' you to your senses an' gettin' you on that boat. I warn you, there's goin' to be no duel if I can help it, but I can't do nothin' unless you quit bein' pig-headed, an' agree to do as I say."

"You mean, about the boat?"

"Either that or come up to the consulate an' stay."

I shook my head.

"I'm sorry. If I'm alive at six o'clock to-night, I'll take that boat at ten, but at five o'clock I must be in my room.

Will you find out about Peter O'Gaffney, sir, and let me know, at once?"

"Yes. I'm goin' right to the cazerne now. If he's there or if he's been there, I'll find out. Look here, if this fellow O'Gaffney ain't been hurt, if I bring him to the hotel safe an' sound, will you drop everything an' climb on that boat?"

"Do you think there's a chance of that?" I appealed to him. "Do you think he's safe?"

"No, I don't. I think the chances are 'bout a hundred to one the other way, but if he is all right, if they haven't done nothin' to him, will you get outa here an' go home?"

I thought a moment, then replied:

"There's still the girl to think of."

At that, Preston blew the roof clear off.

"Hell's bells, I'm done! No more use tryin' to move you than to lift the Statue o' Liberty with one hand. Sadich——"

The consul talked rapidly, in Arabic, to the handsome Arab, who listened attentively. I grew suspicious and interrupted their colloquy.

"Remember that I promised Shevket I would be alone."

"I ain't forgettin'," snorted the consul. "Another fool trick. Just the same, whether you like it or not, I'm leavin' Sadich here with you. You can get rid of him at five o'clock, if you insist on bein' a complete idiot, but before then I want you to set down an' write out a note explainin' that I did my dumbdest to keep you f'm committin' suicide an' that you take complete responsibility for your actions. Give that note to Sadich! Hear?"

"Aren't you coming back to tell me of Peter?"

"If I don't come back, I'll get word to you."

He said a few more words to Sadich, then ordered the coachman to drive on.

Up the steps of the hotel and through the lobby, where several Europeans were drinking, Sadich kept right to my heels, but when we had mounted to my room, he drew abreast of me, bowed low and asked for the key to my chambers.

"I have no key," I answered. "The door is unlocked."

His glance was horrified. As I started to step past him, he stopped me with a gesture of deference.

"When the lion is away, jackals take possession of the lion's cave."

He tiptoed softly to the door and listened. As I noted the widening of his eyes and the "I told you so" manner in which he straightened up and nodded to me, I approached the door with caution. I could hear the subdued murmur of voices on the other side. With a magnificent gesture, Sadich grasped the handle of his scimitar, threw open the door and strode inside.

CHAPTER XII

"Ya khara! Out of this place, dog-spittle!" thundered Sadich as he drew his flashing blade. A figure scuttled into the bedroom as Bruce-Smith cowered back toward one of the windows, dropping his monocle to the floor.

"That's all right, Sadich. I know this man," I intervened.

At the sound of my voice, Bruce drew himself up, recovered his monocle in a dignified manner, screwed it into his eye and glared at the Arab.

"I should rather think so, wot—wot? Beastly beggar! Gave me a turn, drawin' a sword and swankin' in that way. Heart weak—no good since Ladysmith."

"Who is that in my bedroom, Bruce?"

He paid no attention to my question, but paced up and down, frowning indignantly at Sadich, who had taken up a position near the closed door.

"Thought it was the police—only consular thing-um-bob—threatenin' a gentleman. Sha'n't get over it soon."

The tattered figure of Jemmy came to the door and peeked out.

"Oh, it's only you," I sighed. For one wild minute I had hoped it was some one else.

The queer tatterdemalion shuffled into the room, his hat pulled clear over his eyes, danced on one foot around the furniture, caromed off a chair close to me and suddenly clasped me around the neck. I tried to push him off, but the more I struggled the tighter he clung. For an old man, he had a prodigious amount of strength. Sadich moved toward us from the door. In an instant I remembered Shevket and sensed that it was a plot. It wasn't the decrepit Jemmy who was choking me. With my free hand, I succeeded in ripping off the battered hat.

"Pete!"

"Never said a truer word—truer word was never spoke," he laughed.

All I could do was hold tight to him and pound him on the back. Never in my life have I been so glad to see any one. I couldn't speak for the lump in my throat. Like two frolicsome cubs, we wrestled around the room, pounding each other.

In our joyful tussle, we toppled over a chair and crashed to the floor. In so doing, I banged my head against the chair leg, which brought me to my senses. For a moment we sat there, gasping for breath, then climbed to our feet.

"Pete, Pete!" I threw my arm over his shoulder. "What did they do to you? They didn't hurt you, Pete?"

"Nothin' but me feelin's."

"But Shevket said——Pete, they made me think you were dead."

"That's what *he* said—mebbe they had sumpin' like that in mind."

"But where have you been?" I demanded.

"In jail."

"Then it *was* you they took last night?"

"No other. They're a bad lot, Duke. Don't ever have anything to do wit' 'em."

"But, Pete, didn't they do anything to you?"

"Nope. The big noise was gonna be put on this afternoon."

"What do you mean?"

"They was gonna gimme what they call a 'basket a nuts'."

"Bastinado," explained Bruce.

"But we fooled 'em—didn't we, kid?" Pete grinned at the Englishman.

"I think you may rather say so," Bruce answered, coming over to me with outstretched hand. "How are you, and all that sort of thing? Just heard the rippin' news—funds, lucre, wealth, riches—wot? Now we can do all sorts of jolly things."

"Is it true, Duke?" asked Pete.

"Apparently so. But tell me how you got out of jail!"

"How much did the old bird leave you?"

"All of it. But, Peter, what I want to know——"

"Kin you beat this egg?" Pete gasped, turning to Bruce. "His uncle leaves him seven million berries, an' all you kin get out of him is: 'Apparently so' an' 'All of it,' just as if it was on'y a couple thousand. Seven million——Oh, fer the lova Mike, don't wake me up!"

"My word!" Bruce smiled. "Why, that is—that is over a million pounds."

"G'wan, it's over a million tons!" responded Pete.

Again Bruce grasped my hand and shook it.

"What about some dear old luncheon—eh, wot?"

I was starving.

"An' some liquor," Pete amended, "this thing has to be celebrated proper."

"Now, see here!" I intervened. "I'll have all the lunch you want brought up to this room——"

"An' some liquor," from O'Gaffney.

"And some liquor——"

"Champagne—this thing has got to be did right."

"All right, we'll have champagne, but I insist you tell me everything that happened to you, Peter. Particularly, how you got out of jail."

"You ain't kiddin' us, are you, Duke?"

"About what?"

"'Bout the seven million smackers."

"No, it's perfectly true."

"I must see about a new wardrobe and my passage to England," Bruce announced thoughtfully.

I loved the Englishman's calm assumption that what was mine was his. I didn't know then how deeply I was indebted to him. As I walked over to the bell-rope, Pete suggested:

"Make that three quarts of champagne, a quart of rye an' a bucket of beer. We got to do this thing right."

I stopped with my hand on the cord.

"Are you going to tell me what they did to you? If you don't, I won't order anything."

"For the lova heaven, don't get snooty. We'll tell you," said Pete, jumping to his feet.

"The story is yours, old thing—just summon a servant for the order," Bruce insisted.

"Who's the Shriner you brung in wit' you? What about sendin' him after some grub?"

"He's my bodyguard," I explained and pulled the bell-cord.

I stretched out in a chair, feeling a momentary chill as I remembered that in something less than three hours, Shevket and I would face each other. Pete was sitting in another chair with his feet crossed on top of the center table. Bruce paced up and down the room, frowning at Sadich every time he passed him.

"What's the idea of a bodyguard?" asked Pete.

"Just an idea of the consul's," I replied. "Go on with your story!"

"Well, here's the dope," Pete commenced. "When I left you, that gang was after us. I run along, hopin' to come to some place where I could hide, but wit' no luck. Just as I gets close to some stairs, leadin' up to the street, I heard the mob of 'em comin' my way, so I run straight out over the rocks to where the ocean was. As soon as I see their lights, I duck down to me hands an' knees an' scuttle along like a crab for a little piece, till I come to a hole wit' a lota sea water in it. I jumps into that an' sit in water up to me neck until the chase dies down a bit. I seen the excitement where you was, Duke, an' I thought they had you sure. I come near climbin' outa me hole to help you, but I figgers it won't do no good to have both of us in jail. If you was took, I'd be more use on the outside lookin' in.

"When I thought it was O. K., I clumb outa me hiding' place an' walked about a mile, fallin' into water holes an' stumblin' over rocks, till I gets down pretty near to the breakwater. There was some more steps down there, an' I find meself on a street where they ain't many people. I made a break for the consulate, takin' a roundabout way, an' was just passin' through a kind of park, close to where I left the horses yestiddy mornin', when I bumps into five or six of them gendarmes. I tried to make a get-away, but there was one of 'em who could run better'n me. I was winded f'm the runnin' I'd already did."

There was a knock on the door, which Sadich answered. A Syrian waiter came into the room and I ordered luncheon for three. Peter saw to it that his part of the order was not forgotten. After the man had gone, Pete continued:

"We had a battle, but they was too many for me. I seen they was only waitin' for me to get real rough, to blow me outa the water, so after a bit I played good doggie an' give in to 'em. While they was draggin' me down to the hoosgow, Bruce, here, seen me an' thought he oughta do sumpin' about it."

"Naturally," Bruce put in. "Couldn't be stood—filthy Turks! Do much more for a friend."

"I wisht you'd seen the place they took me to," said Pete.

"I did," I replied. "I went down there the first thing this morning, looking for you."

"You wasn't downstairs in the basement?"

"No. They wouldn't let me down there."

"Then you ain't seen nothin'. They's about twelve cells downstairs in that place, Duke, would give you the creeps

to see. They's people in all of 'em, on'y you can't rightly call 'em people. They ain't that. They used to be, but they ain't now. Sick-lookin' scare-crows, most of 'em plumb nutty. The women an' kids is the worst, cryin' an' whimperin', all night long—an' no wonder. Not that they disturbed me sleep none—what wit' a coupla million bugs gettin' the first taste a white meat they had for a long time—but it sure makes you sick to hear 'em. Some of 'em musta been there since before the war. An' the smell—holy cat! You gotta admit, when we was fightin' the Heinies, the front line trenches wasn't no bed of geraniums, after a good ripe offensive, but it was ewe-de-colony to the jail in this man's town."

"But didn't they do anything to you, Peter?" I questioned.

"You mean any rough stuff? No. They was waiting for Little Nemo—the guy wit' the pretty panties. He was too tired or sumpin' last night to enjoy this 'basketanuts' they was gonna gimme, so they set it for to-day. Just before they gets ready for the party, I give 'em the fare-you-well."

"How?"

"Absurdly simple," commented Bruce, with a dry chuckle.

"Notice whose clothes I got on?" asked Pete. "He's takin' me place, temporary."

"The faithful Jemmy holds the fort," from the Englishman.

"Jemmy——" I said thoughtfully, thinking of Shevket's expression when he said, "I have finished with one of them." Then I asked: "Are you sure he's all right, Bruce?"

"Oh, quite," Bruce answered.

"Sure, he's all right," Pete put in. "They can't do nothin' to him. They ain't got nothin' against him. Besides, one a them gendarmes knows the old man, an' Bruce says when they find out the exchange has been made, he'll look out for him."

"Sort of soldier-bobby acquaintance—not a bad sort—lives in the same household with Jemmy and myself. Told him I had news of money—strictly truthful, but didn't know it at the time—was speakin' of my remittance, due any day. He let us into O'Gaffney's cell——"

"Let you in!" snorted Pete. "He locked you in."

"The same thing—what I mean to say—opportunity comes knocking. Whist! Hasty's the word—snap about it, as you Americans say. I stand guard—they change garments, and there you are."

"But are you certain he's all right?" I demanded. "Have you been back to see? They may have been pretty nasty to the poor old chap when they found out how you bilked them."

"No hurry," said Bruce smoothly. "Jemmy doesn't mind—been there before—would do much more for a friend, and all that sort of rot. What I mean to say, better calm the dear old stomach and quench the dear old thirst—wot?"

"You took the words right outa me mouth," Peter chimed in.

"But, Bruce, I saw Shevket this morning and he talked as if he had treated some one pretty roughly. I thought he meant Pete."

For a moment, Bruce looked at me through his monocle with a puzzled frown. Just then the food arrived, and, at the sight of it, his face cleared instantly.

"Have no fear, young fellow my lad! Would trust Jemmy to take care of himself anywhere. Right after luncheon—to the rescue. What ho! Gird the loins—call at the consulate—personal friend—no trouble. Would help matters no end if I had a suitable wardrobe, but we'll leave that out of the picture for the moment."

It seemed a heartless sort of proceeding for us to sit in the flaming horror of Herr Winkler's best parlor and drink champagne while Jemmy was squatting in the filth of a prison cell, but I took for granted that Bruce knew better than I. Also, the consul was down at the cazerne and would undoubtedly do his best for Jemmy if he found him in

Peter's uniform. The ecstasies of gustatory anticipation with which my companions watched the servants made it plain that they would never listen to a suggestion of postponing our luncheon. I was starving, myself, having had nothing since the morning before. Even the unhappy prospects of five o'clock couldn't take away my appetite. Before the cloth had been laid, Pete tucked a napkin into his neck, pulled his chair close to the table and picked up a knife and fork in each hand. A serving table, with the food upon it, had been brought in by a second waiter and Bruce took this occasion to inspect the dishes, gravely lifting the covers one by one. As the savory aroma met his nostrils he gave a long-drawn sigh of contentment.

"Curry of chicken with dates—excellent! I've heard good reports of the curry here—never tried it myself. Fish soup—lentils—*coos-coos*. I say, the first melons of the season—top-hole."

The arrival of the champagne created a new diversion. Pete jumped from his place, without removing the napkin from his neck, and relieved the servant of his burden.

"Oh, boy—shoot the moon!"

Bruce came over to inspect the label on the bottle Peter drew from the ice.

"Pol Roger 1911—a vintage year, by Jove! Hip, hip——"

"Hooray!" finished Pete.

The waiter tried to take the bottle from Peter's hands, but the Irishman shoved him roughly away.

"Get outa here! Go sell your papers! You might spill some a this."

"Let him open it, Pete!" I suggested.

"It's already opened. All you gotta do is pay for this wealthy water. I'll tend to the rest of it. Where's the glasses?"

He spied them on a side table and put down the champagne bottle to get them. With the quickness of a snake, Sadich darted to the center table, whisked up the bottle, ran with it to the open window and sent it flying into the street. Peter heard the crash and looked around.

"What was that?"

Bruce and I were too stupefied to say anything, for a moment. Pete saw us gazing at Sadich at the same instant that he missed the bottle.

"What happened to the wine?"

"The bally fool threw it out the window," Bruce said morosely.

For a moment Pete couldn't grasp the information.

"He—he threw——"

As the intelligence dawned on him, he started for the Arab with blood in his eye. I grabbed him just as he lunged forward.

"Let me at him, Duke!" he pleaded, trying to tear away. "He can't get away wit' nothin' like that. Leggo me while I knock his block off!"

"Easy, Peter! You don't understand."

"Understand? Kin anybody understand throwin' champagne out a window? Leggo me!"

All the time I was struggling with O'Gaffney, Sadich stood with folded arms by the window, looking immensely satisfied with himself. It took some time to silence the Irishman and when I made him sit down, I turned to the Arab.

"Sadich, what did you do that for?"

"You musta got him outa some booby-hatch," muttered Pete. "What a great little guy he turned out to be!"

"Let thine eyes be cool and clear, O Prince," Sadich answered, as he came toward me

"No sin of mine, that. The consul hath ordered that thy safety be my only cark and care. The bottle I disposed of had been but newly opened. If thine enemies have access to thy food, avoid it as thou wouldst shun the fangs of an adder. Without doubt the wine was poisoned."

"How d'ye know that?" Pete flung at him.

"Wait a minute, Peter. There's more to this than you know."

"Poison me eye! The naygur talks like a temp'rance lecture."

There was a knock at the door, but before any of us could move, Herr Winkler strode in. I think he expected to see us entirely inebriated. When he saw that we were perfectly sober, his manner changed.

"You vill exgoos, blease—something vas trown von de vindow oudt. *Um Gottes willen*—I gant hef dot kind of shtuff in my hodel."

"I'm sorry, Herr Winkler——" I began.

"Drei pottle chempagne vine, you order chust now. I vant you chould hef *guter gemuhtlichkeit,* aber, you gant trow pottles von de vindow."

"Nothing like that will happen again, Herr Winkler."

"I gent hef it—gentlemens—I gent hef it."

"The fact is, we haven't drunk any of that champagne," I explained to the fat proprietor. "There have been two attempts made on my life to-day and the American consul sent the Arab to guard me against my enemies. He thought the wine was poisoned."

"Boisoned?"

I thought the German would explode.

"Boisoned?"

He straightened up, bristling with anger and pointed a stubby forefinger at Sadich.

"Oudt of my house—oudt!"

"Herr Winkler——" I interrupted, but he was too furious to listen.

"Oudt of my house, und don't gome beck!"

I'll second that motion," put in Peter.

I had to interfere. In a way, Sadich was right. I hadn't forgotten the door that had strangely opened behind me that morning, nor my narrow escape from having my skull smashed by the flower-pot.

"Look here, Herr Winkler, your hotel isn't as safe as you think. This morning, as I left the place, some one of your guests or servants tried to toss a flower-pot on my head."

"Ven?" the proprietor snapped.

"Just after you left me—remember?"

He did recall that debris on his sidewalk. He gazed at me with round-eyed thoughtfulness.

"So—so——"

Without another word, he dashed out, slamming the door behind him. During the excitement, the Syrian waiters had retreated outside. Now, I opened the door and told them to serve the luncheon. Peter, with a scowl at Sadich, rose from his chair and walked out to the hall.

"Did they open any more of them bottles. If they did, I'll take a chance." He reappeared with an unopened quart in his hand. "See here, kid," he said to the Arab. "You stay over in your corner, if you don't want to get beaned. You make one move in my direction, while I got this wine in me hand an' I'll give you the bottle right over the ear."

We took our places at the table and watched Peter remove the wire and gold-foil from the neck of the bottle with the care of a young mother unpinning the swaddling clothes from her first-born. He shot the cork to the ceiling and filled the glasses with the bubbling golden wine.

"Front an' center, gents," he announced, his good humor returning at sight of the liquor. Remembering my rendezvous at five o'clock, knowing that I would need a clear brain and a steady hand, if I was to have any chance at all with Shevket, I left my glass on the table.

"Kief-kief," said Bruce, as he lifted his glass.

Pete had already downed his, smacking his lips loudly over the last drop.

"Oo, boy! I'm gonna be wort' seven million dollars, meself, after another bottle a this stuff." He filled a second time and suddenly noticed my untouched glass. "Whatsamatter, you ain't drinkin'"?

I had no intention of telling Peter about the duel. In fact, all during the recital of his adventures I had been trying to discover a means of getting away from my room at the hour of five.

"I don't care anything about it, Pete. You drink my share."

"I'll do that all right, but I thought champagne was the only stuff you liked." He stared at me inquisitively. "Sumpin's wrong wit' you, Duke. What was all this hoy about somebody throwin' a flower-pot at you?"

"It was true enough. You remember the girl we met on the boat, Peter?"

He suddenly raised his eyes and saw something going on behind me that made him spring to his feet and point over my shoulder.

"Say—what t'ell is that guy doin' now?"

I looked around and saw Sadich eating part of our luncheon.

"Sadich!"

The Arab turned, folding his hands on breast.

"Yes, O Prince!"

"What do you mean, eating our food?"

"I was but testing it, Howajah. If the food is poisoned, my entrails and not thine shall feel it."

"A great little excuse for moochin' a square meal," spat Peter.

"Sadich, you may test my food, if you like, but leave the food of the other gentlemen alone. Understand?"

"Hearing and obedience."

"And you may bring that soup to the table whether it has been tested or not."

Evidenly the soup met Sadich's requirements. When we were served, Bruce said:

"You were speakin' of that girl—how about that jolly little affair?"

"Tell me about this flower-pot business!" Pete suggested.

"It is all one and the same thing," I replied. "Anis' father, Peter, when he found out that she had appeared before us unveiled, called a conference of his brothers and they decided to put both the girl and myself to death."

"Hi-ho!" said Bruce in a shocked whisper.

"What for?" Peter asked.

"They suspect her of having disgraced the family."

Pete gazed across at me with a scowl on his face.

"Her ole man thinks you—she——"

I nodded.

"Why, the dirty-minded ole buzzard! He'd ought to be ashamed of hisself—a sweet little kid like that——"

"I knew it," Bruce put in, "her speakin' to foreigners and all that. What I mean to say, over here, a girl of her class who shows herself unveiled is considered—well, neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring. They're not so keen about daughters, at best. If one of them makes a slip and it is found out, the poor little thing is either given a knife or a poison pellet."

"We can't let that happen, Duke," Pete said, seriously. "Sumpin's got to be did about that. Why, she give us them gold pieces."

"I'm afraid you'll have a rotten sort of time stoppin' it," commented Bruce. "I wouldn't worry the old bean about her, dear chap. She's done for. From what I know of these people, you had better spend your time thinkin' up some silly scheme for your own salvation."

"I went up there this morning."

"You mean you went up to this dame's house?" Pete asked.

Bruce chuckled. "By Jove, you Americans do grasp a dilemma firmly by the horns."

"I asked the consul to persuade the girl's father to let me marry her."

Pete dropped his spoon with a clatter.

"You did?"

For a moment there was a dead silence, then Pete continued:

"Judas, just when we got all this jack an' ever'thing."

"Don't worry, Peter," I said, soothingly. "The family considered my offer as something of an insult. It only made matters worse."

The waiters removed the plates and brought on the chicken, which Peter contemplated morosely.

"They didn't know about your jack, did they?"

"Yes. The consul told them more than the truth about my riches."

He refused to be comforted.

"They just didn't grab on to how much seven million dollars is. When some one translates that into Turkish they'll be drivin' down here in a varnished hack wit' a preacher. They'll marry you to the girl, all right."

"I wish I could believe it," I sighed.

O'Gaffney dabbled around the food on his plate with his fork.

"Just when ever'thing was jake, you gotta get crazy 'bout a skirt an' get married. Ain't it tough!"

"I tell you, my offer didn't do any good," I burst out. "They won't let me have her. They won't let me even see her."

"Oh, yes, they will. They're just tryin' to keep f'm showin' how tickled they are. All families act the same way."

"You're all wrong, Pete. I only wish I could believe what you're saying, but I know how serious it is. So does Bruce. He can tell you——"

There came another rap on the door. My heart chilled as I thought of Shevket, but it was not after half-past three. I still had an hour and a half. A Syrian lad was standing on the threshold as Sadich opened the door. It was a note for me. I read:

> Come at once to the consulate. The Bin Adham girl escaped from her father's house and is here. No trace of O'Gaffney at the cazerne. Preston.

"What is it?" Pete asked, as he saw the surprise light up my face.

I read the message again and then tossed it over to him.

"We leave for home to-night, Peter. You go down to the cazerne with Bruce and rescue poor Jemmie. Meet me at the consulate right afterward."

O'Gaffney scanned the message, then twisted the paper into a ball and threw it across the room.

"Judas—what did I tell you!" he said with disgust.

CHAPTER XIII.

I was alternately elated and depressed as I drove through the sleepy streets of Kieff, basking in the afternoon sunlight, on my way to the consulate. When I thought of Anis, waiting for me at the end of my journey; when I pictured heavy lashes on an olive-tinted skin, eyes like placid dark pools and those tiny hands of indescribable softness; when, in my imagination, I listened to that low, sweet voice of flute-like purity and thought of the things we must say to each other, I burned with anxious desire.

On top of such dreams, splitting them asunder and dissipating them, came the chill foreboding of my duel with Shevket. To what end this futile meeting at the consulate, love words spoken, pledges given, if, immediately after, I was to be spitted on the point of a rapier? The blue heavens never looked so free, the air was never so sweet in my nostrils, life never called so insistently as it did on that slow drive in that lumbering iron-tired carriage.

We turned into the broad avenue leading to the consulate, and I deliberately set about effacing all thoughts of Shevket. I must conquer the blue funk of depression that had settled on me before I met Anis. I closed my eyes and brought her face before my mental vision. She must not know. There would be too little time, as it was, to waste any of it on fears and regrets. we were playing comedy, not tragedy. I smiled, just to see whether I could do

it naturally. The smile not only came but almost immediately my spirits lifted.

As the carriage drew up at the gate, I tossed the driver a bill, ran up the shady path and took the consulate steps three at a time. The door was open. I didn't wait for Sadich, but entered the hall and glanced into the first door I came too. The consul was seated at his desk, dictating a letter to a male stenographer. As soon as he caught sight of me, he bade the clerk go and motioned for me to enter.

"Where is she?" I demanded.

He took a pair of old-fashioned spectacles off his nose and pointed toward the door.

"Back in the court."

I started to go out, but he called:

"Wait a minute, Phelps! Come back here! I want to talk to you before you see her. Set down!"

I hesitated.

"I haven't much time, sir."

"I won't keep you long. She's all upset, anyway. Give her a chance to quiet down."

I took a chair by his desk and waited impatiently while he polished his glasses on the tail of his coat.

"You still intend to fight Shevket?"

"Yes."

He angrily glowered at me.

"Wrote that note?"

"I forgot it. O'Gaffney was at the hotel."

"He was? Where's he been?"

"In jail."

"What did they do to him?"

"Nothing. He escaped in time."

I briefly recounted what had taken place.

"If that's so, what's the use o' meetin' Shevket? O'Gaffney's safe an' the girl is here with me. I promise nothin'll happen to her if you an' that Irish scalawag will get on that boat right now. Do as I tell you, son! I'm beggin' you to do it."

All the temptation that such a course had held for me when I was alone seemed to have disappeared.

"If I was really your son, consul would you have me do that?" I asked, looking him squarely in the eye. "Would you advise me to run away?"

"Yes, I would," he barked; then picked up a pencil and began fiddling with it. "It's—it's only common sense."

"After what he called me?" I went on. "After slapping me in the face and daring me to meet him? It would be a coward's trick."

"He's the coward—pickin' the thing he's best at. It's got to be stopped. I ain't agoin' to stand for it."

"Yes, you are, consul. This is my private feud and I'm going to see the thing clear through to the finish. Besides, if Shevket is a coward, as you say he is, I think I can beat him. I'm going to try, anyway. Now I'll write that note."

I sat down at his desk and wrote a brief message stating that in case of my death, I, alone, was responsible. The consul strolled to the window with his back to me. When I walked over and handed him the slip of paper, he read it, then threw it in the waste-paper basket.

"That wasn't necessary." He put hairy paws on my shoulders and looked squarely at me, with his face crimson and very serious. "I wish Almighty Providence had sent me a son like you. Now, what you goin' to say to that little girl in there?"

"I'll save that for her, sir—if you don't mind."

He disregarded my flippancy.

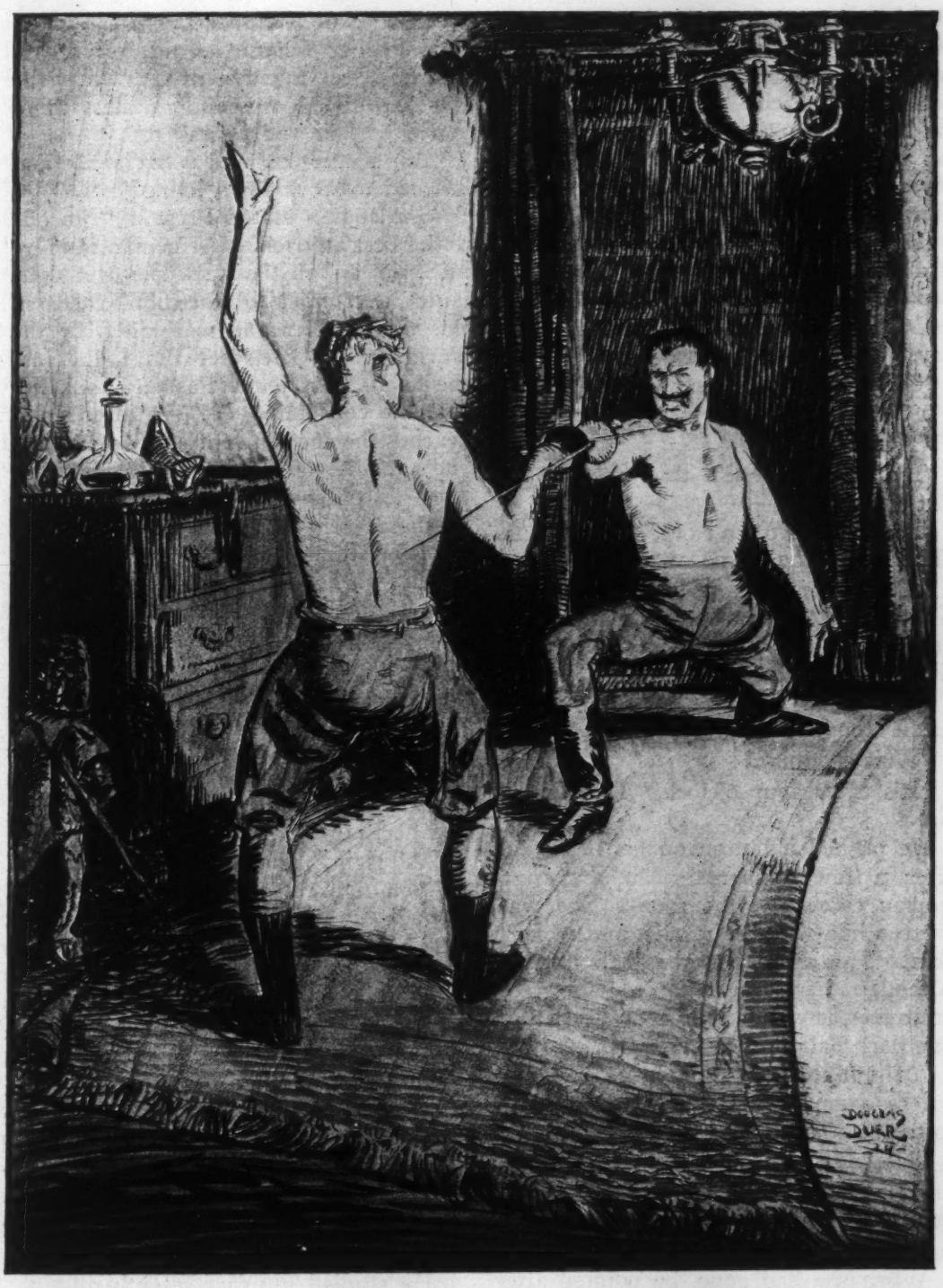
"Are you going to ask her to marry you?"

"If she will have me."

"Don't do it, son! Don't do it!"

"Why not?"

"I know you resent my interferin' with your affairs. Seems as if that's all I've done. But I've seen so many mixed marriages in my life, an' they never turned out truly happy—not one. It'd be the easiest way out o' things, if I was to marry the two of you, an' put her under the p'tection o' the American flag as your



From the moment our blades crossed he started to force me backward against the wall. The steel glinted like electric sparks in the sunshine. Nothing was to be heard but the silky scraping of steel on steel and the bell-like ring as our metal guards were hit

wife, but I'm beggin' you—don't go marryin' anybody over here! I wanted to have this talk before you saw her. You're both excited an' in trouble an' you both think you're dead in love—but you ain't either one of you sure o' yourselves. Look how short a time you've known each other."

"Do you think that makes a great deal of difference if we are both in love?" I countered.

"Mebbe not. Let's go at it another way. She's only fifteen."

"Oh, I know she's very young."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

"By the time she's thirty, you'll be forty-two."

"But forty-two isn't old," I protested. "That's just the prime of life."

"It'll be the prime o' life for you, but thirty won't be for her. It's the point I'm gettin' at. You won't look much different, but she will."

I started to laugh his objection away, but he stopped me.

"Wait a minute!"

"It's after four o'clock," I reminded him.

He pushed a button on his desk and after a few moments' wait a Syrian woman came into the room. She was dressed in a white shirtwaist and a black skirt. Her figure was rather dumpy. Although her face showed signs of prettiness, it was marred by a growth of fine dark hair on her upper lip.

"Miss Sahakian, did we receive any letters from Young, up at Damascus, to-day?"

"No, sir."

Her voice had the same musical quality as Anis'.

"Very well. That'll do."

When she had gone, he pointed after her.

"How old do you think that woman is?"

From the way the question was put and from our previous conversation, I guessed that the woman was much younger than she looked. She looked forty-five, so I hazarded thirty-five.

"She's just twenty-six—an' when she was fifteen she was the prettiest thing you ever laid your eyes on."

"But she comes of a poor family and has had to work for a living."

"She come," stated Preston, "f'm one o' the best an' richest Armenian famblys in Syria, an' all the work she ever done is to keep track o' the filin' cases in this office. Her dad was killed by the Turks, an' to keep her f'm fallin' into the hands of Djemel Pasha, I took her into the consulate. No, sir, after a girl reaches the age o' twenty-five, over here, she's middle-aged, an' when she's thirty she's an old woman. Don't marry one o' these girls, son! Wait till you get home an' think it over."

His words left me unimpressed. I was beginning to resent his constant advising. I wanted to see Anis. Nothing could convince me that so lovely a flower as Anis could undergo the drab metamorphosis of Miss Sahakian.

"You forget, consul, that I have already asked Anis to marry me. You asked her father this morning. May I see her, now?"

"All right," he acquiesced. "Go ahead. If you figurate you love the girl well enough to stand the disappointment that's bound to come later, go ahead and marry her. But remember, son, she's all excited an' unstrung f'm what she's gone through the last day or two. There's an old woman back there with her, but you needn't pay no mind to her. It's only Safiah, Sadich's mother." He gripped my hand. "Now, about this duel —I can stop it if you'll only keep away f'm your room till half-past five."

"You know I can't do that. I don't want you to interfere, sir."

He studied my face intently.

"All right. I won't—cause, by Godfry, I think somehow, someway you are goin' to win. Good luck an' God bless you."

I walked back to the glass-covered court, and for a moment thought the

place was empty. I saw no one until I passed around the fountain; then two figures rose from a wicker *mahad* in one corner. The old woman, Safiah, silently withdrew to the opposite side of the court and knelt down with her back turned to us. It was a gesture of effacement, as effective as if she had left the place. Anis held to the corner of the divan with her head downcast, not daring to look at me as I approached.

When, at last, she looked at me, I was stunned at the change in her appearance. She was so pale, her olive skin was the color of old alabaster. The experiences she had gone through had drawn the corners of her mouth into pitiful lines of suffering. Traces of tears were at the corners of her eyes and the upper lids were shadowed with the pencil of sleeplessness, but the eyes, themselves, glowed warm and tranquil, reflecting my adoration.

"Do not look at me so" she begged. "I have grown ugly."

"They have not harmed you?" I anxiously asked.

"They have killed something of me, inside—all that did not belong to you. That they could not kill."

"Anis!"

I took her into my arms and covered her face with caresses. I smothered her with kisses—her eyes, her hair, her lips —famished for love—love that had been denied me all my life and that I had found at last. She lay quite passive in my rough embrace, making no attempt to return my wild passion nor to escape from it. She seemed lifeless in my arms.

"Say that you love me!" I begged.

Her eyes had been closed. Slowly she opened them and looked long into my eyes.

"Anis—tell me——"

She lifted a listless hand and caressed my cheek.

"What use to tell—oh, foolish one? Hast thou not eyes to see?"

Again I pressed my lips to hers, and this time felt a warm response that thrilled me to the core of my soul. As I closed my eyes and felt the soft cling of her tender mouth, my brain reeled with dizzy exaltation. An essence seemed to pour from my spirit. Time was forgotten. When we gazed into each other's eyes again, I whispered:

"Anis — beloved — to-night I shall marry you, here at the consulate. Before midnight we shall be on our way to America, where I shall spend my life in making you forget all the unhappiness of the past few days. We are of different races, of different faiths—but we love. It will mean giving up your family, your friends and all that you have known, but you will have love to take their places. Will you go with me?"

"Tell me more!" she whispered. "Make me see it! Make me live it!"

"I shall make you a princess—a goddess—for every day I shall be your slave, and every night I shall worship you. We shall have but one religion, the religion of love. We shall be of no race or country, but kin to all the lovers in the wide world."

"Tell me—of America!" she breathed. "Oh, I love to hear of it so."

"Why tell it to you, darling of my heart, when we are to see it so soon together?"

Even as I said the words, I seemed to see the evil face of Shevket, smiling cynically as he lifted his rapier.

"Tell me—tell me!" she panted.

With a mental effort, I shut out the dismal foreboding.

"What shall I tell you? Of New York? How you will love it! Only, perhaps you will be a little frightened, at first, by the noise and the crowds and the immense buildings. We will walk down Fifth Avenue, just at dusk, arm in arm. We will play to our heart's content. We will visit all the shops and buy you frocks and furs and silks—everything you need, or want, or even see. Then we will go to Philadelphia, where some time we shall live; but this time we shan't stay long, for I know too many people there, and they would keep me away from you with stupid

parties and dinners. No, we shall journey on westward—to the Middle West, homely and kind and friendly, and on to Denver and the mountains and the coast. We shall go everywhere and see everything, but most of the time I shall be too intent on looking at you—too busy worshipping you to see——"

Her eyes were closed and she was drawing short, catching breaths.

"Anis!"

She made no sign that she heard me.

"Anis!" I gasped, a sudden horrible fear clutching at my heart. The old woman, on the other side of the room, rose to her feet and began to wail, pulling her hair down over her face and buffeting her head. Just then Anis' eyelids fluttered open and she smiled up at me.

"What is the matter, dearest?" I begged. "You frightened me."

"Have—no fear," she answered sleepily.

"Are you ill, Anis? Did they hurt you? What is it? Why do you look at me like that?"

"Beloved," she said in a shaking whisper. She tried to raise her hand to my cheek, but the effort was too great. Her arm slipped down my shoulder to her side. "Kiss—me! Can't you—see—I—die?"

"Come away, son," the consul urged, putting his hands on my shoulders to persuade me from the divan where Anis lay.

"Let me alone!"

I seemed strangely, heartlessly calm. There was a cancerous hurt somewhere in my breast, otherwise I was numb and angry. Thoughts passed through my brain at dizzy speed—maniacal, silly thoughts, having nothing to do with the tragedy in which I was involved. "I ought to be crying," I said to myself. "I ought to be wildly weeping, like Safiah over there." Instead of feeling like emulating her, her noise irritated me.

"Get that woman out of here!" I grated to Preston. "She'll drive me crazy if she keeps that up." As he made no sudden move to obey, I twisted around and flared: "Do you hear what I say?"

He left, after that. I heard him talk to Sadich's mother and lead her out of the court. As the sobbing died away, I turned back to a steady, unfeeling contemplation of the girl in front of me. She was unearthly beautiful as she lay there. I held my breath and watched her lips to see if they moved. The only sound in the court was the plashing of the fountain. Finally, I leaned forward and took one of her hands between my own.

"Anis!" I put my arm under her shoulders and lifted her up, pulling her close to me. "Anis—please—please!"

I heard the consul's step returning and laid Anis gently back among the pillows. I didn't turn around, hoping that he would only look in and go away again, but he walked up behind me and stood at my shoulder. Suddenly I felt that he was going to sympathize with me or ask me to leave and I knew that if he did I'd lose all semblance of control.

"Has that doctor come?" I demanded.

"Not yet. I sent Black for the clostest one, but he's likely not in." He waited an instant, then started: "Son——"

"What time is it?" I broke in.

"Half-past four."

"Get a carriage for me! Have it here at ten minutes of five!"

"You ain't still goin to——"

"Stop it!" I burst out. "Don't say another word!"

Tears came suddenly to my eyes and a lump clogged my throat so that I could hardly talk. I climbed to my feet and faced him with my hands clenched.

"Who did this thing?" I demanded.

"The girl probably did it herself."

"What do you mean?"

"The father probably give her the poison an' she took it. They do."

"Poison?" I faltered, staring at him. "Anis—you don't mean——"

I couldn't grasp the horrible fact that had been apparent to him from the first. I was still senselessly judging Turkish life by American standards. Because such a thing as this was impossible in an American family, I still insisted that it could not be. I felt Preston's hand pat me roughly on the back, while I stumbled blindly toward an abyss of realization so foully black that my brain shrank back in terror from it.

CHAPTER XIV

They half led, half dragged me to the front door and down the steps—Sadich on one side of me, Peter on the other. The air revived me somewhat, so that I was not such a burden by the time we had reached the gate. A carriage stood outside, which reminded me, dimly, that I had an engagement to keep. As I climbed in and sank back on the seat, I saw that the consul had followed us. He took hold of Pete's arm.

"I'm sendin' Sadich with you. Don't let Phelps go to the hotel! You say this place is second turning to the left from the Mosque Al Kazar, third door. I'll join you there in twenty minutes. I'm goin' down now and get two tickets for that boat that leaves to-night."

Peter nodded and sat down beside me. Sadich mounted with the driver. As we started away from the consulate, I gazed at the familiar street with lack-luster eyes, hating everything I saw—the more I struggled to wipe from my mind all thought of what had occurred, the more insistently did the terrible fact press for admittance. In desperation, I whispered:

"Talk to me, Pete! Say something! Keep talking!"

"I been trying' to thinka sumpin' to say, Duke! Judas, I'm sorry——"

"Don't talk about that! Something else. Anything but that!"

"Well—I wasn't goin' to speak to you of it, after the stuff you been through, but you might as well know. They got this Jemmy."

I didn't quite grasp whom he meant. He spoke in a snarling growl, looking straight ahead and with murder in his eyes.

"The funny little dude that took my place in the hoos-gow—Bruce's pal. They got him."

"How do you mean?"

"Beat him up—awful. His feet ain't nothin' but mush—this bastinuts stuff—the dirty bastids. That was what they was gonna do to me."

He started to say more, but clicked his teeth shut on a word and suddenly demanded:

"Judas Priest, Duke, ain't they no way to get even wit' this Turk in the red breeches—Shave-an'-a-haircut, or whatever his name is? He's the guy done it. Bruce an' I was on the way to the English consul's when the Turk gendarme caught up wit' us an' told us what had happened. After they got done beatin' up Jemmy, when they see they wasn't much more'n one more croak in him, they leave this Turk carry him up to Bruce's place. That's where we found him. Bruce went out huntin' for a doctor an' I come for you—but a doctor can't do no good for feet like them. No one can't live when they been beat up like that."

While Pete had been talking—as soon as he mentioned Shevket's name—I had remembered my appointment again.

"I've got to go to the hotel right now, Pete. Tell the driver!"

"The consul told me to keep you away f'm there."

"Shevket's going to be there. I'm meeting him at five o'clock."

Peter's eyes widened and then narrowed to mere slits.

"You are?" He leaned forward and poked the driver in the back. "Hey, drive us to the hotel—the German place."

Sadich turned toward us as the driver reined in his horses.

"The Howajah consul has said——"

"Never mind the consul," snapped O'Gaffney. "Tell him to drive us to that place we was at noon!"

"I've got to go there alone, Pete."

"No, you ain't. If anybody is goin' there alone, it's me."

He was intensely angry and excited.

"He's liable not to meet me unless I'm alone. I said I would come by myself."

"When was this?"

"This morning."

"What's the big idea?"

"I'm to have a duel with him at five o'clock. What time is it now?"

Pete stared at me perplexedly.

"A duel?"

"Yes. That's why the consul doesn't want me to go there."

"What kind of a duel?"

"With rapiers."

"Swords?"

I nodded. The carriage had stopped.

"How good are you?" Pete asked, frowning at me.

"Fair."

"An' I'll bet it's the best thing he does."

"Something like that, but that makes no difference. I'm going there alone to meet him at his own game. If there's any God in heaven I'll kill him."

Sadich spoke up: "The Howajah consul has said——"

"All right, drive on to where we was goin'," answered Pete.

"But, Pete," I said, "I haven't got time."

"Keep your shirt on. I'll get you there for that meetin', don't worry. I want you to go to Bruce's first. It ain't but a little piece from here. There's the mosque right ahead, an' Bruce lives just the other side. I want you to have a look at what they done to this Jemmy. It'll make you fight better. Besides, we got a quarter of an hour before you're due at the hotel."

I acquiesced, in order to try to gain confidence and banish the anger I felt. To fight at your best you must be cool. With the memory of Anis with me, it would be no easy task to face Shevket and not lose my head. Three advantages I had. Shevket, I was certain, would be overconfident, expecting to meet an opponent who knew nothing of fencing. When I was in the room with him I must increase that overconfidence by every awkward gesture and ignorant attitude I could think of, in order to make him careless. I had been a member of my collegiate fencing team for three years; had studied with Von Holstadt in New York and had met a number of experts at his atelier.

From the consul's words I could easily believe that I was no match for Shevket's skill, but I had had plenty of experience defending myself with the foils and hoped I would give a good account of myself. Also, I had the advantage of height and reach—as important in fencing as in boxing. My trump, that I counted on, was my inner conviction that Shevket was a coward. If that was so and if for one brief instant I could put the fear of death in him, he might forget his cunning and give me an opening for a swift thrust. Carefully, keeping Shevket's image before me all the time, I went over every detail of our meeting as far as I could plan it.

We passed the central mosque and entered a mean street, dirty with garbage and crusted filth, and drew up before a hole in the wall that led downward. Sadich jumped from the box and scattered the people right and left with kicks and blows. I followed Peter down the steps and into a room, bedded with wet rancid straw, where a meek donkey stood. We passed through a tunneled passage, where the strong stench of ammonia made breathing a torment, across a cobble-stoned court to a doorway that stood open. Sadich, who had followed in our rear, ran ahead and yanked the bell-wire vigorously. A child had been crying inside and the sound of the bell increased its bawling. A scrofulous chicken appeared at the door, gave two frightened clucks and dodged back inside.

At last the Turkish gendarme appeared, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves. He seemed to be in terror as he cautiously approached the door,

Sadich's finery making him think that we were governmental officers, but when he saw Peter, he stepped forward and kissed his fingers to forehead and breast, bidding us enter. The room we stepped into was lighted only by the open door and a small window, so that for a second I could distinguish nothing. When my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I saw that it was a combination of living-room and stable.

The gendarme stepped aside to permit me to enter first into this other room, which was evidently the sleeping quarters for Bruce and the entire family. A thin ray of sunshine filtered through a grated window a little higher than my head. This was the only light or ventilation. Bruce was standing by a rude sort of table, made of boxes, and his appearance shocked me. There was a wild, feverish light in his eyes; his sparse hair was disheveled, one wisp sticking straight up, and his shirt was pulled open at the throat.

"Who is it—who is it?" he asked, irritably. "Demmed impertinent—never leave a man alone. Oh—oh, yes. Quite so. Thingumbobby — Phipps — wot? Come in. How are you?"

"Did the doc come, Bruce?" Pete asked.

The Englishman's head wagged slightly as he focused his gaze on O'Gaffney.

"Wot? Oh, yes—you might say so. No good—native beggar."

"Is he better?"

Bruce followed Pete's gesture toward a corner where there lay a still figure, covered with a blanket. His red-rimmed eyes fixed on the spot while his face screwed into lines of mute suffering. Slowly, questioningly, he looked at me and Peter and finally back to the blanketed form. With a shuffling gait that was slightly drunk, he walked over to the corner and stood there, contemplating what lay at his feet.

"Yes," he mumbled. "Yes—he is better." He knelt on both knees and folded back the blanket with reverent care. "Much better. Aren't you, old 'un? Much better."

He seemed to have forgotten that we were there.

"The times we've seen and the places we've been—you and I—and never a cross word or a complaint out of you. In sickness and health, for richer—for poorer, till death—till death——"

His words ended in a moan. He threw himself face forward in a paroxysm of grief, babbling protestations of regret and self-condemnation. It was too awful to witness. I motioned to Peter to leave, but at the first sound of his movement, Bruce roused and turned toward us a face grief-stricken and wet with tears. He was unable to speak, but made futile movements with his hands begging us not to leave him. He clambered unsteadily to his feet and wiped his eyes on his coat sleeve as he came over to us, all the time struggling for a return to composure.

"Don't leave me—please——"

We both made miserable, wordless attempts to show him our sympathy.

"It is rather too much for me—to bear."

He finished mopping his face and blinked rapidly at us.

"You see, gentlemen, over there lies the one—whom I have so often facetiously referred to—as the Duke of Lomond—my father."

CHAPTER XV

The news stunned both Peter and myself, but the thought that Shevket had been responsible for this new tragedy made me burn to get away. The time had come. I was choked with a desire to hit back, to pay off part of the score that had mounted so rapidly since that morning. I tried to leave Peter there, as company for Bruce in his despair, but at my first apologetic explanation, he sensed what I was going to try to do and stayed right by my side. Bruce followed us to the door, nor did he stop there. When Peter and I stepped through the dark outer room

toward the entrance to the hovel, we found Bruce was wandering after us. The Turkish gendarme was at the door and I pressed a wad of Turkish money into his hand as I passed. He salaamed gratefully. Once outside, in the courtyard, I grabbed Peter's arm.

"You stay here with Bruce, Pete!" I commanded in a low whisper.

"I'll do nothin' of the kind. It's you that'll stay here."

Bruce came to the door.

"You—you aren't both going?" he faltered.

"I'll be back in a very few minutes,"

"It's Shevket," Pete explained.

"Shevket?" echoed Bruce.

"Phelps is gonna fight him at five o'clock. We gotta go."

"It's almost that now," I added, trying to tear Pete's fingers from my sleeve.

"Fight Shevket—at five o'clock."

Bruce said it as if he was repeating the words in a dream.

"Sure—up at the hotel—an' he don't want me or no one to go wit' him. It ain't good sense. He wants to go alone."

"Shevket—at five o'clock—the hotel," mumbled Bruce. Then coming to with a start, he said: "Wait a bit. You mustn't go alone—murderers—all of them. I'll go with you."

"You can't, Bruce," I declared. "I must go alone. I said I would. I can't take either of you with me."

"Quite all right," the Englishman answered, in much his old manner, as he turned back toward the door. "Do much more for a friend."

"See what you've done," I rasped. "Let go my arm, Pete. I've got to go this minute."

His grip tightened. "Either you don't go at all or I go wit' you."

"I can't take you."

"Which is it?" he demanded, with fire in his eye.

"Hurry up then!" I urged. "Before Bruce comes."

We ran across the court and through the foul-smelling tunnel. Sadich and the carriage were still in front of the door. At sight of us, the Arab started clearing the street, as usual, but, knowing the argument we would have if he should know our destination, I disregarded the consulate vehicle and ran toward the corner. Pete understood and followed at my heels. We were twenty yards away before Sadich noticed our maneuver and started after us, calling on us to wait.

There was a cab-stand across from the mosque and Peter and I ran for the first cab in line. We shouted to the driver to take us to the Hotel Ottoman and climbed in back, but he was so slow in starting that Sadich reached us before we were under way.

"Go back there and wait, Sadich!" I ordered. "The consul is coming there in a few minutes."

"But, Sire, the Howajah consul——"

"Wait fer him, back there!" Pete said, pushing Sadich off the step.

The Arab made no more objections, after that, but stood in the middle of the street, frowning with doubt as we drove away.

"Hurry, driver!" I called.

He understood what I wanted from my excited gestures. We rattled and banged over the cobbles, while I breathed deep to get back my calmness. My hands and feet were like ice, but my brain was on fire. I began a last-minute preparation for the coming encounter, trying to remember everything I had ever learned about fencing, as an amateur actor will repeat the lines of his part just before stepping upon the stage—and, as usual, the practice made me doubtful of my own ability. I felt, all at once, that my knowledge was negligible.

"You will have to wait downstairs, Pete," I said.

"Leave that to me!" was his laconic reply.

I tried to concentrate on a trick thrust that had been shown me by a Polish captain at Von Holstadt's studio. It was all wrist, starting from the hip, when your opponent is pressing you dangerously. The Pole had confided to me that it was

(*Continued on page* 148)

In the Dead of Night

In the dead of night a fire breaks out—the alarm must be given. A child is taken sick—the doctor must be called. A thief enters the home—the police must be located.

In the dead of night the American turns to his telephone, confident he will find it ready for the emergency. He knows that telephone exchanges are open always, the operators at their switchboards, the wires ready to vibrate with his words. He has only to lift the receiver from its hook to hear that calm, prompt "Number, please." The constant availability of his telephone gives him security, and makes his life more effective in wider horizons.

Twenty-four-hour service, which is the standard set by the Bell System, is the exception in the service of Continental Europe. An emergency may occur at any time. Continuous and reliable service has become a part of the social and economic fibre of American life.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

THE PORTERHOUSE STEAK

(*continued from page* 41)

the position had already been filled. To be exact, I was the twenty-fifth unsuccessful applicant. And the man I interviewed removed any lingering hope I had that he desired to look at me any longer. Other employers of labor have been doing the same thing now for five months.

"I'm afraid I was rather at the end of my tether. Until lunch to-day my only food during the last five days has been a bit of bread and the outside rind of an old onion given me on the embankment four nights ago by a drunken woman. That is why I accepted Tom's offer of lunch. But during lunch I let it be understood by him and your daughter that I was doing well in the city. That was a lie, but it never dawned on me that it would have any consequences. Now, of course, things are different. Believing that I was what I said I was, you have tentatively suggested that I should become your estate agent. That has made it necessary for me to tell you the truth. I apologize for not having done so before. But"—for a moment his voice faltered—"I was looking on this as a day of make-believe. It has given me new hope and strength to carry on. There is only one other thing I'd like to say: it was stupidity and not dishonesty that brought me to my present position. I was swindled out of what money I had."

"You silly old fool! You confounded old fool!" broke in Tom gruffly. "What the dickens do you want to tell us that for, when it's obvious to any one who knew you? I take it hard, Bill. Why didn't you let me know?"

"I don't like charity, Tom," said the other, smiling. His eyes came around to the girl, but she had left her chair and was standing by the open window staring out into the garden.

And then the old man spoke.

"I take it hard too, dear fellow," he said. "Have I no rights at all as Tom's father? Because you've had bad luck, what has that got to do with the offer I have made you?"

"But you made it," stammered Carruthers, "thinking that—thinking that I was—what I said I was."

"No, he didn't——" began Tom eagerly, and then stopped short. Willingly would he have bitten his tongue out, but it was too late. The mischief was done.

"So you knew," said Carruthers quietly. He rose to his feet, and the gray lines had settled on his face again. "I see. I ought to have guessed. Charity, for saving Tom's life."

"That is unjust and unfair, Mr. Carruthers," said a quiet voice at his elbow. It was Joyce—Joyce with her head thrown back and a wonderful light in her eyes. "It is true that my father knew. I told him. I saw the condition you were in. I've seen starvation too often in Serbia during the war not to recognize it. But to state that Dad has made you this offer out of charity is belittling you and belittling us. You've been to these other men—strangers, asking for work. Had they offered it, would you have said it was charity? They knew the condition you were in. Men like you don't ask for jobs as night porters for preference. And yet when my father offers you a job you turn it continuously down. Presumably you regard it as such a poor one that it's beneath you to accept it."

From behind him came the sound of a closing door, but he was barely conscious of it.

"Great heavens! Miss Caldwell, you can't think I meant it that way." He stretched out an imploring hand. "You can't think that I'm such an unspeakable cad as to view your father's wonderful offer like that."

"I'm really not very interested in what you think," she said coolly. "All I know is that my father has made a certain sug-

"I Make Circumstances"

said Napoleon, when referring to his achievement in politics and in war

Just as Napoleon asserted himself there, every American is challenged to exercise the same will power and determination to face and conquer the great battle of Life and Industry. What made Napoleon dare the gods of Fate? What made him succeed? Let us awaken in you and train *the spirit of the conqueror.* Your natural ability which has been so long *dormant.*

Do You Want to make Good?

How many times in your life have you been on the very threshhold of victory and success when for some unexplained reason you failed to achieve the coveted goal? Why did you go so far and work so hard, then fail to reach the top? The fault was not yours? How many times in life have you seen men with less ability than you advanced to high positions which you were better qualified to fill than the man who went ahead?

You Deserve No Criticism

Because the secret of master salesmanship was not yours, but if you continue in the old threadbare method then you will be responsible.

Don't spend all your earnings for fancy stories about what John Smith did in thirty days, "but let us help you awaken the *real man* that is within you. It makes no difference what your work may be, we can show you how to *sell yourself* to your employer, to the Public, to your clients, to society, to the world. *We make you win.*

Someone has said "The graveyard of opportunity is already filled with tombstones erected to the dead hopes of those who stand and wait." Shall your movement open a new cemetery, or will you let us make you a *Master Salesman?*

Be A Leader of Men

A master salesman, and don't be down on your luck, for *there is no failure except failure to scize opportunity.*

Fill Out The Coupon

and mail it today.

Then set your jaw and determine to succeed

Master Sales Corpn., 302-4 Kresge Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Gentlemen:
Without cost to me, please tell me how I can grow a master salesman.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

THE PORTERHOUSE STEAK

(*continued from page* 144)

gestion and that you regard it as charity. If that isn't what you think, all I can say is that you've expressed yourself very badly."

Suddenly something snapped in Bill Carruthers' brain. A continued course of starvation wears the human mechanism out to snapping point, and that point had come to him. He broke down and cried like a child, his face buried in his hands. And with infinite tenderness in her eyes she watched him, even as she had watched other men cry just because they had dropped a knife on the floor or something equally trivial.

Tom's face appeared for a moment at the window, and she signed to him imperatively to go away. Then she waited, being the manner of girl who has learned many things in the book of life. And after a while the shaking shoulders grew still, and he looked up at her.

"So that was why you ordered a porterhouse steak?"

"Of course," she answered with a smile. "And a jolly good steak it was."

He stood up facing her.

"I'm not going to apologize for making a fool of myself," he said quietly. "I would to most people, but not to you. I think you're the most wonderful girl I've ever met. And because you're that, you'll understand what I'm going to say. It's not due to weakness; and, believe me, it's not impertinence. It is a statement of fact, as unalterably true as the fact that we are together in this room. Six hours can sometimes mean as much —aye, more—than six years. In these six hours—nine, to be accurate—since I first met you, I have learned the meaning of the word love. There will never be another woman in my life except you. And that is the real reason why I cannot accept your father's offer, though naturally that is not the reason I shall give him. I shall tell him that I don't know enough of the work to feel justified in accepting. But I want you to know the truth. And above all I want to thank you for doing what no other girl in the world could have done for me to-day—saved me from cracking, when the end was very near."

She had stood very still as he spoke and her eyes had never wavered from his.

"Then you intend to return to London to-morrow?" she said as he finished.

"If you'll be good enough to take me in the car," he answered. "I'm afraid my finances do not allow of a train fare."

"Nor presumably of my doctor's bill."

He stared at her, uncomprehending.

"My dear man," she remarked, "if I've got to spend the next few weeks eating porterhouse steaks with you, I shall have to go into a home. In fact, I refuse to do it. So I'll just tell Dad you're sorry you were a fool—and you can start with old Merridew to-morrow."

And then, for the first time, her voice shook a little.

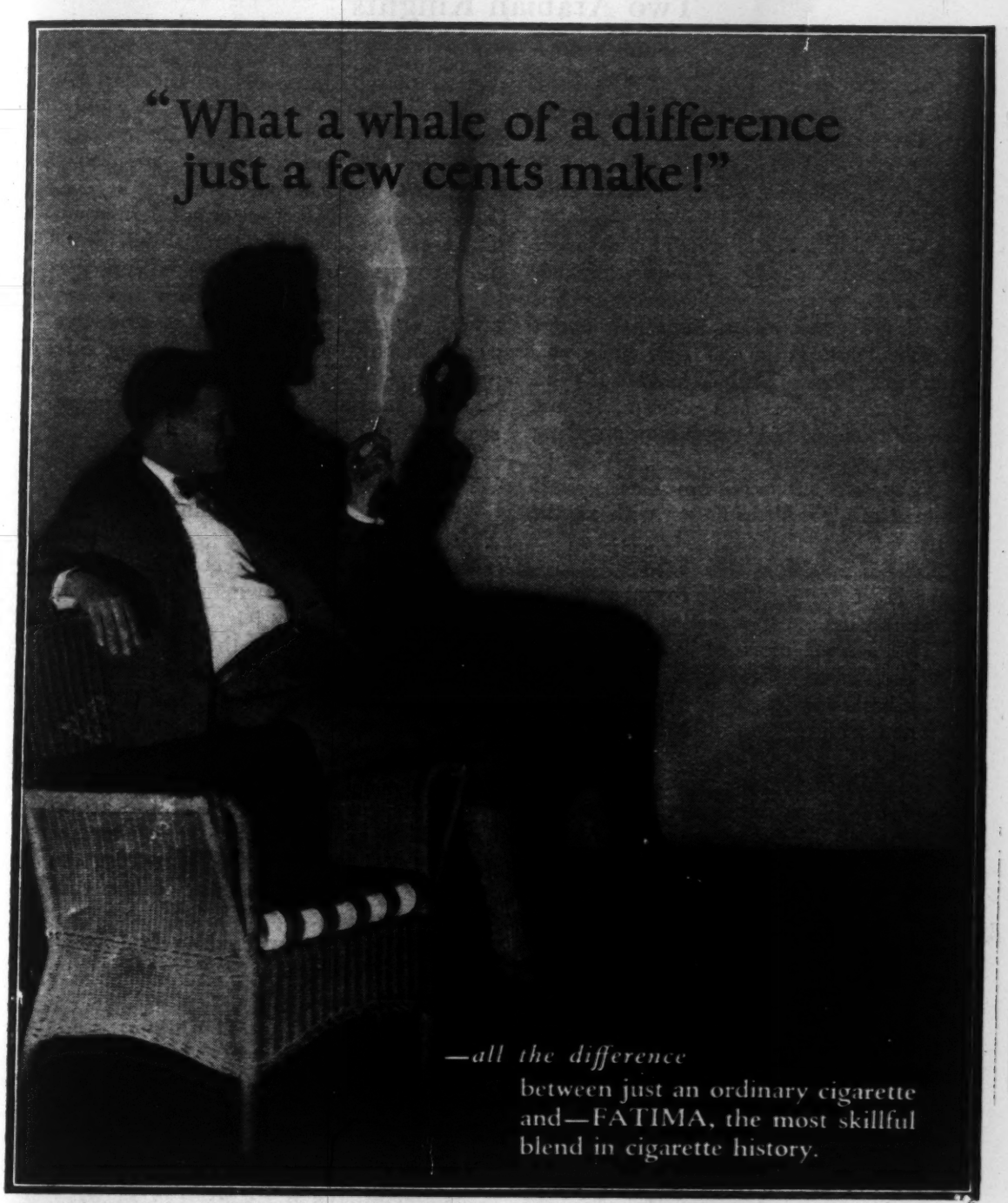
"You silly old ass, you dear silly old ass. Don't you realize that I was never nearer making a fool of myself in my life than when I saw the look on your face after I asked you for change while we were waiting for lunch."

She went to the door, leaving him staring after her.

"Dad!" she called. "Bill's going to take on the job—er—for a time."

"Splendid," answered her father. "Till he gets something better?"

"I rather think that's the way he looks at it," she remarked demurely. And then she looked at Bill. "Isn't it?"


"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"
—all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette and—FATIMA, the most skillful blend in cigarette history.

BE AN ARTIST

WE CAN TEACH YOU DRAWING in your own home during your spare time. Twenty-five years of successful teaching proves our ability. Artists receive large salaries. Write Today for Art Year Book

SCHOOL of APPLIED ART
ROOM NO. 162 BATTLE CREEK MICH.

Ride A Ranger

The finest bicycle ever built. 44 Styles, colors, sizes; made in our new factory. SAVE $10 to $25 by *direct from the factory* purchase. Delivered free on **approval**, *express prepaid*, for **30 Days' Free Trial. Easy Payments**, if desired.

Tires best quality, at factory prices, *express paid*. Lamps, wheels, horns, equipment and repairs at unusually low prices. **Send No Money**, do business *direct* with makers.

Mead CYCLE COMPANY DEPT. F-32 CHICAGO

Write today for free Ranger Catalog, factory prices and marvelous easy payment terms

Two Arabian Knights

(*Continued from page* 142)

the only thing that had saved him in a duel with a Spaniard. If rightly done, only the most expert skill could parry it. I regretted that I had not practiced it more. A fixed depression began to settle on me.

"I'm getting shaky, Peter," I confessed.

"Shame on you!" O'Gaffney flared, with fine scorn. "I don't care whether you know less than nothin' about swordin', you gotta get this guy—you *gotta* get him. Understand? If you don't think you're man enough, let me take him on. Are these things anything like cavalry sabers?"

"They are rapiers—thin blades, half the size of your little finger with needle points."

"Oh—them things."

He lapsed into silence for a moment, then burst out:

"That's some more of your craziness. Why didn't you choose gats?"

"He had the choice."

"Then he prob'ly thinks he's good at it."

"He's the best in the country."

"Go on—don't hand me that stuff," Pete snarled. "That guy? He couldn't be real good at anything, except beatin' up babies or killin' old men—like Bruce's father. Look here. He ain't been beat, mebbe—because all these dudes around here let him win. Ain't he the son of the high mucky-muck? Sure he is. I bet this guy ain't so good. An' it don't make no difference if he is. You can beat him an' you gotta do it. He's yellow. Look at the way he beat up Jemmy—I wisht you'd seen his feet. An' do you remember how you felt when he hit me in the face wit' his whip? An' wasn't he the cause of your girl committin'——"

"That'll do, Pete! Thanks."

I could feel him looking at me to see if his words had taken effect. They had. My mind was seething with thoughts of Anis. I recalled the evil face of Shevket that morning. I recollected the slap he had given me the night before. My only fear, now, was that we would be too late—that he had come to the hotel and gone. As soon as our carriage drew up before the door of the Hotel Ottoman, I jumped out, pressed some dirty Turkish bills into the driver's hands and walked up the steps. I looked around the lobby as Peter and I entered, but though it and the piazza in back were filled with men sipping drinks, Shevket was nowhere in sight. I caught sight of Herr Winkler sitting in the dining-room.

"Has any one inquired for me, Herr Winkler?"

"Anypoty inkvire—I don't tink zo. Vait a minude!"

Just then I saw Shevket and a group of officers coming down the stairs from a visit to my room.

"Never mind—there they are," I said to the German, and walked back into the lobby. They stopped as soon as they caught sight of us and Shevket made some remark to a tall officer beside him—the same one who had delivered the challenge that morning. He left the group and advanced toward us while Shevket and the other three strolled across the lobby to a table. One of the officers carried a long black box.

"We had not expected to find you," Shevket's spokesman said maliciously, after a ceremonious bow.

"I was delayed," I answered.

"This gentleman——" He indicated O'Gaffney.

"I'm his handler," Pete announced, with a scowl.

"He is your second?"

I nodded.

"Then, if you are ready, *monsieur*——"

He returned to the others while Peter and I walked to the staircase and mounted.

"How d'ye feel, Duke?" Pete questioned, as I opened the door of my room.

Two Arabian Knights

(*Continued from page* 148)

"Very fit, Peter," I smiled at him. "Just help me move these chairs against the wall."

To be absolutely frank, the sight of Shevket had filled me with such a lusting hatred that it obliterated every other feeling. If my knees were a little unsteady, it was from no sense of fear, but from an eager excitement. The Turkish party was not long in arriving. They knocked at the door as I was sliding a chair into place. Shevket stood at the threshold and looked around cautiously before entering the room, fearing a trap of some kind. He still didn't believe that I was fool enough to meet him fairly.

After he was satisfied that the only occupants of the room were O'Gaffney and myself, he strolled in and over toward the windows, noticing the direction of the light which was bathing the room in a red-gold flood. The officer with the long box placed it on the middle table and watched as Peter and I arranged the furniture. None of them made any effort to help us until Peter barked at them:

"Get busy—shake a leg—some of you berries! We ain't no piano movers by trade."

Though they didn't quite grasp his words, they understood what he meant and smiled at each other as they obliged. When the table had been moved to one corner, the foils were produced—two perfectly matched blades of Damascus steel with wide silver guards. Shevket's second brought them to Peter for examination. His face was a picture as he took one in his hand.

"Is this guy challengin' me, Duke?" he asked.

"No, Peter—you are to look them over, that's all."

"You know I'd just as soon fight you, don't you?" Pete addressed the Turk. "You ain't pullin' no bluff on me."

Shevket had retired to one corner with two officers and was removing his tunic.

"They've tripled your salary, dear"

"I TELL you, Tom, it was a lucky day for both of us when you sent in that I. C. S. coupon. You'd never be where you are to-day if you hadn't decided to study in spare time just when you did."

Spare-time study with the I. C. S. is winning promotions for thousands of men and bringing happiness to thousands of homes all over the world. In offices, shops, stores, mines, mills and on railroads, I. C. S. trained men are stepping up to big jobs, over the heads of older men, past those whose only qualification is long service. There is a job ahead of YOU. Some man is going to be picked for it. The boss can't take chances. He is going to choose a trained man with sound, practical knowledge of the work.

Get busy right now and put yourself in line for that promotion. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the I. C. S., just as thousands of other men and women have done.

The first step they took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make *your* start the same way—and make it right now.

Mail the coupon to-day!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 2958C, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management	☐ Salesmanship
☐ Industrial Management	☐ Advertising
☐ Personnel Organization	☐ Better Letters
☐ Traffic Management	☐ Show Card Lettering
☐ Business Law	☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Banking and Banking Law	☐ Business English
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)	☐ Civil Service
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Private Secretary	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Spanish ☐ French	☐ Illustrating ☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ Architect
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ Blue Print Reading
☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Railroad Positions	☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Metallurgy	☐ Navigation
☐ Steam Engineering	☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Radio	☐ Mathematics

Name.....

Street Address..... 11-21-23

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

Two Arabian Knights

(*Continued from page* 149)

I did the same. I tried to roll my sleeves above the elbow, but when I found that they bound my arms too tightly, I slipped off my shirt and threw it over a chair.

"They look all right to me," Pete whispered, coming close, "but Judas, Duke, them ain't no playthings for babies."

He was worried. To cheer him up and keep him from affecting me I assumed a great gayety, poked him in the ribs with my fist and said:

"Watch this baby handle them, Peter!"

"Are you good wit' 'em, Duke?"

The Turkish spokesman interrupted our conference.

"Does *monsieur* wish that a doctor be called?"

That angered O'Gaffney.

"Ast your man that question. He's the one who's gonna need a doctor. We ain't gonna need one."

"Then, *monsieur,* will you be pleased to step over here?"

It was to Peter that he was speaking. He, as my second, was to arrange the regulations of the match. Too late I remembered that probably Peter's ignorance would permit Shevket to obtain whatever advantage offered, but I didn't care. For some unaccountable reason I was filled with a comforting confidence in myself. At the end of the conference, Peter came back to me.

"I didn't get most a what they was sayin', Duke. F'm what I gather, it's catch as catch can, no holds barred, winner take all an' you defendin' the south goal. I took that side 'cause they's a mirror in backa you. Work over so he'll have to look in it. It'll confuse him some, mebbe. If you don't like the way things is goin' gimme the high-sign an I'll lay into 'em wit' a chair. Get me? If I was you I'd bust into him right off the bat an' try fer a knock-out. This thing ain't gonna be won on points."

"That's just the way it will be won, Aloysius," I smiled.

"Aw, lay off that Aloysius stuff, will you?" he growled.

"*A votre service, monsieur,*" spoke Shevket's second, holding across his arm, for my selection, the silver-handled rapiers. I pulled one forth and managed to handle it so awkwardly that it fell to the floor with a metallic clang. Shevket was watching me and made a sneering comment to the man beside him. I watched him test his blade, but made no move to imitate him, merely standing with my rapier held carelessly before me.

At last we faced each other, taking our positions so that the light fell equally upon us. Pete took up a position on the floor very close to a chair. Two of Shevket's comrades walked over beside him, placing themselves one on either side. A third Turk stood at the door to keep any one from entering, while the tall spokesman took up a position as referee.

Shevket began the formal address, but when he saw that I had no apparent knowledge of it, he followed my example and placed himself on guard. He smiled evilly at me and closed his eyes to mere slits as he said:

"The time is come — for which I have wait."

No sooner did our rapiers touch than I attacked with fury, but with clumsiness, using more arm than wrist — an onslaught that Shevket had no trouble in parrying, his smile increasing as his confidence grew. Suddenly he whipped his rapier across mine and I felt my blade leap from my hand. It clattered to the floor, over by the window. I stood unarmed, with the point of Shevket's weapon tickling my throat. He kept it right there, poised cat-like on his toes.

"Witness, American dog, how I could kill you at this moment!" he cried.

There was a commotion at one side, where Peter was sitting — the scrape of a chair and the sudden command:

"Stop!"

I couldn't see what was happening as I had my eyes fixed on Shevket's face,

Two Arabian Knights

(*Continued from page* 150)

expecting to feel his rapier pierce my throat at any second.

"Go on an' shoot," I heard Pete say.

"If you try to interfere in any way, you will be dead before you move," one of the Turks advised.

A muttered string of coarse epithets came from Pete's lips. Shevket slowly brought his rapier back to his side.

"I shall not kill you just yet — I have decide. To now, I have had no pleasure. The time is too short. Pick up your weapon if you would care to look upon life for a few moments longer."

There was no magnanimity in his glance or in his offer. He was certain that he could kill me whenever he wished. His desire was to play with me as a cat plays with a mouse or a dog worries a mole—to let me taste approaching death again and again. The man who had been on guard at the door, walked over to the window and presented me with my rapier. I had time to see that the tall Turk, Shevket's second, was guarding Peter with a revolver pointed at his head. Pete looked miserable, with a murderous scowl on his forehead, but when he caught my eye he tried to cheer me.

"Go to it, Duke!" he called. "We ain't beat yet. He was lucky that time, but you can lick him."

"*Huss!*" the Turk, who was guarding him, commanded.

Again I faced Shevket, thankful to have a second chance. Shevket had proved that he was an expert swordsman — the best I had ever met — but I had been over-careless. There would be no repetition of that folly. This time I let him attack, waiting for an opening.

From the moment our blades crossed, he started to force me backward against the wall. I stood my ground, parrying his swift thrusts at my shoulder or waist, watching his eyes, lunging forward now and again to keep him from pressing me too close. The steel blades glinted like electric sparks in the sunshine. Nothing was to be heard but the silky scraping of

Education—*applied* education—is the greatest tool anyone can have in making a success socially or in business. The coupon below brings complete information.

Your reading problem solved by Dr. Eliot of Harvard

THERE will be a dozen competitors for your big opportunity when it comes. What will influence the man who is to make the decision among them?

"In every department in practical life," said ex-President Hadley of Yale, "executives have told me that they want from our colleges men who have *the power of using books efficiently.*"

Not book-worms; not men who have read all kinds of books. Not men who have wasted their time with newspapers. But those who have mastered the few great books that make men think clearly and talk well.

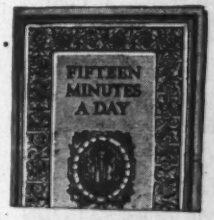
What are those books? A free booklet answers those questions; it describes

Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf of Books

Every well-informed man and woman should know something about this famous library.

The free book tells about it — how Dr. Eliot has put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education," how even "fifteen minutes a day" can be enough, how by using the reading courses you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that every university strives to give.

Every reader of this column is invited to have a copy of this handsome little book. It is free. Clip the coupon and mail it today.



Send for this FREE booklet that gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
416 West 13th St., New York City

By mail, free, send me the little guide book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard.

Name Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

Address .....

2483HCGKL

Two Arabian Knights

(*Continued from page* 151)

steel on steel and the bell-like ring as our metal guards were hit. His attack grew in fury as he found my guard effective.

I had hoped that the ease with which he had disarmed me would make him over-confident. He was too good a swordsman for that. After I had parried two thrusts, he realized that I knew more than I had been willing to show. He started out coolly to wear me down to a point where I would be panting and exhausted, with weakened wrist and despair written on my face. He wanted that satisfaction. Once, his point almost slipped through my defense and the blood pounded in my ears at the narrowness of my escape. Once, he overreached himself and, had I been an expert, it would have cost him his life. As it was, I saw the color leave his face as the point of my rapier grazed his throat.

Slowly, fighting with all the skill I could muster, yet realizing that I was done for, I was forced to give ground. His thrusts seemed to come from three directions at once. I tried to stem his advantage with a counter-attack, but I could not drive him back an inch. He redoubled his energy as I fell back on mere defense. Closer and closer he forced me to the wall. My heart was pounding like a trip-hammer. My ears were singing. My mouth was parched. The end was in sight.

He forced my guard down with the superior strength of his wrist. I could see in his eyes that he was preparing to finish me. My blade was low, almost at my hip. At that instant I saw his eyes leave my face and glance toward the door, with a look of horrified amazement. I thrust home with the twist that the Polish captain had shown me. I felt the point of my blade slide into a scarcely resisting mass. It was done so quickly, the difference between air and soft flesh was so slight, that I hardly knew that I had touched him.

He yelled something in Turkish and came back to the attack, but there was no direction now to the point of his rapier and his knees were sagging under him. He held out his arm and took a faltering step toward me, but, even as I hesitatingly crossed his blade, it fell from his hand and he staggered backward, holding both hands to his stomach. I watched two of his comrades catch him and lay him gently on the floor, and looked toward Pete. Just then, the Turkish lieutenant beside him raised his revolver and took deliberate aim at me. There was a double report — glass showered around me from the mirror behind me and the tall Turk slumped sideways and dropped to his knees. Only then did I see Bruce, standing at the door with his monocle screwed into his eye and a smoking gun in his hand. It was his appearance in the door that had drawn Shevket's eye.

Another officer started to take a pot-shot at Bruce, but Pete jumped halfway across the room and piled him into a stack of chairs. The two Turks who had been attending Shevket turned vengefully, but Bruce covered them with his gun and they raised their hands in token of surrender. I ran over and locked the door, knowing that the shots would pull a crowd from downstairs. I heard excited voices and the sound of running feet even as I swung the door to. Quickly I pulled the heavy center table against the door and stacked chairs on top of that.

Bruce laughed like a maniac, as he looked at the recumbent figure of Shevket.

"Got him, by Gad! I was just about to do it when you ran him through. How now, Shevket? Murderer, torturer! How does the medicine taste?"

He still kept the Turkish officers covered with his gun. Some one hammered on the door.

"Vat is happen? Vat is it?" Herr Winkler shouted from the other side. "Open! Open!"

Just then the tall Turk who had acted

Two Arabian Knights

(*Continued from page* 152)

as Shevket's second reached out for his revolver that had fallen when he was hit. I jumped on him and captured the gun myself. The pounding was redoubled.

"Open dis door! Open id! I gall de bolice!"

"You have your man?" I called to Pete.

"Safe as the wheat," Pete answered.

"Herr Winkler!" I yelled.

The pounding stopped.

"Herr Winkler!"

"Yes. Id iss me. Open!"

"Call a doctor and send everybody away. Don't call the police. A man has only been accidentally shot. I'll let you in, but send everyone else away."

My heart leaped as I heard a gruff voice call:

"Phelps! Open the door and let me in."

As I hurried over and pulled tables and chairs away, I heard the consul urging the rest to go downstairs. I unlocked the door and opened it a crack, but kept even Herr Winkler from entering until the consul had cleared the hallway. In my joy over Preston's arrival, I had forgotten the wounded Turk who had so tamely submitted to my capturing his revolver. Suddenly I was thrown backward, with an arm gripped around my throat. It was an eleventh-hour attempt for vengeance on the part of Shevket's second. The struggle was short, for he had one arm made useless by Bruce's bullet. Only a fanatical hatred and a lust to throttle me had urged him to attempt it. As it was, after trying vainly to gouge out an eye or bite off one of my ears, I spread-eagled him flat on his back.

That was the sight that the consul and Herr Winkler saw as they came in — I astride one Turk in the center of the floor, Pete beating the head of another Turkish officer against a chair, Shevket holding his hands to a widening spot of blood on his abdomen and Bruce standing over him with a gun pointed at two others who

(*Continued on page* 160)

HOME-STUDY COURSES

THAT LEAD TO BUSINESS CAREERS

Do you want an important, high-salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems. Our plan enables you to train during spare hours without interference with your present duties. Give us your name and address and mark with an X below the kind of position you want to fill. We will mail catalog and full particulars regarding our low cost monthly payment plan. Also our valuable book for ambitious men, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." Tear out, mark and mail the coupon today. No obligation to you. Find out about the new "LaSalle Problem Method," what it is and how it works. Let us prove to you how this step has helped thousands of ambitious men to real success. Check and mail the coupon now.

Coupon

LaSalle Extension University

Dept. 556-R Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Send without obligation to me information regarding course indicated below, also copy of your interesting book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Railway Station Management
- ☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Industrial Management Efficiency
- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
- ☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
- ☐ Personnel and Employment Management
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Spanish
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching

Name .....

Present Position .....

Address .....

SELL US YOUR SPARE TIME

You can earn $15 to $50 a week writing show cards in your own home.—No canvassing.—A pleasant profitable profession easily and quickly learnt by our new simple graphic block system. Artistic ability not necessary.—We teach you how, and supply you with work—Distance no object. Full particulars and booklet free.

WILSON METHODS LIMITED—DEPT. H

64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.

SELL OUR SHIRTS MAKE BIG MONEY

Quick Profits

QUICK MONEY FOR YOU SELLING SHIRTS DIRECT FROM FACTORY.

Big profits in our Plan. No money—no experience demanded. Makers of finest shirts for 25 years. Better quality goods, snappy styles, newest patterns, fine finish and workmanship make "HILL" Shirts self sellers, big repeaters. You take the profits—we do the rest. Act quickly. Write for FREE SAMPLES.

HILL SHIRT COMPANY

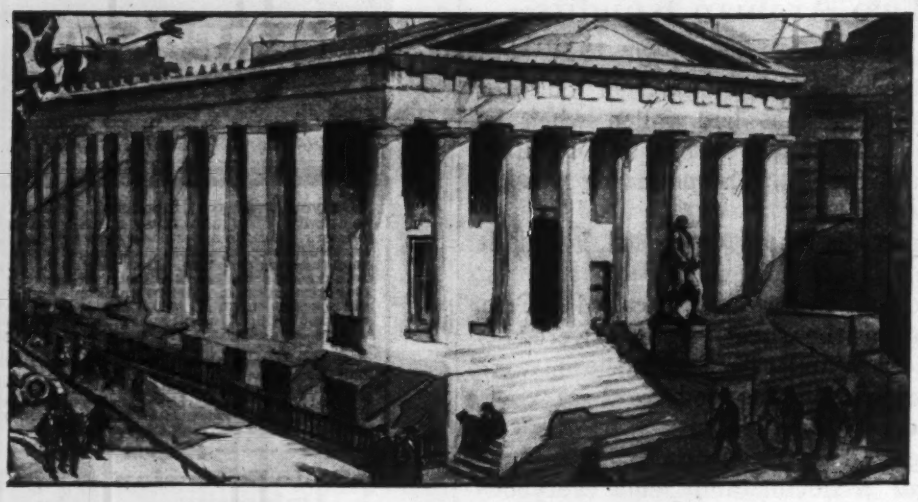
1543 N. Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

District Salesmen

Wanted, all or spare time Earn $1500 to $3600 yearly. We train the inexperienced.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO.

5 Bar St., Canton, Ohio



IF IN DOUBT, DON'T!

A Few Words of Sane Advice on Everyday Investment Problems

By PAUL TOMLINSON

IF some one came to you and tried to sell you a gold mine, would you buy it? The chances are you would not, certainly you would not unless you made a careful investigation and inspection of it first. If some one tried to sell you a property in Texas, or Oklahoma, or Mexico where there was said to be oil would you buy it? Probably not. Would you buy a lot at Muscle Shoals or on Long Island without having seen it first? Some people have.

In the case of the gold mine or the oil property most people would freely admit that they knew nothing about the workings of either one and would consider it a rash undertaking for them to attempt to manage and operate such properties. When it comes to shares of stock in enterprises about which they know little or nothing, however, they seem to feel differently. And apparently they are not afraid to buy real estate they have never seen.

In the humble opinion of the writer of this article, however, buying this kind of real estate is one of the most foolish pastimes known to man. It is curious to observe how many people do it—and regret it usually. Perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that most small fortunes—and many large ones—in this country are in real estate; nearly all of us are familiar with stories of towns growing up and real-estate values skyrocketing; of some man who owned a farm which was cut up into city lots at city prices and made the owner rich.

We hope something nice like that is going to happen to us, and we buy real estate we have never seen except on a map; but it isn't the farm we buy, but a lot shown on the map to be only a few hundred feet away from the proposed business center of the proposed town, and one and a half miles, merely, from the railroad station. The distances don't seem much at all on the map, and when we have paid $200 down and $17.50 a month for twenty-nine months the land is ours. Once ours, we are entitled to pay all the taxes and lose the interest on our money. In a very few years, if we figure closely, we will find that in order to come out even on our venture all we have to do is sell for double the amount we paid.

Of course we are led to believe that we shall get this hundred per cent in-

Where is 7½% a Safe Investment Rate?

The answer is, In Florida. There are not many places left in the United States where 7½% can safely be obtained on high-grade first mortgage security. A 7½% rate in Florida is the equivalent, in terms of safety, of 6½% in the older, long-settled sections.

Florida pays more because the State is mid-way in its remarkable development, and requires millions of dollars a year to complete its growth—just as American railways spend $1,000,000,000 yearly for more equipment.

Investors all over the United States have been buying Miller First Mortgage Bonds for years and getting the liberal Florida rate, with never a dollar's loss. Mail the coupon today for descriptive booklet, "The Ideal Investment."

G. L. Miller
BOND & MORTGAGE
Company

Florida's Oldest First Mortgage Bond House
405 Miller Building, Miami, Florida

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Company
405 Miller Building, Miami, Florida

Please send me, without obligation, free booklet "The Ideal Investment," and recommend a good 7½% investment for $..... maturing in about .....years. (These blanks need not be filled in, but they help us to give you personal attention.)

Name .....

Address .....

City and State.....

McClure's Financial Booklet

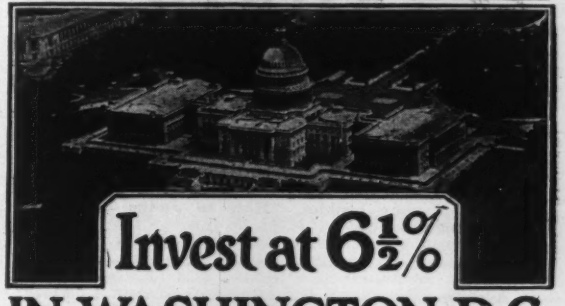
Tenth Edition

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance, and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. The Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of 35 cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing.

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent and Safety
Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
First Principles of Life Insurance

Booklet will be sent for 35 cents in stamps. Address all communications to McClure's Financial and Insurance Department, 80 Lafayette Street, New York.



Invest at 6½%
IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

NO matter how much or how little you have to invest, you can protect your savings with improved, income producing property in the Nation's Capital and with the safeguards which have made possible our record of no loss to any investor in 51 years.

Two Investment Booklets—Free

[ ] "Half a Century of Investment Safety in the Nation's Capital." Gives full information about our $100, $500, $1,000 and $5,000 First Mortgage Bonds.

[ ] "How to Build an Independent Income." Describes the plan investors throughout the country are using to get 6½% on $10, $20, $50 or more a month.

Check [√] the booklet you would like to have—both if you want them—and mail the coupon to us today.

Name ..... (25-P)

Address .....

The F.H.SMITH CO.
Founded 1873

SMITH BUILDING WASHINGTON, D. C.

Why Shrewd Investors

prefer these 7% Bonds

BECAUSE they are absolutely safe, because they afford the largest return of any high grade security, and because they do not fluctuate in value, these first mortgage 7% bonds, issued by the South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House, are preferred by shrewd investors in every section of the country.

free booklet

Send for this booklet which will enable you to select your investments with absolute safety.

Behind Adair Protected Bonds is 58 years' active association with the growth and development of real estate in Southern cities, 58 years' cumulative experience in making first mortgages without loss to a single investor.

The high character of Adair Protected bonds, backed by the reputation of this strong company, which is generally recognized as the foremost authority upon Southern Real Estate values and conditions, has met with the approval of banks, insurance companies and trustees as well as individual investors.

ADAIR
REALTY & TRUST CO.

Established 1865
Dept. L-1 Healey Building, Atlanta

ADAIR REALTY & TRUST COMPANY,
Dept. L-1 Healey Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.
Gentlemen:
Please send me without charge or obligation a copy of your booklet, "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds."

Name .....

Address .....

HOTEL
HAMILTON
Fourteenth and K Sts.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The latest constructed and finest hotel in Washington.

Four hundred rooms, each with tub and shower.

The finest service and furnishings possible to obtain have been installed.

Reasonable rates.

If in Doubt, Don't

(*Continued from page* 154)

crease in a short time. But is it reasonable? Undeveloped real estate may make one's heirs rich, but the purchaser seldom lives to see this happy consummation of his venture. Valuable lots in any real estate development are not peddled around the country; the people who know they are valuable keep them for themselves. Yet undeveloped real estate finds a comparatively large number of willing purchasers.

It is also a problem for the psychologists why people who wouldn't buy mining or oil properties will readily fall victims to salesmen offering *shares* in mining and oil companies. It is really astounding to witness the remarkable things people will do when it comes to exchanging cash for engraved stock certificates. In a small town of our acquaintance scores of people bought stock in a certain copper company; none of these people were rich; all of them were hard working citizens, and pretty canny so far as their own work was concerned. Most of them had sacrificed to save the dollars with which they paid for their shares, and yet it is safe to say not one of them tried to find out if the salesman was telling them the truth.

We hear much nowadays about the trials and tribulations and financial difficulties of our agricultural population. There is no reason to suppose the stories are not true. In explanation of this situation, however, we have heard it authoritatively stated that the cause is in many instances speculation; that people flocked to the farms when the prices of farm products were high, just as people flock to any prosperous industry; that the farmers, thinking those prices were permanent, spent more money on expansion and development than later events proved to be wise; that many people took up farming who knew nothing about it. Every one knows that prices fell and they know what happened to the farmers. But the same things

If in Doubt, Don't

(*Continued from page* 156)

happened to people in other lines of business, too.

Farms do not run themselves. Stocks, merely because they are stocks, do not pay dividends and earn handsome profits for the owners. A good farmer will laugh heartily at the inexperienced man who takes to farming. That same farmer will gamble in stocks and expect to make money. Many a banker will try to run a farm, and find his banking profits are necessary to the making up of the farm deficit. How much better if we'd stick to the things we know best!

Our point is, however, that in the business of investing care and caution and knowledge are good qualities to have. We don't buy an automobile until we've carefully studied its merits, and compared it with other makes. When we invest our hard-earned savings in stocks and bonds do we exercise the same caution? We should, but usually we don't.

When we buy securities we are purchasing a stake in some business; we ourselves are not managing that business and we must entrust our funds to others —usually total strangers. Wouldn't it be well to inquire into their record for honesty and efficiency? The company's record is their record, and if there is any doubt about its being good, look for some other investment. If no information at all can be had, look for another investment.

It is said that the débutantes in a certain city used to have an expression, "Never run after a man or a taxicab; there'll be another along in a moment." This might well be paraphrased to read, "Never run after any investment; there'll be another along in a moment." And it's true. Good investments are numbered by the thousands, and failing to take advantage of any particular one does not mean lost opportunity. And at any rate, it is easier to console one's self for that kind of loss than one involving dollars and cents.

WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

52 Varieties of Nail Brushes

A different Nail Brush for every week in the year. All good, some of them lower prices than others. Different shapes, different stiffness of bristles, suiting all requirements.

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
Boston, U.S.A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 114 Years and the Largest in the World

91

Resident Schools

Write to the schools for full and complete information, which will be gladly furnished to readers of McCLURE'S.

POSSE NORMAL SCHOOL OF GYMNASTICS
Massachusetts, Boston, 779 Beacon Street
For women, 34th year. Modern building. Comprehensive courses. Present conditions have created great demand for our graduates. Courses in Medical Gymnastics and Playgrounds. Register early. Summer Camp. Apply to The Secretary.

The Sargent School for Physical Education
Established 1881 Booklet on request
D. A. SARGENT, 28 Everett Street — L. W. SARGENT, Cambridge 38, Mass.

Lindenwood College Founded 1827. 50 minutes from St. Louis. Standard College for Young Women Fully Accredited. 2 and 4-year courses. Home Economics, Business, Oratory, Music. 138 Acres. Gymnasium, Swimming Pool. Catalogue. J. L. Roemer, President, Box 1224, St. Charles, Mo.

The Ithaca School of Physical Education
Dr. Albert H. Sharpe, Dean. Graduates eligible to teach anywhere in U. S. Normal Course, Athletic Coaching Course, Co-educational. Athletic Field. Gymnasium. Dormitories. Graduates in great demand. Fall term opens Sept 20. 220 De Witt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

Putnam Hall A School for Girls, midway between Albany and New York, on the Hudson. Prepares for all colleges. Old and New Plan examinations taken successfully. Music, Art. All outdoor sports. Campus of four acres. Ellen Clizbe Bartlett, A. B., Principal. Box 806, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

EARN UP TO $250 per MONTH

Expenses paid; many chances to travel. Something new every day in this important work. Report to high officials. **Advancement rapid** with experience. **POSITION GUARANTEED** upon graduation or money refunded. Prepare in 3 months' spare-time home study. Then **start at not less than $110 per mo.** You can easily qualify.

Send coupon today for full details.

Standard Business Training Institute
Buffalo, N. Y.

MAIL TODAY

Standard Business Training Inst.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me, entirely free, Booklet No. D57, giving full particulars about course in Railway Traffic Inspection.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

A Spare Time Income for YOU

McClure's Magazine is a publication of high literary merit for thoughtful Americans. Interesting fiction and unusual articles that deal with the life of America fill its pages, reflecting the progress of the United States. New things in the life of its people, whether on Main Street or Broadway, are chronicled in McCLURE'S each month. McCLURE'S takes in the whole broad span of human affairs.

The best fiction appearing in any American magazine today is to be found in McClure's. During a year its readers get 50 short stories and three complete novels of book length in serial form and from seventy to seventy-five articles, and editorial talks by S. S. McClure.

This is YOUR chance. You can profitably employ your spare time introducing McCLURE'S to your friends. The field is unlimited; there are no restrictions of territory; you may get subscriptions anywhere and you will be well paid for your efforts. Write for terms to

Department S

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

80 Lafayette Street New York, N. Y.

BIG MONEY and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 185, East Orange, N. J.

PATENTS Write for free Guide Books and "Record of Invention Blank" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of your invention for Examination and Instructions. No Charge for the Above Information.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO. 750 Ninth Washington, D. C.

PATENTS Write for free Guide Book, "How to Get a Patent" and Evidence of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch of your invention and we will give our *prompt* opinion of its patentable nature. RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 50, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FINANCIAL QUESTIONS

Answered by James O. Parsons

THIS department of financial advice freely offers its services to all readers. Send your query to Financial Editor, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 80 Lafayette Street, New York City, and you will receive a prompt reply. Correspondence will be held confidential, but investment questions of general interest will be published anonymously.

Q. Please forward a list of ten good bonds yielding say from 5 to 6 per cent, with marketability and safety as to principal as the first considerations.

A. We would suggest the following: Southwestern Bell Telephone 5s due 1954, yielding about 5.50 per cent; Virginian Railway first mortgage 5s due 1962, yielding about 5.40 per cent; New York Telephone refunding 6s due 1941, yielding about 5.60; American Tel & Tel sinking fund 5½s of 1943, yielding about 5.50 per cent; Chicago & Northwestern Railway first and refunding 5s due 2037, yielding about 5.40 per cent; Commonwealth Edison of Chicago first collateral 5s of 1953, yielding about 5.30 per cent; State of Queensland 6s of 1947, yielding about 6 per cent; Oregon-Washington R.R. Navigation Company first and refunding 4s of 1961, yielding about 5.20 per cent; Pennsylvania R.R. 6½s of 1936, yielding about 5.50 per cent. Southern Pacific 4s of 1929, yielding about 5.40 per cent. These are bonds which we believe are worthy of your consideration.

Q. I inherited $3,000 and have invested in one Armour & Co. of Delaware 5½ per cent bond, one Sinclair Oil 6 per cent and one Interstate Glass Company 8 per cent first mortgage sinking fund bond. Please give me your opinion of these bonds.

A. Of the three we would rank the Armour bond first. All three bonds are entitled to a reasonably good investment rating.

Financial Questions

(*Continued from page* 158)

Q. Kindly give me a list of good rubber stocks.

A. We are wondering just what you mean by "good." If you mean by that stocks which are good for speculative purposes we cannot answer your question as we do not undertake to advise any one in matters pertaining to speculative operations in securities. If you mean the stocks of good rubber companies we would list the following corporations: United States Rubber, B. F. Goodrich Company, Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, Hood Rubber, Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Fish Rubber and Ajax Rubber.

Q. Please give me your opinion on the following list of bonds which I hold: $5,000 Baltimore & Ohio equipment trust 5s of 1929, $1,000 Pennsylvania Railroad equipment trust 5s of 1926, $1,000 Hocking Valley Equipment trust 5s of 1928, $1,000 General American Tank Car equipment 6s of 1925, $1,000 Southern Pacific equipment 5s of 1928, and $1,000 Chicago & Northwestern equipment trust 5s of 1928. If I sell these bonds at present prices I can make a little money. Would you advise me to sell and buy something else or should I hold on to them? If I should sell the above what would you advise me to buy? I don't want anything speculative. All bonds must be high grade and I am of the opinion that I could get a little better return than I am getting from the above with as much safety.

A. You have an excellent list of railway equipment trust certificates which are generally looked upon as a high type of investment security. The only possible objection there could be to your list of holdings is that the securities are all of rather short maturity. So far as safety goes, you could not do better. Why not let each issue mature in turn and replace with longer term bonds?

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets* which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that the *Marmola Prescription Tablets* give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Prescription Tablets* at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY

253 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

HOTEL ST. JAMES

109-113 West 45th St. New York City

Midway between Fifth Avenue and Broadway

An hotel of quiet dignity, having the atmosphere and appointments of a well conditioned home. Much favored by women traveling without escort. Three minutes' walk to 40 theatres and all best shops. Rates and booklet on application.

W. JOHNSON QUINN

SELL COAL IN CARLOAD LOTS

Side or Main Line. Experience Unnecessary

Earn week's pay in an hour

WASHINGTON COAL COMPANY

744 Coal Exchange Bldg., Armour Sta., Chicago

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 stamps. We teach Beauty Culture. D. J. MAHLER, 245-A Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. EST'D 1858
DIAMONDS WATCHES
CASH or CREDIT
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Pearls, Mesh Bags, Silverware, etc. Sent prepaid for your Free Examination.
CREDIT TERMS on all articles: One-tenth down, balance divided into equal payments within 8 months.
HIGH-GRADE RAILROAD WATCHES
Guaranteed to Pass Inspection
HAMILTON No. 992, 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 5 Positions. Gold filled 25-Year Case $55
ILLINOIS "BUNN SPECIAL," 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 6 Pos. Gold filled 25-Year Case $50
ELGIN'S LATEST RAYMOND, 21 Jewels; 8 Adjustments. Runs 40 hours one winding $55
Money Back If Not Satisfied
No. 27
$75 Dazzling Blue White Diamond, Solid 18-k White Gold. Delivered on first payment of $7.50, then $1.75 A WEEK
WRIST WATCH
LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
National Jewelers
DEPT. N 862
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities
18-K White Gold, 17 Jewels, $29.75
14-K White Gold, 15 Jewels, $24.85

EARN MONEY AT HOME
YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.
WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital $1,250,000.00
118 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

High School Course in 2 Years
You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.
AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H556 Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © A S 1923 CHICAGO

HOME STUDY
Become More Efficient
through courses in Chemistry, History, Mathematics, English, Psychology, Education, Business and 35 other subjects which the University gives by mail. They command credit toward a Bachelor degree and may be begun at any time.
The University of Chicago 23 Ellis Hall Chicago, Ill.

$2
CHINESE PEACOCK RING
Just what you want to draw attention to a pretty hand. Fashion calls for Oriental rings, particularly Peacock Designs. The loveliest creation of the silversmith's art. Sterling silver, 19 emeralds and sapphires, only $2. Gold plated on Silver $2.75. C. O. D. orders 15c extra. Send ring size (tie string around finger.) Return it if not delighted. Not sold in stores, but direct from
ORIENT EXCHANGE
21 Park Row, New York. Import Dept. MC-2

Two Arabian Knights

(*Continued from page* 153)

were backed against the wall with raised hands.

"Um Gottes wilien!" I heard the German proprietor gasp. Preston closed the door again and locked it.

"Holy smoke!" he said, as he took in the scene. "Get up from there, Phelps!"

I climbed off the tall Turkish spokesman, who glared at me but made no move to rise. Preston took in Shevket, the stain on his abdomen and the silver-handled rapiers.

"Go in and wash the blood off your face!" he ordered me. "Did he hurt you?"

"Not a bit."

"Did you hurt him?"

"I'm afraid I've killed him."

"Demmit all, I'm only afraid you haven't," Bruce spoke up.

"Either way, troubles goin' to be poppin' in no time. You an' O'Gaffney have got to beat it for the boat an' stay there. O'Gaffney, get off that man and get ready to leave."

"I been ready for fifteen minutes, Doc," Pete replied as he reluctantly left off pounding his Turkish friend into further insensibility.

"Winkler!" Preston addressed the fat little proprietor, who was wringing his hands in mute anguish over the broken mirror. "You got to leac us out the back way of this hotel. Go down now and tell my servant Sadich to bring my carriage around there. Quit squeezin' your hands an' hop to it. If you help these two get safe away, I'll pay for any damage that's been done to this room."

That worked as nothing else would have.

"How about you, Bruce?" I asked, going over to the Englishman. "You'd better come with us."

"Stick up that right hand a bit higher, young fellow me lad," he said, addressing one of the officers he was covering with his revolver. "To the States?" he questioned.

"It won't be safe for you here — and

Two Arabian Knights

(*Continued from page* 160)

we would like to have you with us."

"I rather think not—thanks. You see, there's some one I can't leave."

"I'd forgotten," I apologized. "Bruce, I hope you won't think it impertinent if I offer — what assistance I can."

He turned and looked at me with his eyes misty. Without saying anything, he pressed my hand. As I joined Pete and the consul, he called:

"Hope you don't mind my stayin' here and not seein' you off."

"You've got to get away," Preston snapped. "You can't stay here with these five Turks and the police comin'."

"Oh, all right," Bruce sighed and stepped backward toward us. "Only, I'm havin' such jolly fun, I hate to leave it."

I drop my story there, for it was the true ending of our true adventures. We arrive, Peter and I, in New York, day after to-morrow. That fact, combined with the realization that I am to step into a world entirely new, has driven me to uncover my adventures, so that they will always remain as poignantly alive to me as they are at this moment. Also, it has helped to still the insistent pang that grips my heart at the thought of the happiness I might be bringing back with me, if the East were not the East and the West were not the West.

Peter, a vastly different Peter than I have described in the foregoing pages, a lily gilded with all the artistry of the best Alexandrian tailors, has perused what I have written. His comment, at the end, would do very well as a moral.

"Duke," he said, "I've always heard about them sheiks."

"Yes?"

"Well, Bruce pointed a couple of 'em out to me while we was in Kieff—an' they're lousy."

The End.

Free—To Try
Send for Trial Bottle

Don't Be Gray

When I can stop it

To let gray hair spoil your looks, by making you seem old, is so unnecessary when Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer will bring back the original color surely and safely. Very easily applied—you simply comb it through the hair. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky or stringy, nothing to wash or rub off —just beautiful, natural, becoming hair.

My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No danger of streaking or discoloration, restored color is even and natural in all lights. Faded or discolored hair restored just as successfully and naturally as gray hair.

Send today for the absolutely Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of hair in your letter.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Please print your name and address

Mary T. Goldman,
210F Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black.... dark brown.... medium brown.... auburn (dark red).... light brown.... light auburn (light red).... blonde....

Name .....

Street..... *City*.....

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD, Suite 237, 70 5th Avenue, New York City

FREE Marvo BEAUTY BOOKLET

explains how the FAMOUS MARVO LIQUID SKIN PEEL PREPARATION removes all surface blemishes, Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema, Discolorations, etc. Wonderful results proven. GUARANTEED absolutely Painless and Harmless. Produces healthy new skin as nature intended you to have. Write NOW—before you turn this page —for full details and "MARVO BEAUTY BOOKLET."

MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Inc., 1658 Broadway, Dept. 252, New York

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies and Revues, Minstrel Opening Choruses, Darky Plays. **PLAYS** Vaudeville Acts. How to Stage a Play. Make-up Goods. Catalog FREE.

T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 64 CHICAGO

FOR THAT THROBBING
NERVOUS HEADACHE
massage the temples with cooling, soothing
Mentholatum
Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

MAJESTIC HOTEL
AND RESTAURANTS
TWO WEST SEVENTY-SECOND ST.
ENTIRE BLOCK FRONTING CENTRAL PARK
NEW YORK CITY

View of Central Park from Majestic Hotel

A sense of quietude; Unequaled outlook and surroundings; Ease of access without traffic congestion: Swift approach through Central Park from Fifth Ave.; Fulfilling all hotel requirements of the guest for a short period or a permanent residence.

Copeland Townsend
President

Edouard Panchard
Vice-President

WILLIAMS PRESS, INC.

PROPERTY OF
CASE LIBRARY

MAJESTIC HOTEL
AND RESTAURANTS
TWO WEST SEVENTY-SECOND ST.
ENTIRE BLOCK FRONTING CENTRAL PARK
NEW YORK CITY

View of Central Park from Majestic Hotel

A sense of quietude; Unequaled outlook and surroundings; Ease of access without traffic congestion: Swift approach through Central Park from Fifth Ave.; Fulfilling all hotel requirements of the guest for a short period or a permanent residence.

Copeland Townsend
President

Edouard Panchard
Vice-President